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THE NEW YORKER

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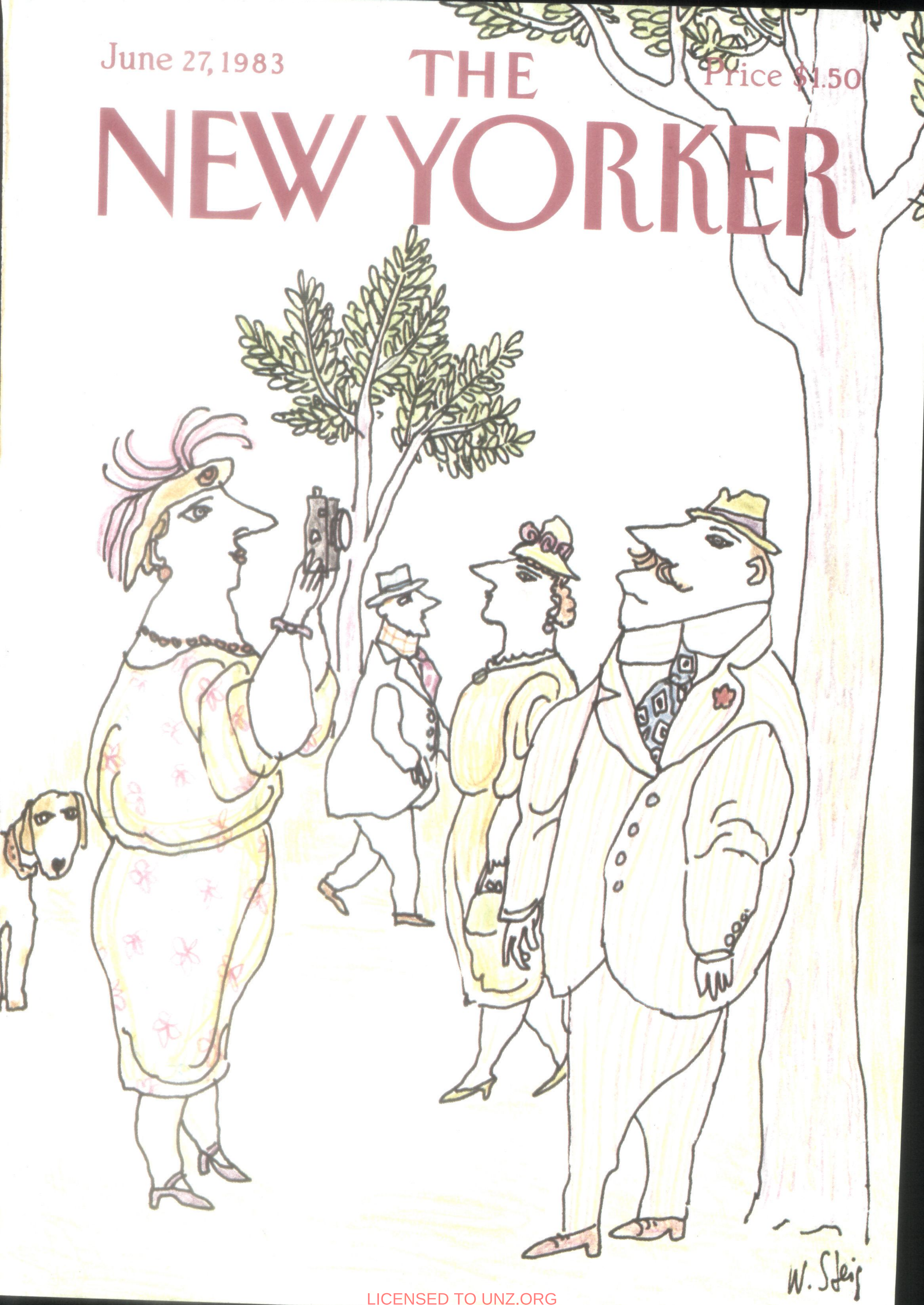

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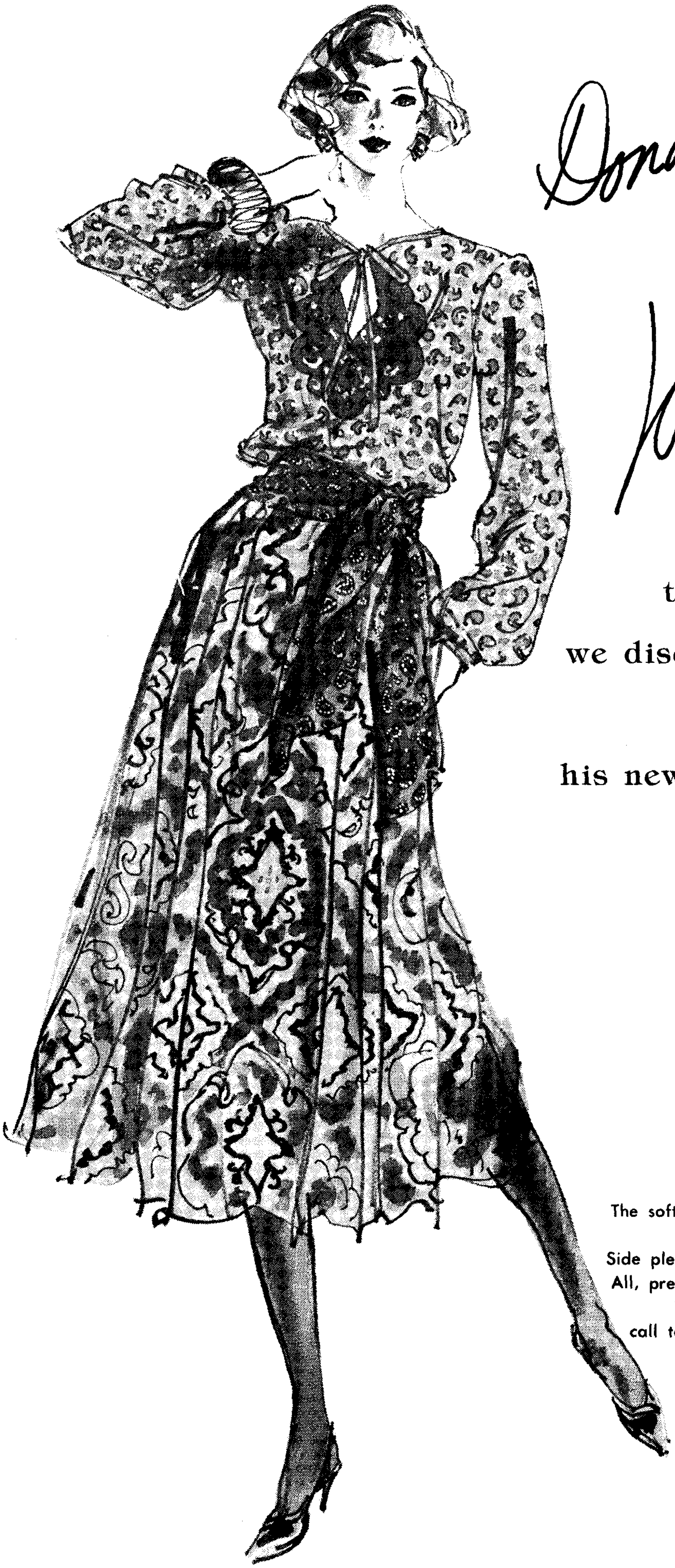

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Accounts—Josh Clark gives a strong performance as the older of two young English brothers who are trying to make a success of their farm in the border region of Scotland; the other actors do well, too. Michael Wilcox was the playwright. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Birds—Aristophanes' comedy, adapted by Walter Kerr. With songs by Evangelos Fampas and John Neil Harris. (Greek Theatre of New York, 120 W. 28th St. 807-0156. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy is worth seeing for the performance by Matthew Broderick as its fifteen-year-old hero. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/83.) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—An excellent revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, John Rubinstein, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Egyptology—Yet another abrasive exercise by Richard Foreman. Crash, bam! (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fen—In this British import by Caryl Churchill, six actors and actresses portray the members of a farming community in England. The play bears some resemblance to "Under Milk Wood," but it is informed throughout by Miss Churchill's fierce, ironic, tender sensibility. (6/13/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play, as performed by his own company from the Magic Theatre in San Francisco, is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Ed Harris and Kathy Whitton Baker are perfect in the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. Starting Sunday, June 26, Will Patton will replace Mr. Harris. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Great Days—Seven humorous short stories by Donald Barthelme, adapted for the stage by the author. As directed by J. Ranelli and acted by a first-rate company, several of the pieces turn out to be quite theatrical. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter, a pair of actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Kiss Is Just a Kiss—Kevin O'Connor gives a deft, spirited performance as Humphrey Bogart in Paul Foster's captivating comedy, and the three other actors play all the roles in Bogart's life and movies. Don Scardino was the clever director. (6/20/83) (Manhattan Punch Line, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursday and Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 3: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard

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Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

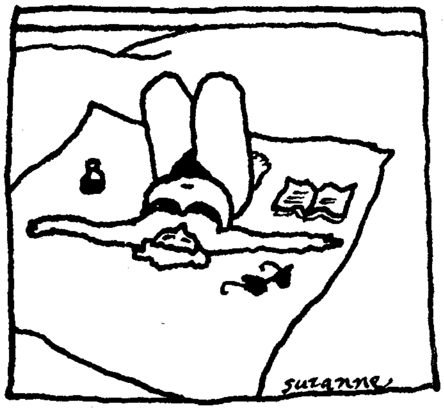
On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart head a fine cast in an oddly misshapen but always engrossing comedy about the perils of adultery. The author is Peter Nichols. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in an embarrassing betrayal of the classic Coward comedy. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)



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The Señorita from Tacna—Maria Tucci and Jaime Sanchez in the English-language première of Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa's play. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Show Boat—Age has not withered the Kern-Hammerstein score, but the book has its problems, and the present production is unable to cause us to forget them. The cast plays with the self-indulgence of amateurs. (5/9/83) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, June 25, and Wednesday, June 29, at 2.)

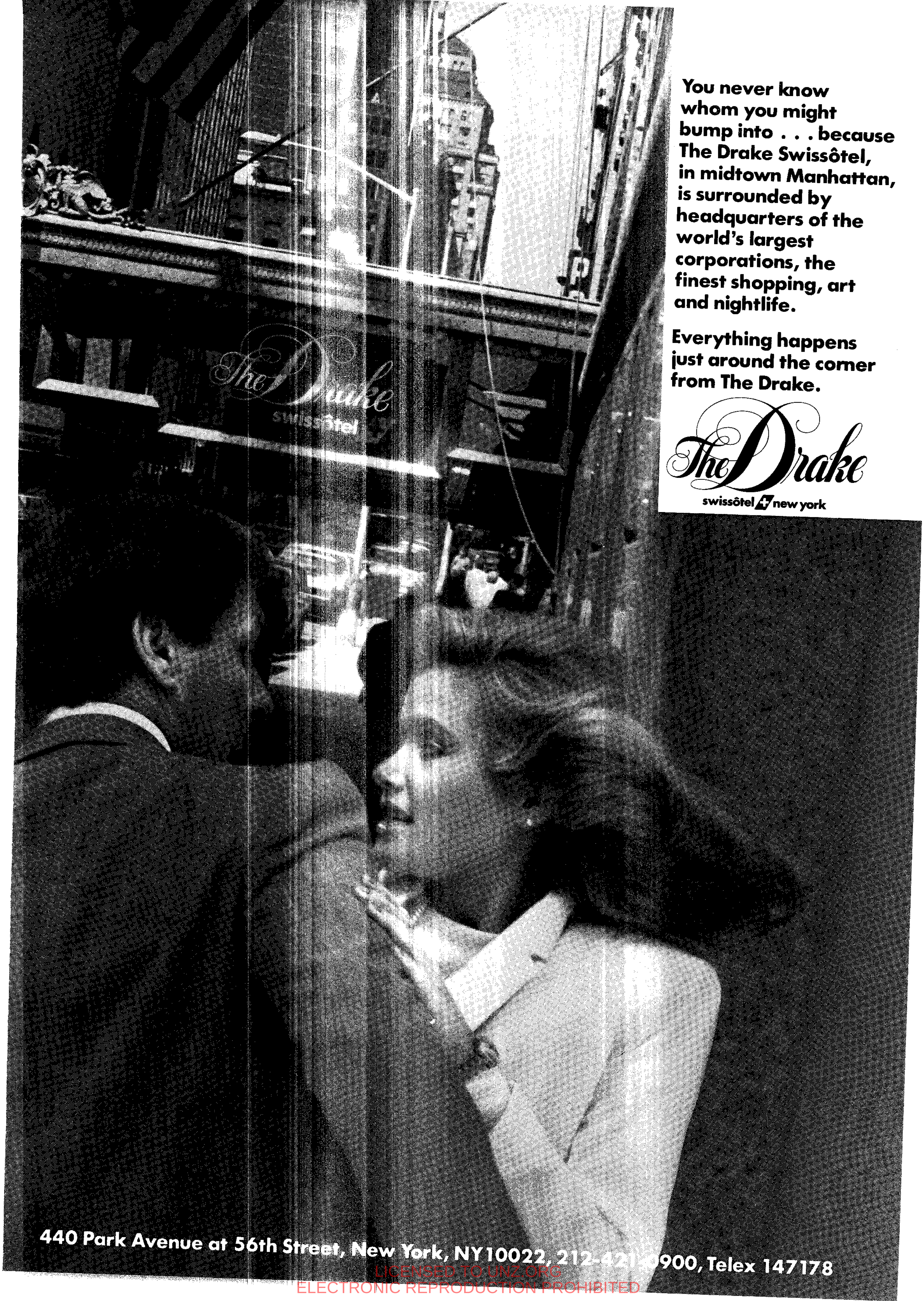
True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Jason Robards. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Birney plays the villainous Salieri, and Mark Hamill plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room, over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 25.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,632 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing antifeminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, June 29, at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein which star David Garrison, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

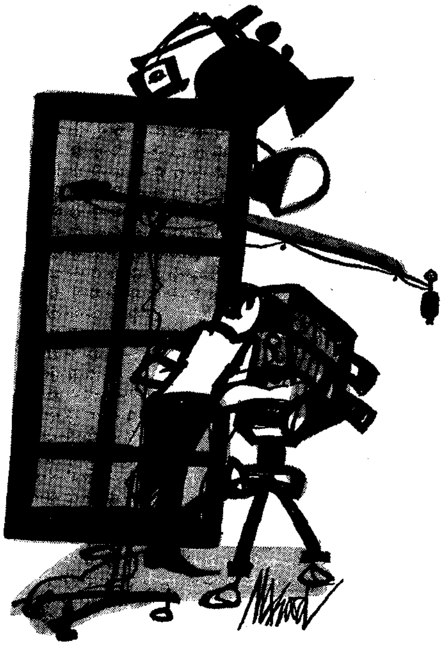
FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—*A lively* little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season. Wednesday, June 22, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variations)." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 23, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: "Orpheus," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Orpheus," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Calcium Light Night," "Other Dances," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variations)." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 7: "Serenade," "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variations)," and "Gershwin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 22: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 23: "Theme and Variations," "Pillar of Fire," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 24: "Les Noces," "Theme and Variations," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 25: "Les Noces," "Les Rendezvous," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 25: "Les Noces," "Other Dances," "Follow the Feet," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 27: "Torso," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 28: "Airs," "Sleeping Beauty Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 29: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 29: "Apollo" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 30: "Interludes" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 1: "Theme and Variations," "Torso," "Sleeping Beauty Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 2: "Airs," "Pillar of Fire," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 2: "Interludes," "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)



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LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—Program I: Thursday, June 23, at 8, Saturday, June 25, at 2, and Saturday, July 2, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Tuesday, June 28, and Thursday and Friday, June 30-July 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Friday, June 24, at 8; Sunday, June 26, at 3; and Wednesday, June 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Program IV: Wednesday, June 22, and Saturday, June 25, at 8, and Saturday, July 2, at 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, July 3.)

ANDREW DEGROAT, VIVIANE SERRY, AND MICHAEL O'ROURKE—Six performances of "Swan Lac." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday, June 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, at 8 and 10; and Sunday, June 26, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, the **HAL GALPER** trio will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand, and on Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving pianist, will work with buzzing, humming, showboating bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—South African singer, actress, and composer **SOPHIE MGCINA** performs concert-style sets here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer who also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, Sammy Price, and Dinah Shore, leads his jumping, rhythmic **SAVOY SULTANS** through Sunday, June 26; on Tuesday, June 28, trombonist **RAUL DE SOUZA** will bring in a Brazilian-jazz outfit. Mondays are claimed by the Angel Rangelov–Jimmy Madison big band. Sets begin at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, June 22, Argentine tenor-sax wailer **GATO BARBIERI;** Thursday, June 23, Azymuth; Friday through Sunday, June 24-26, R. & B. protest poet **GIL SCOTT-HERON**; Monday, June 27, singer-pianist **MOSE ALLISON** and singer **BONNIE KOLOC;** Tuesday, June 28, NRBQ; Wednesday, June 29, Uncle Floyd; and Thursday, June 30, singer **ELLY STONE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist and occasional singer **JIMMY ROWLES** is aided by bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** through Saturday, June 25; Monday through Saturday, June 27-July 2, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** will be present. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio from eleven to two.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is performing in the Café Carlyle for only a little while longer—through Saturday, June 25—with his trusty aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** On Thursday, June 23, pianist **DON SHIRLEY** will fill in for Short & Co. Shows at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work at the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar from nine, until Saturday, June 25.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be found once again in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, June 22, the Jetsons, Neutron Blonde, Via Satellite, and the Werewolves; Thursday, June 23, PI, the Cor-Vairs, and Bob Coulter; Friday, June 24, the Tapes, Steppin' Razor, Mondo Boffo, and Sex in Miami; and Saturday, June 25, La Guapa Papa and Urban Blight. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** at eighty-eight, proves that people today are singing the blues and old standards a lot longer. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty. On Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, pianist Ronnell Bright performs three sets, beginning at eight-thirty. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven during the non-summer months; it's T-shirt time now. Wednesday, June 22, Tony DeMarco and Linda Hickman; Saturday, June 25, the Tompkins County Horseflies; Wednesday

June 29, Irish music with accordionist **JOHN NOLAN** and fiddler **PAT KEOGH**; and Saturday, July 2, the Chicken Chokers String Band. Music from nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sunday, June 26, Turk Mauro will co-lead a quintet with Ron Turso, starting about nine-fifteen. On Mondays soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER'S BECHET LEGACY** has the floor, and on Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Altoist **PHIL WOODS** leads his quartet through Thursday, June 23; Friday through Monday, June 24-27, organist **JIMMY SMITH** and guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will team up for bluesy sessions; Tuesday through Thursday, June 28-30, Kansas City stars **JAY MC SHANN** and **BIG JOE TURNER** will be present; and starting Friday, July 1, percussionists **GUILHERME FRANCO** and **MARCIO SAPEL** and their samba band, **PÉ-DE-BOI,** will perform with guest percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS.** The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Friday, June 24, the Aztec Two-Step; Saturday, June 25, Buzzy Linhart; Sunday, June 26, Jane Brucker; Wednesday, June 29, Jill Kroesen, Ten Thousand Maniacs, and the Phillip Blues Band; Friday, July 1, singer **ELLEN MC ILWAINE.** Thursdays belong to Frank Maya. Music Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from nine; Wednesdays and Thursdays from ten; and Monday, which is hootenanny night, from about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, sound-stage-size space to hear music in: Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **RON CARTER;** Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, singer Val Eley; Sunday and Monday, June 26-27, Tiberio & Jeff Raheb; Thursday, June 30, pianist Kenny Brawner. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist Armen Donelian guides a trio here Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays, Mike Campbell sings with his trio; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to pianist and singer Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the resident stride specialist, plays everything that runs through his head through Saturday, June 25; on Sunday, June 26, **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a cheerfully rampaging stride and ragtime player, will arrive. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads a traditional quintet. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, June 25, **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** beginning Tuesday, June 28; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** every Sunday and Monday Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, June 22, **WILSON PICKETT** and B. Willie Smith; Thursday, June 23, **STEVE GOODMAN** and Willie and Annie Nininger; Sunday, June 26, Jack Smith & Rockabilly Planet and Tommy Joe White; Monday, June 27, the Bellamy Brothers; and Thursday, June 30, Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS,** a legend in his own Banlon shirt. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—In the mid-fifties, Dallasite **RED GARLAND** was Miles Davis's pianist in the ground-breaking, wonderful-sounding quintet that also included John Coltrane, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones. The group made history by simply showing up for work—its merest recording session or live appearance now seems like a major event. Garland's style, like those of the four other members of the group, was distinctive: he played (and plays still) a variation of locked chords with an added-on split-second-delayed top note that sets each chord off and makes it luminous and shimmering. Garland is here now (through Sunday, June 26) with a band that includes none other than **PHILLY JOE** himself, on drums. Tuesday through Friday, June 28-July 1, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY,** a vital, inventive young soloist (especially in the lower register of his horn), will work with pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL.** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs more than thirty years ago, is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—It's twin-piano time here, as **DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** trade fours and solos through Saturday, June 25, in a program entitled "Piano and Jazz Contrapuntal Vocal Duets or Where Are You Gallagher & Shean?" On Tuesday, June 28, singer **JON HENDRICKS** will take charge. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, June 22, the Lines; Thursday, June 23, singer Connie James; Friday, June 24, singer Ebony Jo-Ann; Saturday, June 25, jazz-funk organist **CHARLES EARLAND.** Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Friday, June 24, the Frohman-Mannozzi Cultural Connection; Saturday, June 25, Popper Lilien; Wednesday, June 29, Entity; and Friday, July 1, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl. Shows begin at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night: Friday, June 24, Nash the Slash and the Rescue; Saturday, June 25, the Asbury Jukes and the Lenny Kaye Connection. Music after midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, and gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. Wednesday, June 22, Dolce Vita and Maiden America; Friday through Sunday, June 24-26, Robert Palmer; Tuesday, June 28, **MARSHALL CRENSHAW,** who writes and sings wonderfully mushy and swinging rockabilly tunes; Thursday, June 30, Mink DeVille; Friday, July 1, the Nitecaps; and Saturday, July 2, Alarm. Shows usually begin after midnight.

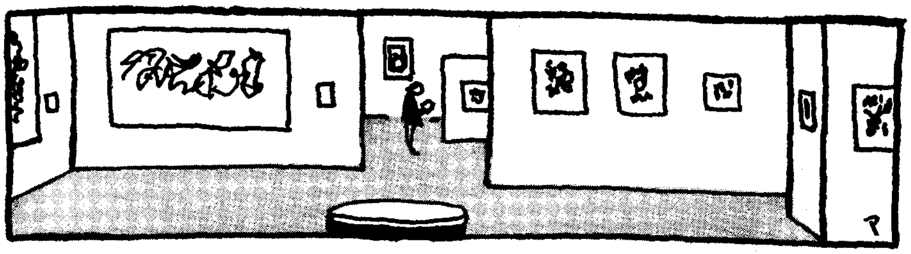
Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, singer **CARMEN LUNDY,** with a string quartet; Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, gospel and pop singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose sets can be a celebration of sixties soul music; Tuesday, June 28, Laurie Altman; and Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, **CARLA BLEY,** madcap composer, arranger, pianist, and bandleader. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and somehow resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL;** Sunday through Thursday, June 26-30, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet; and Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, Brazuca. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist, flutist, monologist, and wag **JAMES MOODY** leads a quartet through Saturday, June 25; Sunday, June 26, trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH** will guide a sextet that will feature violinist **BILLY BANG;** Monday, June 27, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA** performs; and starting Tuesday, June 28, **BENNY CARTER,** the eloquent alto saxophonist, will bring in a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the personable-as-all-getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, performs in this simple, basic, blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays are salsa nights: on June 27, **TITO PUENTE** and **JOE CUBA** will be present with their bands, and the guest jazz soloist will be alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** Shows from nine. On Thursday, June 23, trumpeter **JON FADDIS** and others will pay tribute to the late Kai Winding; and on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS,** and percussion



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will trade sets, which will begin at about ten and midnight. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays, from ten to three, are attended to by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA.**

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Drummer **ELVIN JONES** powers his sextet through Sunday, June 26; on Tuesday, June 28, alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY,** who still mugs and mumbles during his sets, is on hand with a combo at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. The schedule: Wednesday, June 22, Django's Music; Thursday through Saturday, June 23-25, Haywood Henry; Sunday, June 26, pianist **DICK KATZ;** Monday and Tuesday, June 27-28, **JOE ALBANY'S NEW YORKERS:** Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, **EDDIE BAREFIELD;** and starting Friday, July 1, **HAROLD (CORNBREAD) SINGER.** Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** perform witty, compelling duets through Saturday, June 25; on Monday, June 27, pianist and occasional singer **JIMMY ROWLES** will move in. Sundays belong to guitarist **JOE BECK** and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

FESTABRASIL '83—At the **BEACON THEATRE:** Gilberto Gil. (Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, at 8.) . . . **SYMPHONY SPACE:** Friday, June 24, at 8: Carlos Barbosa-Lima, Pé-De-Boi, and the Jelon Vieira DanceBrazil. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: The Loremil Machado Sarava Bahia Band, the Jelon Vieira DanceBrazil, and Nana Vasconcelos. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga listings, see page 13, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 24, at 5: Ralph Sutton, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 7 and 10:30: Ella Fitzgerald and Joe Pass. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: The Chuck Mangione quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: Michelle Rosewoman, with Univision, and the Butch Morris Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, from 4 to 10: Piano Spectacular, with Dick Hyman, Dick Wellstood, Ellis Marsalis, Jay McShann, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 5: The Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band, plus performers from Japan. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 7 and 11: Spyro Gyra and Steps Ahead. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: The Duke Ellington Orchestra under the direction of Mercer Ellington, with Tammy Grimes, Oliver Jackson, Cecil Payne, Esther Marrow, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: Paquito d'Rivera & Havana/New York and the Hilton Ruiz trio. (Soundscape). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at midnight: Jazz films from Dave Chertok's collection. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, from 1 to 9: A jazz picnic, hosted by the New Jersey Jazz Society; among those present will be Red Richards' Jazz Aces, Ed Polcer and the Eddie Condon Alumni Association, Dick Wellstood, Bucky Pizzarelli, Kenny Davern, and Dave McKenna. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ *Sunday, June 26, at 3:30:* "Echoes of Harlem," a show combining music and dance, with Diane McIntyre, Anthony Davis, Curtis Clark, and others. (Small's Paradise, Seventh Ave. at 135th St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 5:30: Ellis Marsalis, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 7 and 11: Miles Davis and his sextet and the VSOP II Quintet. (Avery Fisher Hall.). . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 8: The Mingus Dynasty Band, the Momix Dance Theatre, Teddy Charles, John Clark, Slide Hampton, Charles Russo, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 8: The Odean Pope trio and Manny Oquendo's Libre. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 5: Michel Petrucciani, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: Oscar Peterson and Milt Jackson. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: Vortex, Marion Brown, and the Mary Ann Driscoll/Paul Murphy duo. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 5: Don Pullen, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . Tuesday, June 28, at 7 and 11: "A Salute to the Swing Era," with Mel Tormé, Rosemary Clooney, George Shearing, Count Basie, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 8: Eddie Barefield, Doc Cheatham, Tommy Flanagan, Dizzy Gillespie, Zoot Sims, Major Holley, and others in a tribute to Coleman Hawkins. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 8: The Colson Unity Troupe and the Karen Borca band. (Soundscape.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

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MIKE MORGENSTERN'S ALL-STAR JAM SESSION—Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666. Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, at 9:30.

RAN BLAKE—Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, June 25, at 9.

PETE COSEY and the **JOHN SCOFIELD TRIO**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday, June 25, at 9:30.

REVEREND ROBERT LEPLEY—With Scott Lee, Bo Hampton, and Billy Drewes. (Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. Monday, June 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ONE PLUS ONE . . . QUARTET—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, June 28, at 7, and Thursday, June 30, at 5:30. For tickets, call 598-3491.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

AKIRA ARITA—Still-lifes in oils and mixed mediums by a realist. Also, two portraits. Through July 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—The artist's sculptures, plus a few small paintings. Through Thursday, June 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. A nine-foot piece called "Seated Woman" is on view on the Seagram Plaza, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Etchings and lithographs. Through Saturday, June 25. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

CHARLES ECKART / GERALD BERGSTEIN—Oil paintings of nudes, more suggested than anatomized. / Large mixed-media abstractions in which patches of deft draftsmanship and trompe l'oeil painting occur. Through Friday, July 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

RAFAEL FERRER—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

ALAIN KIRILI—Three abstract hand-forged iron sculptures and a group of charcoal drawings shown in the garden and gallery, respectively, of the French Embassy. Through Friday, June 24. (972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

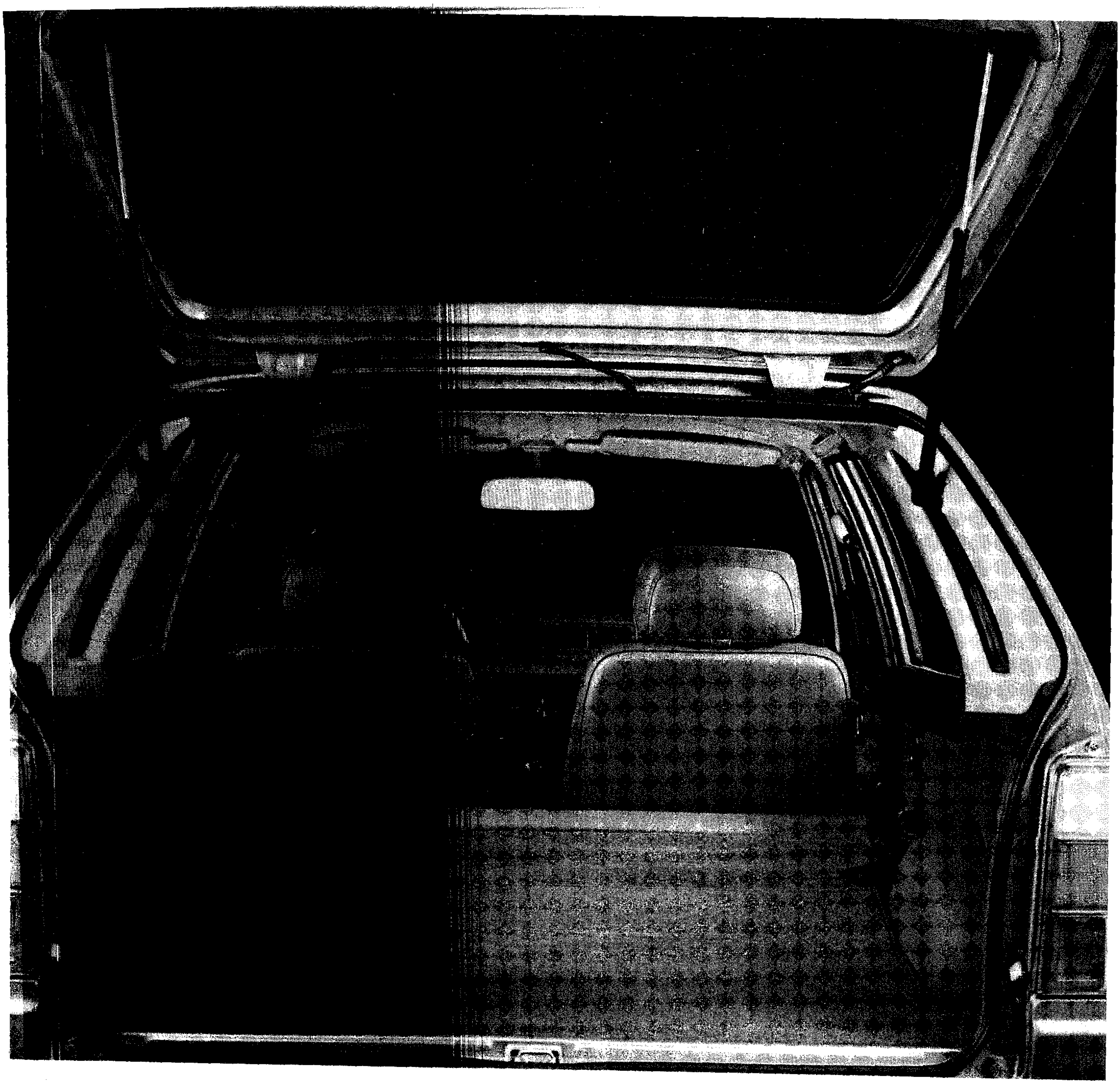
MATI KLARWEIN—Visionary landscapes and a few portraits. Through July 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ALUN LEACH-JONES / RICK DINGUS—Large canvases covered with kaleidoscopic patterns in bright colors. / Photographs of geological or archeological interest worked over with graphite and silver pencil. Through Thursday, June 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

ROBERT SUTZ—Representational oils executed between 1950 and the present by a Chicago painter; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, June 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Open daily.)

CHRISTOPHER WHITE—Large abstractions, in most

SPEEDWAY
THUNDERBOLT
GOLDMINE
MOTORBOATS
SHOOT
LASZLO



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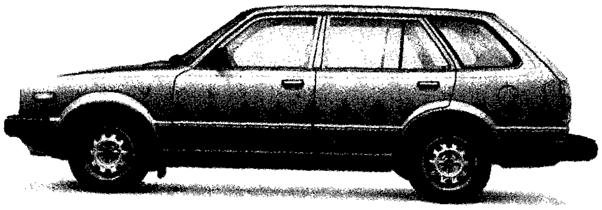

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of which one can see suggestions of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the artist grew up. Through Saturday, June 25. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by five contemporary artists—John Bayalis, Jr., Roy Carruthers, Lionel Kalish, Jeffrey Kronsnoble, and Paul Pletka. Through Friday, June 24. . . . **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exhibit of paintings and sculptures, in which nominators and nominees are both represented; e.g., Carl Andre (showing a sculpture) picked Nancy Haynes (a painted-wood relief). Through July 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI**, 26 E. 80th St.: More than fifty eighteenth-century paintings of Italy, including scenes of Venice by Canaletto and Guardi, ten capricci (landscapes combining elements both real and imagined) of Rome by Panini, and a view of St. Peter's by the British landscape artist William Marlow. Through Thursday, June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM**, 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **NOTE:** The following galleries have mounted summer exhibitions of works pulled from their stock—**DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **EINSTEIN**, 243 E. 82nd St. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Alexander / Frederick Brown—Abstract paintings. / Paintings in which Biblical themes are adapted to contemporary settings. Through July 15. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Gerry Rodbell Alpert—Ribbons of acrylic paint curled into rosettes two or three inches deep and applied to canvas in abstract patterns. Through Saturday, June 25. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frank Bowling / Maurice Golubov—Thickly painted abstractions. / Excerpts from this veteran artist's sketchbook, ranging back to the twenties and from representational work to total abstractions. Through Wednesday, June 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Graves—Drawings and models by this architect. Through Saturday, June 25. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Watercolors of seaports and fishing villages, here and abroad. Through July 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Hitch Lyman and Gary Kulak—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through July 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Mariann Loveland Miller / Richard Miller—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ethel Myers (1881-1960)—About ten small bronzes representing fashionable people at the turn of the century by an artist whose work was included in the Armory Show. Also drawings. Through July 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jim Touchton—Still-lifes with Macdougal Alley in the background, and landscapes of East Hampton. Through July 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Zucker—Wood constructions inspired by latticework seen on Victorian houses in Vermont. Through Friday, July 1. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BELLMAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: "The Apocalyptic Vision" is the title of a display of unsettling New Image paintings by Nancy Chunn, Peter Dean, Robert Morgan, and Michael Dvortcsak. Through July 15. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Rafael Ferrer, Mark Innerst, and Donald Lipski are among the seven artists invited by the gallery to show their paintings and sculptures. Through Thursday, June 30. . . . **MARISA DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works incorporating found objects by such artists as Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Man Ray, and Richard Pousette-Dart. Through July 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings from the past twenty years by German artists who are associated with Expressionism (among them A. R. Penck and Anselm Kiefer), and by some who are not (Blinky Palermo and Gerhard Richter). Through Friday, June 24. . . . **HABER THEODORE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by six contemporary artists, among them Richard Kalina and William Kortlander. Through Thursday, June 30. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Delicate wood cabinets with unusual screens and drawers by Loren Calaway; shaped canvases heavily encrusted with grimy-looking paint by Michael David; and figurative oils by Dona Nelson. Through July 29. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Recent acquisitions, including works by Botero, Vuillard, and Miró, and a beguiling brush-and-ink drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec of a woman shaking hands with a little dog. Through July 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Louisa Chase, Roberto Juarez, and Robert S. Zakanitch. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the fifties by Clinton Hill, Mark Rothko, Stephen Greene, Michael Loew, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin, Maynard Dixon, Maria Henle, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Aug 12. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **NOTE:** Summer shows at **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

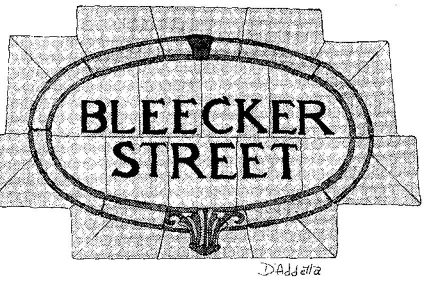
Donna Byars / Diane Farrell—Freestanding constructed-wood sculptures, plus cloth-wrapped miniatures arranged on the wall. / Charcoal drawings representing the Stations of the Cross. Through Saturday, June 25. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Walter Dahn—Paintings by a member of Germany's Mulheimer Freiheit. Through Thursday, June 30. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Georg Dokoupil—Paintings by another member of the Mulheimer Freiheit. Through Thursday, June 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Gerald Incandela / Peter Voulkos—Doctored photographs of art objects, including one of prehistoric New Mexican rock drawings embellished with tourist graffiti. / Stoneware fired by an ancient Japanese method. Through Saturday, June 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Les Levine—Works ranging from a five-channel video installation to giant-size drawings in crayon, by this artist noted for using the billboard format. Through Saturday, June 25. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)



Clement Meadmore—Bronze floor samples, so to speak, of his huge outdoor sculptures. Through Saturday, June 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Gayil Nalls / Robert McCauley—Eighty-six paintings, varying greatly in size, in which oils, acrylics, gold leaf, and silk screening are used to depict subjects ranging from private demons and Dadaist fancies to a frequently repeated Sphinxlike figure. / Sculptural pieces and drawings with social themes. Through Friday, July 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Leaves of handmade paper with large perforations and touches of watercolor, some of them stitched together back to back and hung from the ceiling, so that both sides can be seen. Through Friday, July 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ A group show occupies the front room, with works by Jonathan Borofsky, Bob Gober, Joel Shapiro, among others.

Pratt Invitational Alumni Exhibition—One or more works (paintings, photographs, constructions) by twenty former students, who include Nancy Grossman, Sylvia Plachy, Clayton Pond, and George Segal. Through July 16. (469 Broome St.)

Group Shows—At the **BONNIER**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through July 30. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 386 West Broadway: Paintings and works on paper by new members. Through Wednesday, June 29. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **GLADSTONE**, 152 Wooster St.: Eleven artists (Jenny Holzer, Tim Rollins, Ida Applebroog, others) exhibiting paintings, video, photographs, etc., that fall into the category of social commentary. Through July 29. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through July 29. . . . **METRO PICTURES**, 169 Mercer St.: A huge painting of a male torso by Robert Longo and a landscape by Michael Zwack are among the new works on display. Through Thursday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: Two enigmatic figure paintings by Sabina Mirri, a young Italian newcomer, are included in the summer show of works, which are mostly by familiar gallery artists. Through July 29. . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: A show of figurative works, with two paintings apiece by Steven Campbell, Robert Carvin, and Baldo Diodato; and two sculptures by Bob Gober. Through Thursday, June 30. . . . **NOTE:** Some of the other summer shows in this part of town are at **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **MILLIKEN**, 98 Prince St. (Closed Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **BOUCKAERT**, 100 Hudson St.: A survey of the paintings and sculptures exhibited at this gallery over the past two years includes such artists as Max Coyer, Alex McFarlane, and Edgar Franceschi. Through July 30. . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Two independent artist groups, each showing works by its members—Photographs from En Foco, a Bronx organization; and an installation elaborating on the journal of a feminist publishing group called Heresies Collective. Through July 20. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **STOLER**, 13 White St.: Ursula von Rydingsvärd and Nancy Grossman are among the artists represented in this inaugural, all-sculpture show, dominated at the entrance by a towering black wood and red neon construction by Christopher Sproat. Through Friday, July 1. . . . **WHITE COLUMNS**, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St.: Posters, prints, drawings, and a few paintings by William Wegman, Robert Kushner, Susan Rothenberg, and other artists who have donated them for a sale benefitting this non-profit gallery. Through Sunday, June 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Aguirre—Color photographs. Through Saturday, July 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Rudy Burckhardt—In a group of thirty photographs there is a print from 1934 and one from this year. Through July 15. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Harry Callahan—Photographs recently printed in Germany using a laser-scanner. Through Friday, July 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

T. Lux Feininger—Thirty photographs from the thirties and forties. Through July 15. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, and open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

André Kertész / Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Sixty prints, all from his "On Reading" series, and some not seen before. Through Saturday, July 2. / Immigrants at Ellis Island and other prints dating from the early nineteen-hundreds. Through Sept. 1. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—Vacationers on the French Riviera and at Coney Island are among the subjects in photographs by an artist who died in March. Through July 15. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, except July 2, from 9 to 6.)

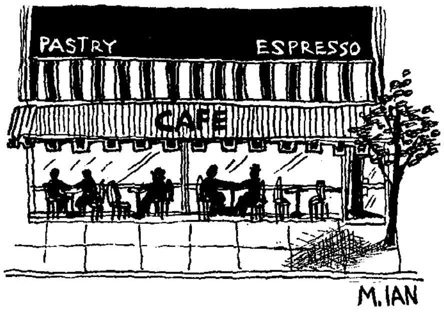
Alfred Stieglitz (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs, selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Bob Walden—Color photographs. Through Thursday, June 30. (Educational Alliance Gallery, 197 East Broadway, near Canal St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-1950," an exhibit of about two hundred prints by photographers who were commissioned by Mr. Stryker, the administrator of a photography project for Standard Oil of New Jersey, to detail "the kinds of things a scholar a hundred years from now is going to wonder about." The better-known names are Elliott Erwitt, Russell Lee, Lisette Model, and Gordon Parks. Through July 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **Museum of Modern Art,** 18 W. 54th St.: Contemporary photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **Pfeifer,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of nudes—from Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' daughters, to Marly Stone's black child in the arms of a white woman at a nude beach, to E. Powis Jones' undressed mannequins. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists, who include Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, and John Coplans. Through July 29. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The reinstallation of the Egyptian Wing has reached completion with the opening of ten new galleries, which house archeological and artistic works from 1991 to 1379 B.C. . . . ¶ The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **Photography:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Aug. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



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Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of extremely large photographic prints by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, William Wegman, and others. Through Tuesday, June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artists-blacksmiths from around the world. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of fifty paintings by Sir Winston Churchill. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Abstract and conceptual art by practitioners who live and work in the Southwest. Through Saturday, July 2.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An installation by Gioia Timpanelli. . . . ¶ Six artists from Los Angeles (Jill Giegerich, Victor Henderson, Kim Hubbard, Lari Pittman, Mitchell Syrop, and Megan Williams) are showing paintings, sculptures, and photographs. Both shows through Saturday, July 2.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Frank South, Bill Gordh, and Joe Lowery (performance), Friday, June 24, at 8:30; Debra Wanner, Bill Gordh, and others (performance), Saturday, June 25, at 8:30; Joe Lowery, Frank South, and others (performance), Sunday, June 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of artists' books. Through Saturday, June 25.

Just Above Midtown/Downtown, 178 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show in which thirty-seven artists (Thomas Finkelpearl, Robert Colescott, Janet Henry, Duane Michals) expound on the subject of love and romance via paintings, sculptures, photographs, and drawings. Through Saturday, July 2.

Art in the Anchorage, Cadman Plaza West and Front St., at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge on the Brooklyn side. Exhibition hours: Daily, noon to 8; closes at 7 on Wednesdays. Admission is two dollars.—Warner Wada, Jane Greengold, and Ned Smyth are among the ten artists who have designed installations for this site in a show that is on all summer. Creative Time is the sponsor.

MUSIC

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Cavalli's "L'Ormindo," staged by Thaddeus Motyka and conducted by Hugh Keelan. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 570-1888. Thursday and Friday, June 23-24; Monday, June 27; and Wednesday, June 29, all at 8, and Thursday, June 30, at 7.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 22, at 8.)

Bel Canto Opera—The première of Sung Fu Yuan's "Tao Yuan," staged by Sal Allocco and conducted by the composer. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 26, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances. . . . ¶ Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 8.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, June 26, at 2. Admission by contribution.)

Summermusic at the Y—The first three in a series of six concerts, which will run through Thursday, July 7—Tuesday, June 28: A performance of Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Strings and Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat," with the Bil Baird Marionettes; Fritz Weaver, narrator; Jaime Laredo, violin; Jonathan Haas, percussion; Sharon Robinson, cello; Stephen Burns, trumpet; and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29: A Rameau-Bach-Vivaldi program, with Anthony Newman, harpsichord; Mr. Laredo; and Miss Robinson. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30: A program of music by Stravinsky, Mozart, Brahms, and Fauré, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Michele Zukovsky, clarinet; Mr. Laredo; and Miss Robinson. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

New Music Consort—A program of music by George Crumb, with Susan Belling, soprano, and the composer as speaker. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, June 28, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program combining poetry, music, and dance from sixteenth-century Spain. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Thursday, June 30, at 8. For tickets, call 942-4951.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 28—Thursday, June 30: The Emerson String Quartet, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players; the Emerson String Quartet; and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3: Gunther Schuller conducting members of the Boston Symphony, with Earl Wild, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 28—Saturday, July 2, at 8:30: John Nelson directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a Berlioz-Barber-Mendelssohn program, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Sylvia McNair, soprano; and Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a program of American music, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Susan Walters, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses will leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center—on Sunday, July 3, a special bus will leave at 1:30; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 22, at 8:15: Al DiMeola, John McLaughlin, and Paco DeLucia. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8:15: Rick Springfield and Sparks. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8:15: Stray Cats and Dave Edmunds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8:15: Eric Clapton. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the **kool jazz festival**—Saturday, July 2, at noon: Gladys Knight & the Pips, the VSOP II Quintet, Dave Grusin & the NY/LA Dream Band, Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers, Ronald Shannon Jackson & the Decoding Society, and others. . . . Sunday, July 3, at noon: The Ray Charles Show '83, B.B. King, Woody Herman & His Young Thundering Herd, the Festival All-Stars, the Slide Hampton quintet, and others. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets through July 1, call 977-9020, in New York. For information about tickets to the Kool Jazz Festival, call 787-2020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a two-week engagement by the Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday, June 28, at 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 8; Friday, July 1, at 8:30; and Saturday, July 2, at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 242-0745.)

SPORTS

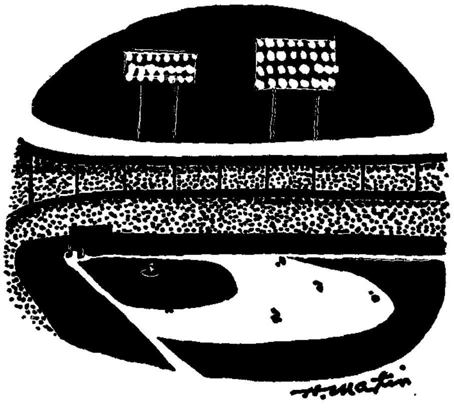
Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, June 22, at 5:35 (doubleheader), and Thursday, June 23, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, June 24, at 8:05; Saturday, June 25, at 1:35; and Sunday, June 26, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Monday through Thursday, June 27-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, at 8.

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Juvenile, Wednesday, June 22; the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 25; the True North Handicap, Sunday, June 26; and the Dwyer, Saturday, July 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, July 2. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Sunday, June 26.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Chicago, Wednesday, June 22, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Wednesday, June 29, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 12.

Yachting—America's Cup at Newport: Defenders' preliminary trials, through Saturday, June 25. . . . Challengers (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) in the first two of three elimination series; the first series runs through Sunday, June 26, and the second series starts Saturday, July 2, and runs through Thursday, July 14. . . . ¶ Start of the Marion-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 24.



ET ALIA

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, Russian and Greek icons, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, June 25, at 2: English and Continental silver, and English furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, July 1, at 10:15: American furniture and decorative arts. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 25. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, June 23, at 10 and 2:30, and Friday, June 24, at 10 and 2: Chinese ceramics, paintings, and other works of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 10: Clocks and watches. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 23.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **richard iii,** with Kevin Kline, Marian Seldes, Betty Miller, and David Alan Grier, will start on Thursday, June 30, and will run through Sunday, July 31. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—Final performances—**prospect park,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Dano Raffanti, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 24, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "La Bohème," with Natalia Rom, Myra Merritt, Jeffrey Stamm, and Brent Ellis; conducted by Eugene Kohn.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 7. (First concert on Wednesday, June 22—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval will open with a performance by U2 and the Alarm. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Wednesday, June 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours from City Hall to the South Street Seaport, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, June 25-26, starting in front of City Hall, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ A conducted tour of SoHo, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 26, starting at the corner of Spring and Lafayette Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.)

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, is being held every evening, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9:15, and Fridays and Saturdays at 9:15 and 10. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
June 22: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.
June 23: "Face to Face" (1976; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
June 24: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
June 25: "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård.
June 26: "Cries and Whispers" (†) and "The Passion of Anna" (†).
June 28: "Secrets of Women" (†) and "Illicit Interlude" (†).
June 29: "The Touch" (†); and "The Ritual" (1969; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
June 30: "The Magic Flute" (†).
July 1: "The Devil's Eye" (†) and "Persona" (†).
July 2: "Sawdust and Tinsel" (†) and "Brink of Life" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 23: "Alsino and the Condor" (Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.
From June 24: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 23: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson; and "Four Friends" (†).
June 24-30: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie; and "Diner" (†).
From July 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 30: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
From July 1: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Octopussy" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

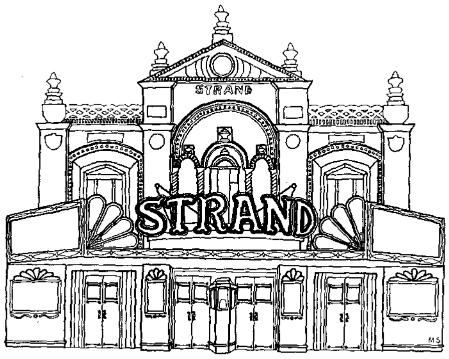
Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 23: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 23: "Octopussy" (†).
From June 24: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 23: "The Salamander" (1980; Peter Zinner), with Franco Nero and Anthony Quinn.
From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 23: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
From June 24: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Superman III."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky. From June 24: "S.O.B." (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 23: "Local Hero" (†).
From June 24: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Octopussy" (†). From June 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From June 24: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 30: "The Man with Two Brains" (†).
From July 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Blue Thunder" (†). From June 24: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Survivors" (Michael Ritchie), with Robin Williams and Walter Matthau.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 23: "WarGames" (†).
From June 24: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Prix de Beauté" (1930; directed by Augusto Genina; in French), with Louise Brooks; and "A Conversation with Louise Brooks" (1974; Richard Leacock), a short film.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo. June 24-25: "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Street of Shame" (1956; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo. June 26-27: "Floating Weeds" (†) and "A Geisha" (†). June 28-29: "Late Spring" (†); and "Sisters of the Gion" (1936; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). June 30-July 2: "Black Orpheus" (†) and "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. From June 24: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Mon Oncle" (†). From June 29: "Jour de Fête" (†) and "The Red Balloon" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Local Hero" (†). From June 24: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 4: "Diva" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Ruling Class" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Flashdance" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Flights of Fancy" (Roman Balayan; in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 23: "Tootsie" (†).
From June 24: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "Heatwave" (Phillip Noyce; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Richard Moir. From July 1: "Drugstore Romance" (Paul Vecchiali; in French).
Theatre 2: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Heads or Tails" (Robert Enrico;

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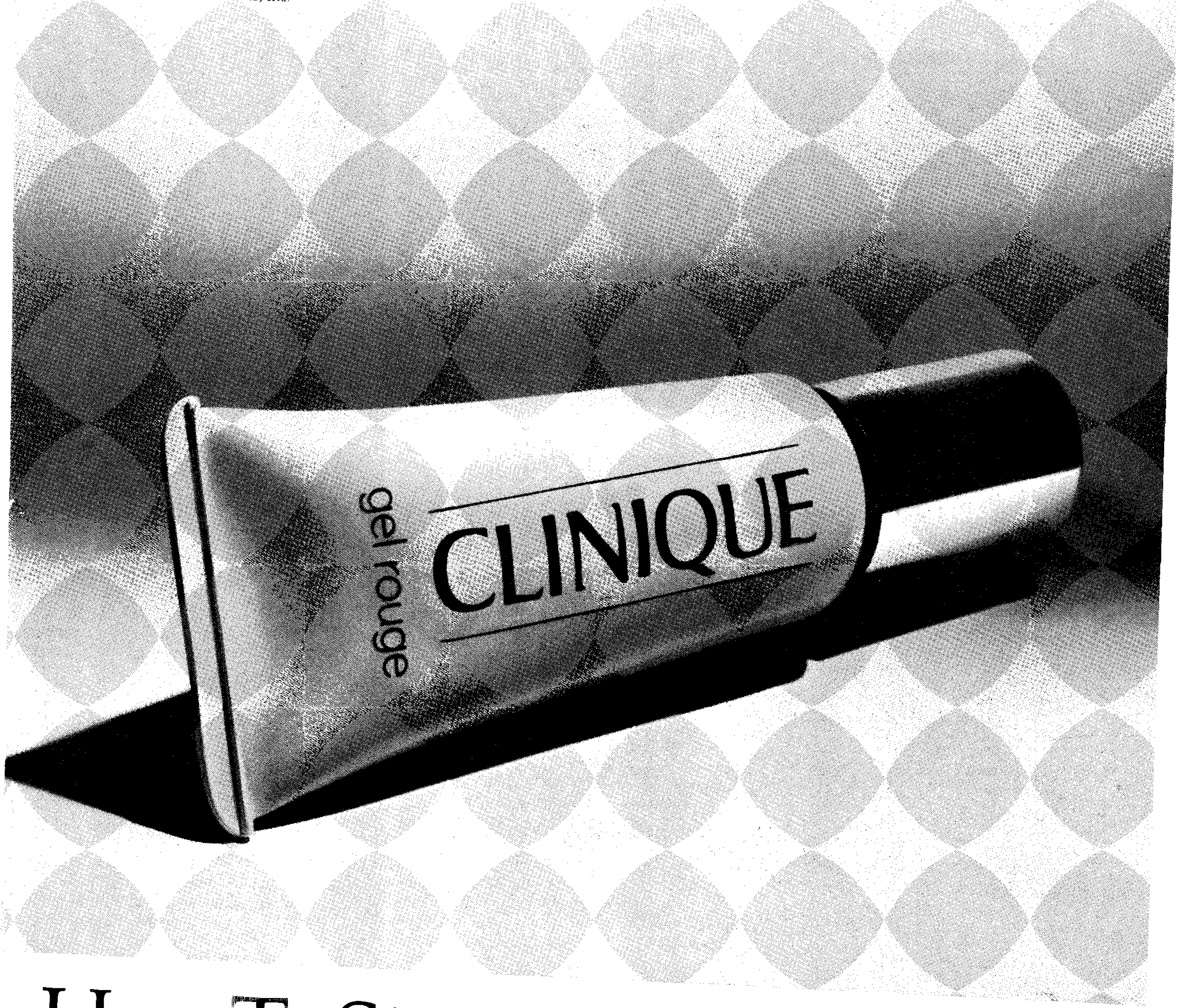

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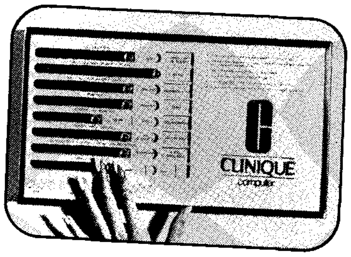

CLINIQUE

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in French), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Serrault.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Mon Oncle" (†). From June 29: "Jour de Fête" (†) and "The Red Balloon" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "The Man with Two Brains" (†). From June 24: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From July 1: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 30: "WarGames" (†). From July 1: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 30: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor. From July 1: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).
Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson. From June 24: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev; and "Victor/Victoria" (†). June 24-30: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From July 1: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad David and Franco Nero; and "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.
Theatre 3: Through June 23: "Tender Mercies" (†); and "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (1982; Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. June 24-30: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky. From July 1: "Blue Thunder" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 23: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie; and "Diner" (†). From June 24: "The Road Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (directed by Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Karate Killers on Wheels." From June 24: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: Through June 30: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong. From July 1: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.
Theatre 4: "The Man with Two Brains" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 30: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From July 1: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
Theatre 6: Though June 30: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell. From July 1: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

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Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Survivors" (Michael Ritchie), with Robin Williams and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 30: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
From July 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through June 23: "48 Hrs." (†).
From June 24: "Tootsie" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From June 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. From June 24: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson. From June 24: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 22: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran, Sharon Tate, and Polanski.
June 23: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.
June 24-30: A week-long program of Swiss films.
From July 1: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

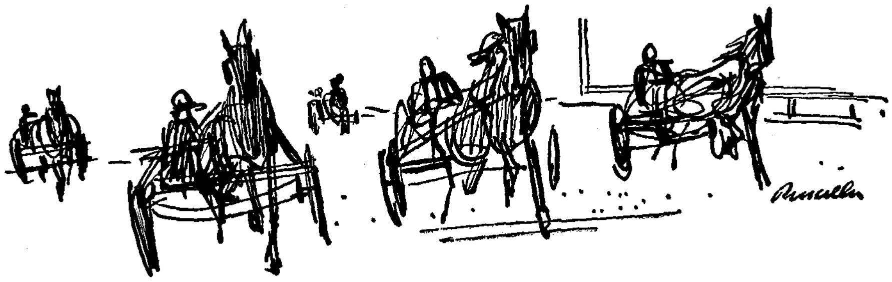
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 23: "Carmen Baby" (1967; Radley Metzger), with Uta Levka; and "Camille 2000" (1969; Radley Metzger), with Danièle Gaubert.
June 24-25: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
June 26-28: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels.
June 29-30: "Ilsa, the She Wolf;" and "Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks" (1976; Don Edmonds), with Dyanne Thorne.
July 1-2: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 23: "Savage Man, Savage Beast" (1983).
From June 24: "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
June 22: "I Remember Mama" (1948; George Stevens), with Irene Dunne, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Oscar Homolka; and "Life with Father" (1947; Michael Curtiz), with Irene Dunne, William Powell, and ZaSu Pitts.
June 23-25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.
June 26-27: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey.
June 28-29: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (1970; Charles Jarrott), with Richard Burton and Geneviève Bujold; and "Alexander the Great" (1956; Robert Rossen), with Richard Burton, Fredric March, and Claire Bloom.
June 30-July 2: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 23: "Bite the Bullet" (1975; Richard Brooks), with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn; and "The Long Riders" (1980; Walter Hill), with Stacy and James Keach and David, Keith, and Robert Carradine.
June 24-25: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, and John Heard.
June 26: "Fantastic Voyage" (1966; Richard Fleischer), with Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch, Edmond O'Brien, and Donald Pleasence; and "Dark Star" (1974; John Carpenter), with Brian Narelle.
June 27-28: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
June 29-30: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.
July 1-2: "Raging Bull" (†) and "Hard Times" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
June 22: "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Knife in the Head" (1980; Reihard Hauff; in German), with Bruno Ganz.
June 23: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Bitter Victory" (1959;



Nicholas Ray), with Richard Burton, Curt Jurgens, and Ruth Roman.

June 24: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.

June 25: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.

June 26: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr; and "Fahrenheit 451" (†).

June 27: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French).

June 28: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

June 29: "Sweet Hours" ("Dulces Horas;" 1982; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Iñaki Aierra and Assumpta Serna; and "Opera Prima" (1982; Fernando Trueba; in Spanish), with Oscar Ladoire and Paula Molina.

June 30: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "Zazie" (1960; Louis Malle; in French), with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret.

July 1: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.

July 2: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 22: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Susannah York, Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw; and "In the Heat of the Night" (1967; Norman Jewison), with Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger.

June 23-25: "Oliver!" (1968; Carol Reed), with Ron Moody, Oliver Reed, Mark Lester, Jack Wild, and Shani Wallis.

June 26-27: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

June 28-29: "Patton" (†).

June 30-July 2: "The French Connection" (†); and "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 22: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Battle Cry" (1975; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese).

June 23: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

June 24-25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

June 26: "Beethoven" (1936; Abel Gance; in French), with Harry Bauer; and "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935; Abel Gance; in French), with Edwige Feuillère.

June 27: A program of cartoons.

June 28: "Them!" (1954; Gordon Douglas), with James Whitmore, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Weldon, and James Arness; and "Phase IV" (1974; Saul Bass), with Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy.

June 29: "The Yakuza" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan; and "Sasori-Female Prisoner 701" (1972; Shunya Ito; in Japanese).

June 30: "Come and Get It" (1936; Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer; and "Rhythm on the Range" (1936; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, and Frances Farmer.

July 1-2: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 22: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, and Ann Sheridan.

June 23: "College Holiday" (1937; Frank Tuttle), with Jack Benny and Burns and Allen; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Lanfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.

June 24: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

June 25: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable and Rudy Vallée.

June 26: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

June 27: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès.

June 28: "World Première" (†); and "True Confession" (1937; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray.

June 29: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (†).

June 30: "Clash by Night" (†); and "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming.

July 1: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

July 2: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—June 23 at 2:30: "Mayerling" (1937; directed by Anatole Litvak; in French, with English subtitles), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "Le Roi" (1936; Pierre Colombier; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Gaby Morlay, Victor Francen, and Elvire Popesco. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2:30: "La Mort du Cygne" (1937; Jean Benoît-Lévy and Marie Epstein; in French, with English subtitles), with Mia Slavenska and Yvette Chauviré. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6: "Les Gens du Voyage" (1937; Jacques Feyder; in French, with English subtitles), with Françoise Rosay and Marie Glory. . . . ¶ June 25 at noon: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Les Gens du Voyage." . . . ¶ June 25 at 5: "La Loi du Nord" (1939; Jacques Feyder; in French, with English subtitles), with Michèle Morgan, Pierre Richard-Willm, and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ June 26 at noon: "Unfaithfully Yours." . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: "Le Joueur d'Échecs" (1938; Jean Dréville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Conrad Veidt and Françoise Rosay. . . . ¶ June 26 at 5: "Regain" (1937; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Fernandel, Orane Demazis, Marguerite Moreno, and Gabriel Gabrio. . . . ¶ June 27 at noon: "De Munich à la 'Drôle de Guerre' " (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 27 at 2:30: "Nuits de Feu" (1937; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gaby Morlay, Victor Francen, and Madeleine Robinson. . . . ¶ June 28 at noon: "De Munich à la 'Drôle de Guerre'." . . . ¶ June 28 at 2:30: "Regain." . . . ¶ June 28 at 6: A program of recent short films. . . . ¶ June 30 at noon: "De Munich à la 'Drôle de Guerre'." . . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: "La Loi du Nord." . . . ¶ June 30 at 6: "Le Joueur d"Échecs." . . . ¶ July 1 at noon: "De Munich à la 'Drôle de Guerre'." . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . ¶ July 1 at 6: "Quai des Brumes" (1938; Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, and Michel Simon. . . . ¶ July 2 at noon: "Alice Adams" (1935; George Stevens), with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, and Fred Stone. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: "Le Dernier Tournant" (1939; Pierre Chenal; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Gravey, Corinne Luchaire, and Michel Simon. . . . ¶ July 2 at 5: "Sérénade" (1939; Jean Boyer; in French, with English subtitles), with Lilian Harvey and Louis Jouvet. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through June 26: "Oracle" (1981-83; Frank Gillette), a video work. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father, Michel Auclair as the brother, and Mila Parély as a sister. Alekan was the cinematographer; Georges Auric wrote the score; Bérard did the décor and costumes. (A running account of the making of the picture—anxieties, physical ailments, mistakes, and all—is given in Cocteau's entertaining 1950 book "Diary of a Film.") In French. (Film Forum; June 30-July 2.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Film Forum; June 30-July 2.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Olympia Quad; starting June 24.)

Blue Thunder—The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern, Warren Oates, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through June 23. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 1.)

Brink of Life (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson, and Max von Sydow. Screenplay by Bergman and Ulla Isaksson (from her short story). In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 2.)

Clash by Night (1952)—This Fritz Lang version of a Clifford Odets melodrama about jealousy never quite comes together; the stylized Odets dialogue seems bizarrely out of place in the setting of a fishing village. But it's a handsome black-and-white production, and though Barbara Stanwyck (as the adulteress) and Paul Douglas (as the betrayed husband) suffer rather too strenuously, Robert Ryan (as the wife's lover, a projectionist in a movie theatre) is so intensely sexual that the film momentarily achieves real, even if stagy, power. And as a good-natured girl, full of animal life spirits, Marilyn Monroe is appealing in an unmannered style that's very different from her later acting. With Keith Andes and J. Carrol Naish. Adapted by Alfred Hayes; cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, and with blood-red backgrounds, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. With Erland Josephson as the doctor, and Anders Ek as Isak. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 26.)

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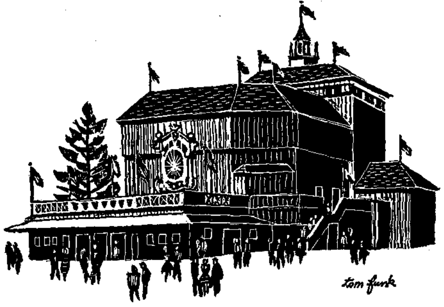
The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. With Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 1.)

Diner (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad; through June 23. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 24-30.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The idea has an almost irresistible appeal, but Truffaut doesn't exploit the obvious possibilities. He barely dramatizes the material at all, and though there are charming, childlike moments, the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Metro Cinema; June 26.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)



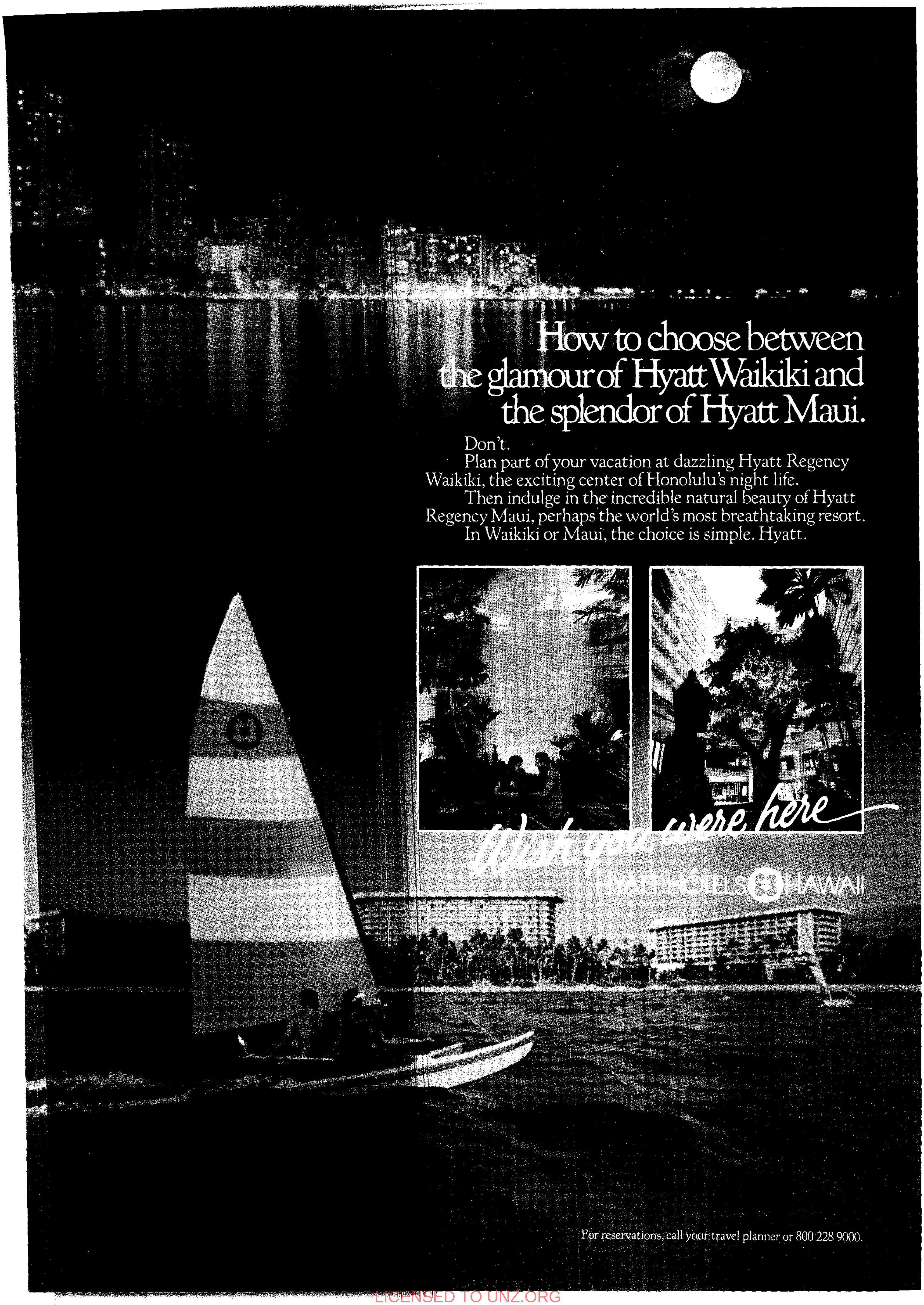
Flashdance—With Jennifer Beals, directed by Adrian Lyne. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, Festival, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Floating Weeds (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese. (Film Forum; June 26-27.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (New Embassy 49th Street; through June 23.)

Four Friends (1981)—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties, and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is a semi-autobiographical account by Steve Tesich of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian working-class youth, Danilo, who comes with a big, heavy symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, particularly in his sense of humor, and Penn, trying for a large-scale social vision, brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and self-pity of the William Inge–Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the big, immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America," and in order to accommodate a whole catalogue of symbolic events of the sixties—everything from a race riot to the landing on the moon—the plot bounces along exhaustingly. The characters are always learning life's important lessons. In a key sequence we get crosscutting between Danilo folk-dancing in the sunshine with his immigrant-worker friends and the girl with her soul-sick druggie-hippie pals at a strobe-lighted psychedelic revel that features acid and a suicide in flames. It's health versus sickness, life versus death. And the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, Jim Metzler, and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy as a rotten-rich swine, and Lois Smith as his wife—she gets to let out a yelping sound that's like the grandmommy of a scream. So may you. (1/4/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 23.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A hugely successful slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience with noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. The ominous music keeps tightening the screws and heating things up; the movie is like an aggravated case of New York. It proceeds through chases, pistol-whippings, slashings, murders, snipings, and more chases for close to two



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hours. This is what's meant to give you a charge. There are no good guys. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; porkpie-hatted and lewd and boorish, he's also a sadist. With Fernando Rey, Roy Scheider, Tony LoBianco, and Marcel Bozzufi. Music by Don Ellis; cinematography by Owen Roizman. The script, by Ernest Tidyman, was based on the supposedly factual account by Robin Moore in a book about the largest narcotics haul in New York police history up to that time. William Friedkin directed. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Actor (Hackman), Screenplay. (Regency; June 20-July 2.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. *(3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82)* (Ziegfeld.)

A Geisha (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compared the geishas to national treasures—to the Noh theatre, the tea ceremony, Mt. Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 26-27.)

Hard Times (1975)—Spacious, leisurely, and with elaborate period re-creations of Louisiana in the thirties, the first feature directed by the then young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp, perhaps even great pulp. The hero (Charles Bronson) rides into town on the rails, looking like an authentic Depression worker—a cap on his head, his face worn, narrow slits of hurting eyes. This aging itinerant never speaks of his past; he hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. By using Bronson with superb calculation, so that he is the underdog in every situation, Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that our hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. Written by Hill, Bryan Gindorff, and Bruce Henstell. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 1-2.)

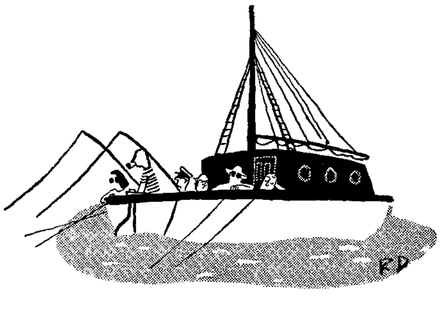
Illicit Interlude (1951; "Summer Interlude")—This early Ingmar Bergman film is about the loss of love: a tired ballerina of twenty-eight (Maj-Britt Nilsson), who has ceased to feel or care, is suddenly caught up by the memory of the summer when her life ended. We see her then as a fresh, eager fifteen-year-old, in love with a frightened, uncertain student (beautifully played by Birger Malmsten), and we watch the delicate shades of their "summer play," interrupted by glances at adult relatives, as Bergman contrasts decadence and youth, corruption and beauty. In the early part, an old woman appears for just a moment on a road, walking—and this image, like the croquet game in the later "Smiles of a Summer Night," seems to be suspended in time. Bergman found his style in this film, and it is regarded by cinema historians not only as his breakthrough but also as the beginning of "a new, great epoch in Swedish films." Many of the themes (whatever one thinks of them) that Bergman later expanded are here: the artists who have lost their identities, the faces that have become masks, the mirrors that reflect death at work. But this movie, with its rapturous yet ruined love affair, also has a lighter side; it is the highly personal work of an emerging director—a work with elegiac charm and sweetness. With Alf Kjellin as the suitor, Stig Olin as the ballet master, George Funkquist as the lecherous uncle. Photographed by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 28.)

Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either. Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 29.)

Late Spring (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a tranquil simplicity. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 28-29.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive (played by Peter Riegert) who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. *(3/21/83)* (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; through June 23.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 30.)



The Man with Two Brains—With Steve Martin, directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 23. . . . ¶ Beekman; through June 30.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in "À Nous la Liberté" and Chaplin in "Modern Times" but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygienic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamppost trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But the moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 28.)

Murder (1930)—A carefully designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people. It's more languidly paced than his mid-thirties work, and the dialogue is spoken in stage rhythms, but there are inventive moments. Herbert Marshall, dryly amiable in his first talking picture, plays an eminent actor—a knight serving on a jury. Convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There's an experiment with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, there's an odd, perhaps partly improvised comedy scene involving some children invading Marshall's bedroom, and there's also a tricky sequence in which he listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time. It's a very class-conscious film, but in a somewhat snobbish way; we seem to be expected to identify with Marshall's stylish courtliness and to see the "lower orders" through his eyes. With Miles Mander, Esmé Percy, Donald Calthrop, Edward Chapman and Phyllis Konstam as the couple in the breakfast scene, and a glimpse of Hitchcock on a street. The screenplay, by Alma Reville, is taken from the stage version of Clemence Dane's novel "Enter Sir John." *(Theatre 80 St. Marks;* June 29.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the

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producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Octopussy—With Roger Moore as James Bond, directed by John Glen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Gemini; through June 23.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 26.)

Patton (1970)—The film is enormous in scale and runs almost three hours; it was directed by Franklin J. Schaffner in a style that might be described as imperial—incredibly long, wide shots that take in vast areas, with the human figures dwarfed by the terrain. There's so much land and air—and it's so clear—that we seem to be looking at the action from God's point of view. The landscapes are full of men, but they're all essentially extras—even men like Omar Bradley (Karl Malden), who *should* be important. There's really nobody in this movie except George C. Scott's Patton. He is what people who believe in military values can see as the true military hero—the red-blooded American who loves to fight and whose crude talk is straight talk. He is also what people who despise militarism can see as the worst kind of red-blooded American mystical maniac; for them, Patton can be the symbolic proof of the madness of the whole military complex. The picture, from a script by Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund H. North, plays him both ways—crazy and great—and more ways than that, because he's a comic-strip general, and even those who are anti-war may love comic strips. Patton is treated as if he were the spirit of war, yet the movie begs the fundamental question: Is this the kind of man a country needs when it's at war? This movie is both a satirical epic and a square celebration, yet the satire backfires. Scott's Patton is so much stronger than anyone else that he has glamour and appeal. The film's style itself validates Patton the war lover as a hero. With Karl Michael Vogler as Rommel. Adapted from Ladislas Farago's "Patton: Ordeal & Triumph" and Bradley's "A Soldier's Story;" cinematography by Fred Koenekamp. (Regency; June 28-29.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can *feel* it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: in it, an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. Most movies give so little that it seems almost barbarous to object to Bergman's not giving us more in "Persona," but it is just because of the expressiveness and fascination of what we *are* given that the movie is so frustrating. There is, however, great intensity in many of the images, and there's one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 1.)

Raging Bull (1980)—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (De Niro won the Academy Award for Best Actor.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 1-2.)

The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film without dialogue, about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, though it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's other film on the same theme, "White Mane." Lamorisse wrote and directed. Also with Sabine Lamorisse. (Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 29.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Olympia Quad; starting June 24.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Guild.)

Sawdust and Tinsel (1953; "The Naked Night")—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, the film is set in the circus world at the turn of the century. It opens with a flashback shot on different film stock: a clown's wife—a dumpy, middle-aged woman—bathes exhibitionistically in view of a whole regiment of soldiers; the clown comes and takes her away. From there the story moves to the circus owner, Ake Groenberg, and his voluptuous mistress, Harriet Andersson; this swinish Circe betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. The atmosphere suggests E. A. Dupont's 1925 film "Variety," with Emil Jannings, but has upsetting qualities all its own. There is an erotic scene between Miss Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as a seducer-actor, that leaves audiences slightly out of breath. This is one of the bleakest of Bergman's films: no one is saved from total damnation; life is a circus, and the people are gross clowns; it is a round of frustration, humiliation, and defeat. Yet this heavy, mawkish Expressionism, of a kind widespread in Germany in the twenties, was extraordinarily popular with young Americans in the late sixties. With Anders Ek, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Ake Fridell. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 2.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 24.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this cloyingly middle-class Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 28.)

S.O.B. (1981)—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Richard Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts. Edwards is snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Coronet; starting June 24.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism; with the fine young actress Ellen Barkin as Mac's daughter by his first marriage, and Betty Buckley as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through June 23.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Loews Paramount; through June 23. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting June 24.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about certain kinds of love—exact and very affecting. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 29.)

Victor/Victoria (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs, by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse, are bland and forgettable. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; through June 23.)

WarGames—The people who made it had half an idea. The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm; the boy is like an American Antoine Doinel, and he's the life of the movie. But when this boy accidently plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over, especially a huge box of flashing light that sounds like an eighteen-wheel truck rumbling down the highway. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, who has some nifty lines in the first part, and Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ U.A. 85th St. East; through June 23. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 30.)

World Première (1941)—John Barrymore, in his self-parodying period, doing an entertaining lampoon of a movie producer. An insignificant contraption of a movie, directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Frances Farmer, Sig Rumann, Ricardo Cortez, and Eugene Pallette. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

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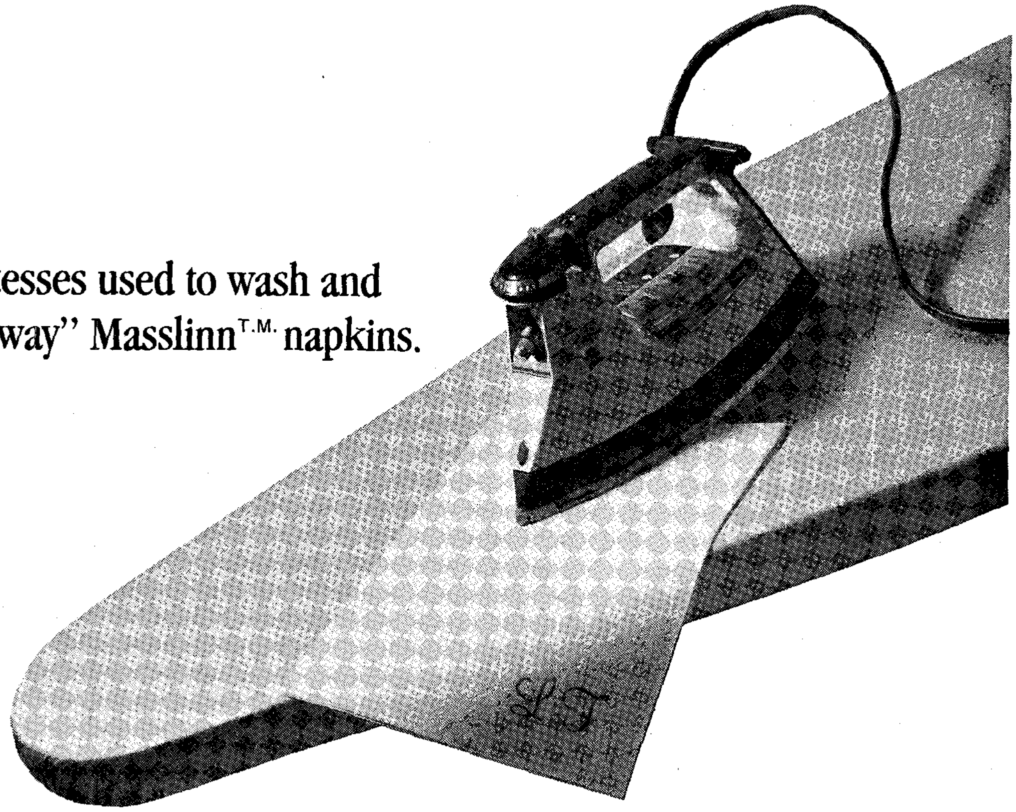

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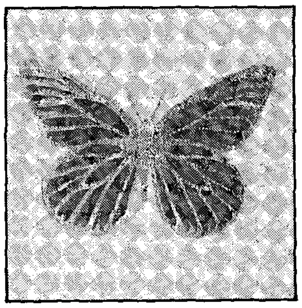

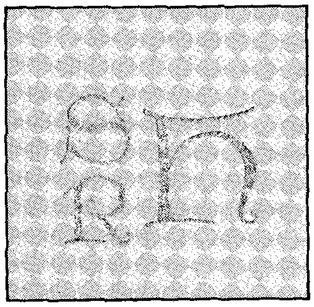

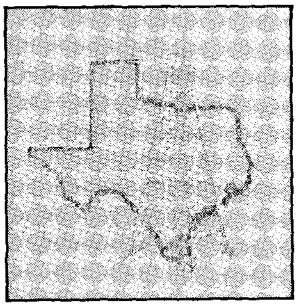

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

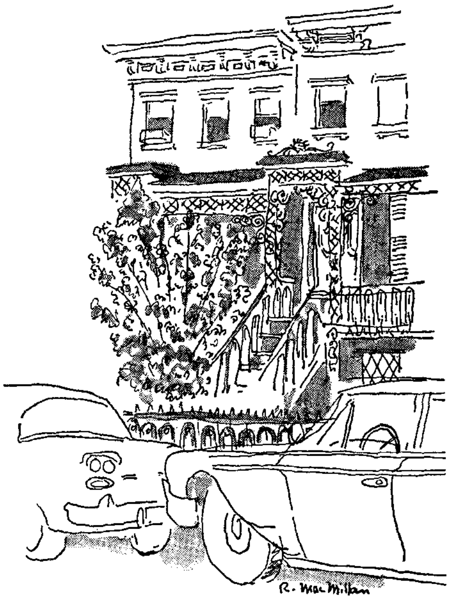
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND from Boston has written as follows to keep us abreast of what went on at some of the commencements that were held earlier this month in the vicinity of that venerable city:

You have undoubtedly heard of the remarkable cautionary address that was delivered by the Mexican writer and statesman Carlos Fuentes at the Harvard commencement on June 9th. In a forty-minute speech, which was interrupted by applause on twenty occasions, Fuentes warned the twenty-five thousand-odd members of his audience, who were gathered in Harvard Yard, and who included Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger (there to celebrate the forty-fifth reunion of his class), that intervention by the United States in Central America and the Caribbean would be a tragic error, and that it was not too late to negotiate peaceful settlements in El Salvador, Nicaragua, and elsewhere in that troubled region. Fuentes vowed that "we, the true friends of your great nation in Latin America, we, the admirers of your extraordinary achievements in literature, science, and the arts and of your democratic institutions . . . will not permit you to conduct yourselves in Latin-American affairs as the Soviet Union conducts itself in Central European and Central Asian affairs." He went on to say, "We shall be the custodians of your own true interests by helping you avoid these mistakes," because "we have memory on our side," and because "you suffer too much from historical amnesia."

Just prior to Fuentes's oration, the president of Harvard, Derek Bok, read a message that had been sent by Lech Walesa; the Polish Solidarity leader had originally been invited to speak at the commencement and to receive an honorary degree but had decided that it would not be advisable for him to leave his homeland at present. "The introduction of martial law brutally demonstrated the limits of progress attainable in Poland today," Walesa wrote, and he praised his countrymen for "small, daily acts of courage" that have forged a new consciousness among young Poles. "The consciousness which I have mentioned is my great hope," Walesa declared. "It is a fact which truly exists and thus has great impact on reality. This is why we do not have to overthrow the system. It is weaker than the national self-awareness. It either shrinks before it or absorbs it."

Powerful and inspiring stuff about conduct and freedom were these words of Carlos Fuentes and Lech Walesa, and, of course, greatly deserving of national attention. And, as it happens, there was more of the same the next day, at the girls' graduation exercises at Milton Academy, which is one of New England's oldest and most respected preparatory schools. (The girls and the boys at Milton hold separate graduation ceremonies.) The girls' graduation exercises took place at the western end of a huge, grassy quadrangle, near an ivy-covered chapel, where several banks of folding chairs had been set up before a wooden stage. The morning was breezy and slightly overcast when, shortly after ten o'clock, sixty girls of the graduating class gathered at the top of a rise several hundred yards away and, led by a bagpipe band, came down the hill two by two toward several hundred parents, relatives, and guests, who stood to applaud them. The young women wore white dresses; each of them carried a flower; and each was herself a flower to behold as she walked across a lawn as full of bright promise and as blue as Gatsby's. Once the prospective graduates had taken their seats on the stage, there were the usual speeches and the awarding of diplomas, and then came the traditional commencement address, which was delivered by Marian Wright Edelman, the president of the Children's Defense Fund, in Washington, D.C. A lawyer and a longtime civil-rights activist, Mrs. Edelman is a black woman in her early forties, with wispy black hair that is just beginning to turn gray; a self-confident manner; and a voice of authority, which she proceeded to put to use in a ringing speech about our national priorities.

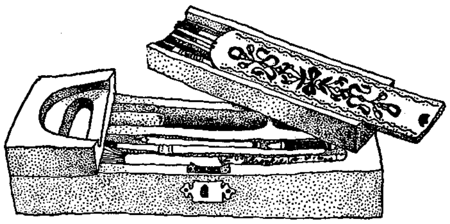


"You are graduating into a nation and world teetering on the brink of moral and economic bankruptcy," she declared. "Since 1980, our President and Congress have been turning our national plowshares into swords and been bringing good news to the rich at the expense of the poor. An escalating arms race and nuclear proliferation hold hostage not only the future we adults hold in trust for our children but also the present that is, for many millions of our young in America and throughout the world, one of relentless poverty and deprivation." Mrs. Edelman went on to tell her listeners that our nation's national and world policies were literally killing children daily, and she shared with them some astonishing statistics to prove her point. "UNICEF says that every day last year more than forty thousand young children died from malnutrition and infection," she stated. "A recent study of child deaths by the Maine Department of Human Services says that poor children in America die at a rate three times that of non-poor children, and that poverty is the ultimate cause of death for eleven thousand American children each year. This is more child deaths over five years than the whole number of American battle deaths during the Vietnam War." After pointing out that the World Health Organization has estimated that ten children die each minute of preventable infectious diseases, Mrs. Edelman said that only ten per cent of the eighty million children who are born each year in the developing world are immunized against these diseases, that more than forty per cent of the poor black urban children in our own country who are between five and nine years old are not immunized, and that it costs only three dollars to immunize a child. "Where is the human commitment and political will to find the relative pittance of money needed to protect children?" she asked. And she asked, "What kind of world allows forty thousand children to die needlessly each day?"

Having posed these questions, Mrs. Edelman reminded her listeners that in its first year the Reagan Administration proposed cuts of eleven billion dollars in disease-prevention programs for children and in lifeline-support programs for poor families, that Congress responded by enacting cuts of nine billion dollars, and that this year the President is proposing new cuts of three and a half billion dollars in these programs. "It is *my strong view* that the American people have been sold a set of false choices by our national leaders, who tell us we must choose between jobs and peace, between filling potholes in our streets and cavities in our children's teeth, between day care for five million latchkey children and home care for millions of senior citizens living out their lives in the loneliness of a nursing home," she said. "There are other choices—fairer choices—that you and I must insist our national leaders make."

Mrs. Edelman informed her audience that "while slashing programs serving the neediest children, the President and Congress found seven hundred and fifty billion dollars to give *untargeted tax cuts mostly to* non-needy corporations and individuals," and that the Administration is now trying to persuade the American people to give the Pentagon two trillion dollars over a seven-year period for the largest arms buildup in peacetime history. "When President Reagan took office, we were spending eighteen million dollars an hour on defense," she said. "This year, we are spending twenty-four million dollars an hour. Next year, President Reagan wants to spend twenty-eight million dollars an hour. The House Democratic leadership wants to spend only twenty-seven million dollars an hour and they are being labelled soft on defense." Mrs. Edelman went on to say that just one hour's worth of President Reagan's proposed increase in military spending would pay for free school lunches for nineteen thousand children for a school year, and that a day's worth would pay for a year's free school lunches for almost half a million. "Would you rather build one less of the planned two hundred and twenty-six MX missiles that will cost us one hundred and ten million dollars each, and that we still can't find a place to hide, or eliminate poverty in one hundred and one thousand female-headed households a year?" Mrs. Edelman asked, and then she asked whether her listeners would rather spend a hundred million dollars a year on a hundred military bands or put that money into teaching two hundred thousand educationally deprived children to read and write as well as their more privileged peers, and whether they would rather build a hundred B-1 bombers, at a cost of two hundred and fifty million dollars each, or build nine fewer and finance a year's Medicaid for all pregnant women and children living below the poverty level.

"As you leave Milton Academy, I hope you will care deeply—as citizens and as parents—about the choices those who represent you make, about the needs of those who lack a voice in our society, and about our national mission in a world plagued by hunger, joblessness, and militarism," Mrs. Edelman said, and she urged her listeners "*to try to keep your eye on the human* bottom line," to become involved in making necessary changes in our society, and to remember that "democracy is not a spectator sport." Then, raising her voice to be heard over the sound of a jetliner passing low overhead, she told them that in addition to caring about the problems of preserving peace and fighting poverty it was necessary for them to achieve focus by picking a piece of the problem they could help solve, by studying the problem thoroughly and arming themselves with facts, by following up to make sure that changes, once instituted, were kept, and by never forgetting that "each of us—as individuals—can make a critical difference if we simply care enough, and bring to that caring skill, targeted action, and persistence."



Looking sternly at her well-decked-out and decidedly upper-middle-class audience, Mrs. Edelman ended her address by voicing the hope that the graduates would become leaders of the next generation who would become involved in the pressing human needs that our society still neglects, and who would not let fear of failure keep them from fighting for things that matter. "Sojourner Truth, my role model, was a slave woman who could neither read nor write, but never gave up talking or fighting against slavery or second-class treatment of women," she said. "Once, a heckler told Sojourner that he cared no more for her anti-slavery talk than for a fleabite. 'Maybe not' was her answer, 'but, the Lord willing, I'll keep you scratching.' The Lord willing today, we should keep those who would turn their backs on the social 'outcasts' of our society and who would threaten world peace scratching. Enough fleas, biting strategically, can make even the biggest dog—biggest community institutions or government—mighty uncomfortable. If they flick some of us off and others of us keep coming back, we will begin to get the needs of our children and the poor heard and attended to, and oil the creaks of our institutions that many say no longer work. It is you and I who must make them work."

There was a standing ovation for

Mrs. Edelman when she finished talking, and then the new graduates of Milton Academy filed off the stage, two by two, to further applause. Soon they could be seen singly, in pairs, and in knots—happy young women in white dresses, surrounded by parents, relatives, friends, and admirers from the boys' graduating class—drifting across the lush quadrangle toward some green-and-white striped tents where refreshments were about to be served. As for Marian Wright Edelman, she had an important meeting in Washington to attend and a plane to catch, and after pausing briefly to receive congratulations she took her leave. Moments later, she could be seen striding purposefully and alone up the grassy slope that the young women to whom she had addressed herself had descended an hour earlier.

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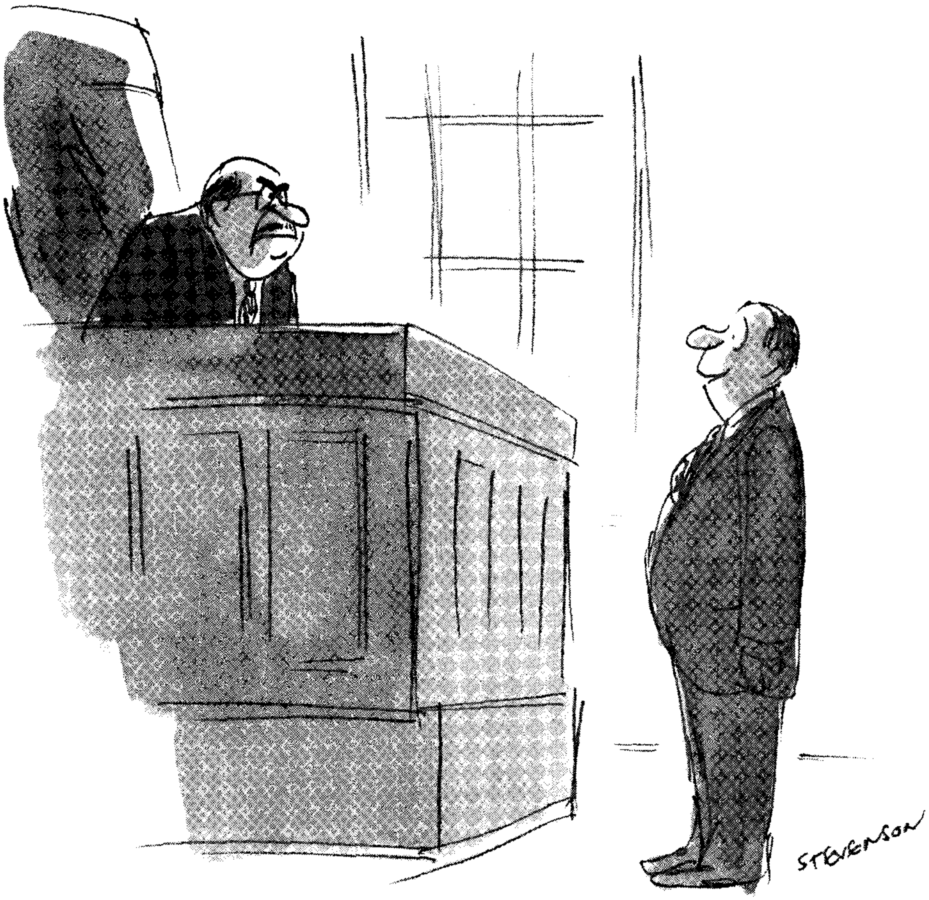
Integrity Day

WHEN we arrived at Hunter College one recent Saturday for Integrity Day, the woman in front of us was explaining to the guy at the door why she should get two tickets free instead of having to pay thirty-five dollars apiece for them. "See, I don't know why my name's not on the list, but I, uh, work for a company that makes, uh, T-shirts. It makes T-shirts, see, and maybe it's going to make one about this," she said. The man looked a mite skeptical, but it would have been one hell of a way to kick off Integrity Day, doubting everyone who showed up, so he let her in, and we followed. Six of those small trees that people rent for programs sat on the stage of the auditorium, and we went up to inspect them, wondering if they were full of integrity or were plastic. Happily, they proved every bit as alive as those trees with the little iron fences around them which you find in front of some tony midtown stores. On a screen behind the foliage, a message was being projected: "Individual man may at his own will and discretion be at any one moment either a 'standby' or an 'active' function of the universe." We plopped down in our seat to mull that over, and to wait for something active to happen. At 10 A.M., when the program was scheduled to begin, a man walked onstage and said, "We'll be delaying the beginning of the event by about ten minutes." On the one hand, it seemed to us lacking in integrity to start ten minutes later than the schedule promised, but then *everything* starts ten minutes late and it's not often that people own up to it, so on balance we decided that Integrity Day was off to a pretty good start.

We still weren't entirely clear about Integrity Day. We knew that it would have a lot to do with Buckminster Fuller, because the invitation had come from the Friends of Buckminster Fuller Foundation. And the invitation had stressed that there was a "dramatically contrasting pair of options for the future of humanity on Spaceship Earth: the possibility of realizing our now scientifically documented potential to have the world be a 100% physical success, or the possible extinction of the human race from our planet," and we had a pretty good idea which of the options would be supported. But beyond that it was a blind date. Pretty soon, the eighty-seven-year-old inventor of the geodesic dome, the Dymaxion car, and much else walked onstage with his grandson, and before long it became abundantly clear what Integrity Day—which was scheduled to last until 5 P.M.—was about. It was about listening to Mr. Fuller, known to one and all as Bucky, talk. For a good Puritan in the seventeenth century, a daylong sermon was a staple (though to keep the congregants awake the preacher was often forced to discuss the harps-and-hot-coals side of the business in considerable depth). But in these latter days only the rare speaker can hold an audience for more than about twenty minutes. To Bucky's credit, virtually no one in the crowd of more than a thousand got up to leave as he wound his way through a list of topics that included (in chronological order) the East India Company, Thomas Malthus, royal blood, the discovery of X rays, electricity as invisible reality, mile-long radio waves, new alloys of metal, gills of fish, wings of birds, Johannes Kepler, the temporal versus the eternal, the large percentage of the human body that is water, the enormous stresses on ships at sea, why human beings are in the universe, stages in the patent process, eclipses of the moons of Jupiter, the bright star at



"Considering the overwhelming case load in our nation's judiciary, Your Honor, may I suggest you dismiss the charges against me?"

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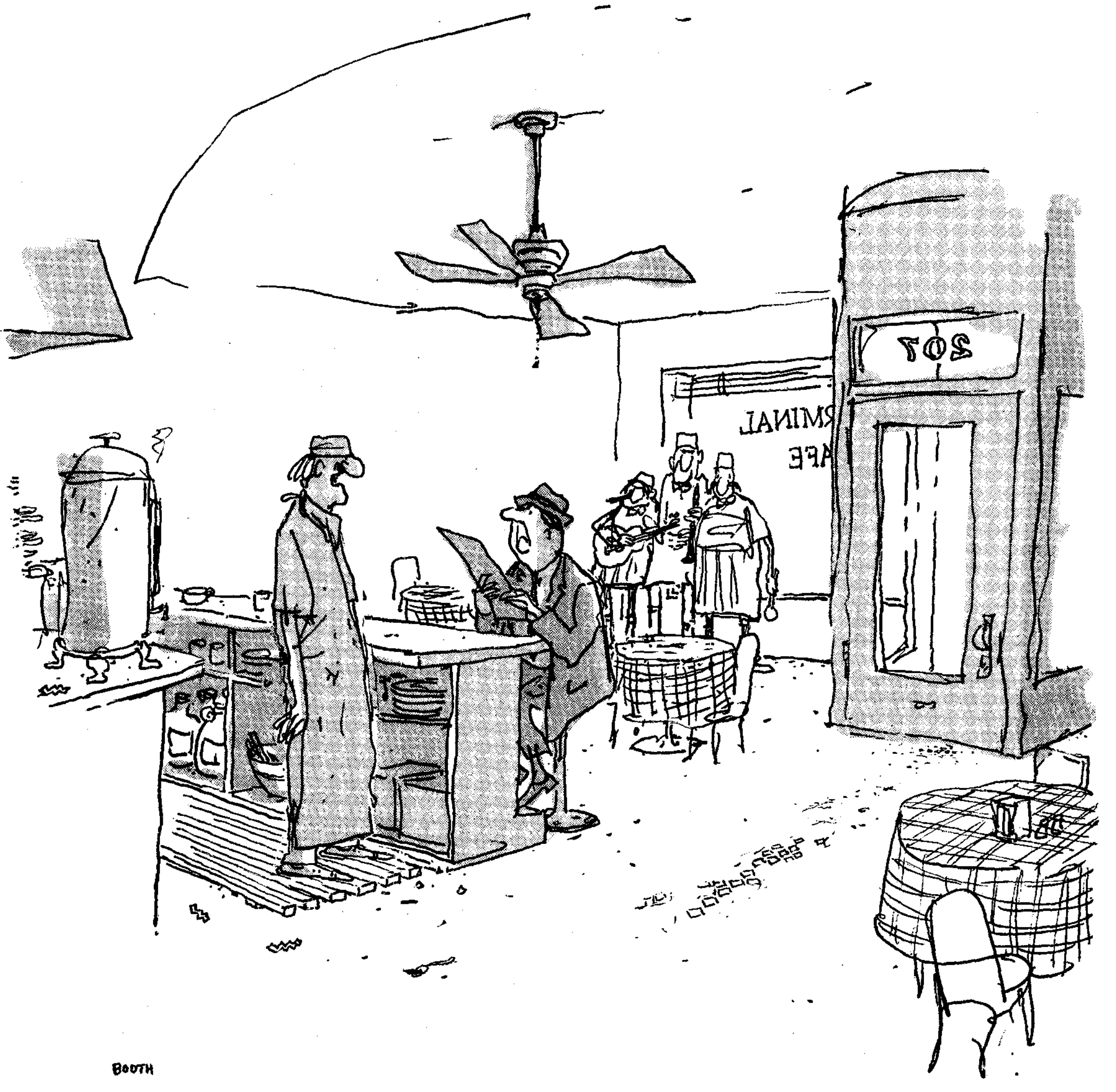
the end of the Big Dipper handle, caterpillar metamorphosis, the Big Bang, DC-4 airplanes, the navigational abilities of South Sea islanders, a sphere painted on a pharaoh's forehead, the direction in which a tree falls, and Alexander the Great. And that was *before* lunch.

During halftime, we wandered the corridors near the auditorium. A number of groups were handing out literature that they thought might appeal to folks with integrity. We learned about the first Planetary Congress, a convocation with some experiential sessions and some synthesis dyad groups, which was to unfold this month in Toronto. Someone handed us a pamphlet from the Hunger Project, which, as far as we could make out, will end starvation by the year 2000 by generating "that will, that global commitment to eliminate hunger once and for all," though apparently not by providing any, you know, food. Also, we got a copy of a magazine called *Messenger RNA*, featuring an interesting article about last year's anti-nuclear rally which was titled "For a Day in June, New York Was the Capital of Atlantis." And to think we were there! Some friends of Bucky were peddling a number of his books, and also some greeting cards, wall maps, and postcards based on his principles. Before we could buy any, we were lured back into the auditorium by a really interesting noise that Andrew Culver was coaxing from a "sound source" designed along Buckian lines. You remember the musical saw, which always lost to the musical spoons in those TV talent contests? Well, the Tensegrity Sound Source looks a lot like the spawn of several musical saws and a TV antenna, and it could lick any six spoons, or even the tap dancers. It sounds sort of like the music of the spheres mixed with microphone feedback, and a large crowd was listening intently.

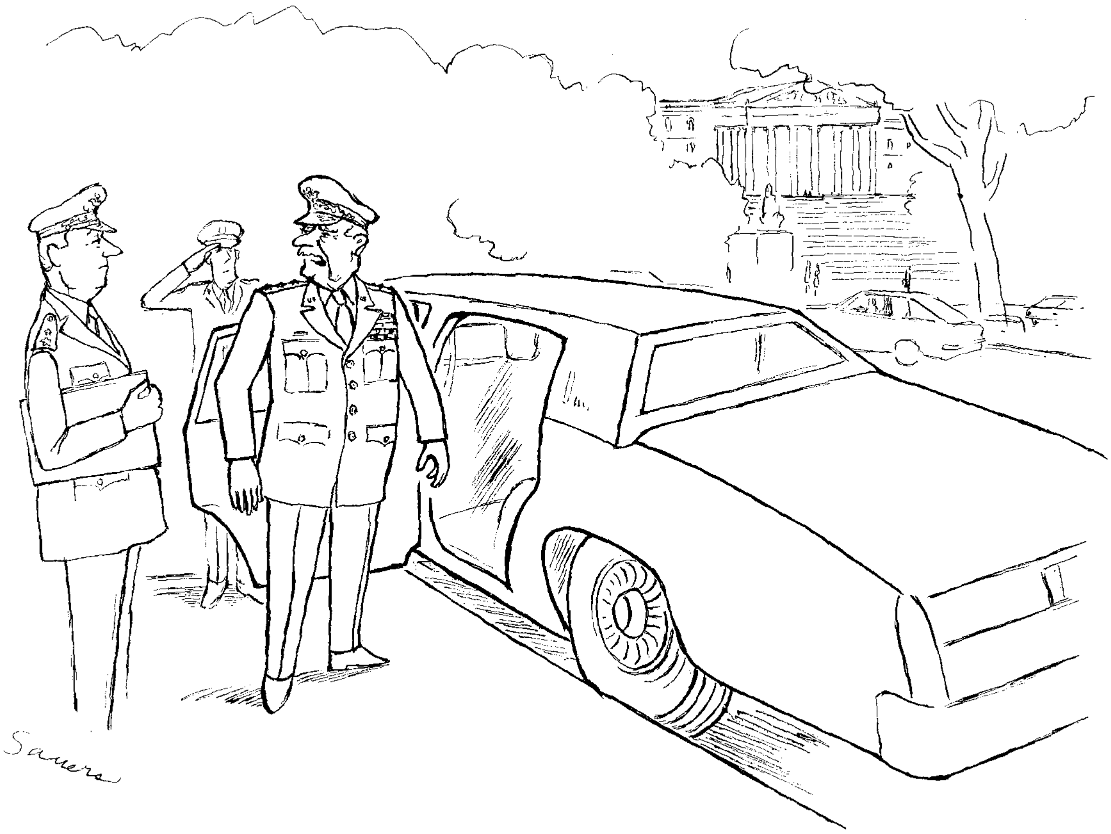
Shortly before 2 P.M., Bucky took the stage again and resumed his conversation, discussing the average number of miles a human being walks yearly (eleven hundred), the distance in miles to the horizon seen from a second-story window (fourteen), and the possibility of a world power grid. His basic point seemed to be that people are confronted with a great deal of misinformation through other people's lack of integrity, and that once people find something to be true they should act on it with integrity, and that if they did so we would have a happier planet. It all seemed sound to us, though we got a little lost every time he started waving a model of a tetrahedron around. One line we found especially provocative. "I think human beings as an invention are in question in the universe," he declared, to much applause. Eventually, Bucky's grandson (who had earlier circulated a fund-raising letter pointing out that "right now . . . we have a unique opportunity to maximize Bucky") threw open the floor to questions addressed to Bucky. A young man posed the first. "Is it really true," he asked, "that in 1914 you blew your Harvard tuition on a party for the Ziegfeld Follies?"



"May I recommend our Spanakopita Special? It comes with your choice of drink and dessert, plus the Athenian Combo."

User-Friendly

WE made friends at a furious clip the other day. Amdek, Centec—new pals everywhere we looked. Lexisoft, Santec, Quadram. This was the friendliest crowd we'd ever run with—nothing negative, nothing hostile, nothing manipulative. Rixon and Ferox and Alpha. Not good ol' backslapping, "Got an opener?" buddies. *Real* friends, the kind you could ask "Hey, like our haircut?" and not have to fear any of that honesty junk—they'd just say "Yeah, looks great!" And so what if our new gang, which we met at a Coliseum trade show earlier this month, is



"I like a big car and I like a big missile."

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made up of personal computers and assorted compatible hard and software? For years, people have been saying that dogs are man's best friends. Do Lhasa apsos come with color-graphic capability? Can schnauzers correct spelling errors? Does *your* weimaraner operate at nine thousand six hundred b.p.s. synchronously over four-wire, unconditioned 3002-type private lines?

"Jargon is a terrible thing," George Garmus told us. "It's a turn-off. It clouds clarity. Still, it's everywhere. Right now, what you'll keep hearing is 'user-friendly.' It means making hardware and software easier for someone to operate." George, who was helping to publicize the personal-computer expo we attended (and whose face, though it lacked a high-resolution display, did light up with a friendly smile when we approached), said he'd helped midwife the very first commercial computer, UNIVAC I, way back in the nineteen-fifties. Besides being the size of a room, UNIVAC I was user-hostile, but it was a start. In the years since, George has watched the industry accelerate to the point where he can now say, "There's nothing to match this growth *in the history of anything*. You can go back to tulipomania, to the South Sea Bubble. It wouldn't surprise me if pretty soon they started having computers in *gas stations*." George told us that only people with the potential for purchasing large numbers of personal computers had been invited to the Coliseum expo. "We didn't want the big guys tripping over the flakes, the hackers, the people who are zonked out on computers," he explained as he sent us out into the maelstrom.

At every turn, computers and their representatives were acting user-friendly—even user-seductive. The Eagle Computer slide show featured a big drawing of a bald eagle who kept winking at us and saying, "In today's noisy micro-environment, Eagle is the company that really flies." Despite all the warmth, we felt a bit bewildered; we could sympathize with the worried-looking man shown in one advertisement asking the eternal question: "Expand my I.B.M., Compaq or Columbia PC to 512K RAM, ASYNC and SYNC communications, calendar clock and printer support—up to four 1/0 ports through just *one* slot?" Don't let it get you down, we wanted to tell the man—Oedipus couldn't answer that. We stared at systems interfaces and hard-disc controllers, and, oh, so much more, until finally—in the Alpha Software booth—we came across a movie we understood. It followed the rise of man from what looked like a ball of luminous gas up through the caves to Stonehenge and then on to a better life through the use of tools. Just as Winston Churchill came on the screen, a vigorous salesman named Howard began to make advances to the audience. He started talking VisiCalc and WordStar. On the screen, England was under siege; in front of it, Howard was declaring, "No one should tell you what word processor you should use! You should use what you want, and we'll support you." By the time Howard had gone off in search of other customers to be ebullient toward, the Second World War was over, not to mention the famous Elvis Presley Sun Sessions, Flower Power, the Me Decade, Jimmy Carter, and the Walkman phenomenon. In fact, civilization had advanced to the point where Alpha Software was able to offer "superior file maintenance."

Everyone has a special friend, and Penpad was ours. "Talk about user-friendly—this is about as user-friendly as you can get," one of Penpad's handlers told us. "Twenty-five man-years in the creating, Penpad eliminates the need for a computer keyboard. All you do is print on the computerized Penpad with a special pen, and what you write goes into the computer as if you had typed it. And you don't need good penmanship, or anything." The handler, Bill Barrar, continued, "It's all right to be really messy. The Penpad is designed to be really forgiving. And versatile. You could write a novel on it." (Yeah, we thought, if we only had a plot.) The man in front of us tried out Penpad by writing "1 Quick Fox Ate 376 Chickens," but we decided to put our budding friendship to a sterner test, so we wrote "!#$%?*-." Penpad recorded our message on his screen, and—as far as we could tell—he didn't get the least bit angry. That's the way it is with friends.

IGOR STRAVINSKY: THE SELECTED PHONE CALLS

COMPOSER, conductor, critic, teacher, iconoclast, and grand old man, Igor Stravinsky bestrode this century like a colossus, *with feet on two different continents.* Already respected and popular in Europe for writing pieces like "Le Sacre du Printemps," he became equally if *not more famous in his adopted* country of America. The many friends he made here remember him as a man of breathtaking talent, whether he was composing an epochal symphony or playing shadow puppets in the candlelight after a small dinner party. Like many other geniuses, he was generous, almost profligate, with his gifts. He would write beautiful phrases of music on restaurant napkins and give them to friends, acquaintances, even passersby. Thoughts bubbled forth from him in such a torrent that often when he was sitting in his den writing a letter to a friend he would impulsively grab for the telephone, look up his friend's number in his address book while holding the phone to his ear with his shoulder, and dial. In a matter of seconds, he would be pouring out ideas that might have required days, even weeks, to travel through the mails. At the other end of the line, the friend would listen with delight as the great man went on, humming or singing at times, until finally he was "all talked out." Then Stravinsky would bid his grateful hearer goodbye, and, in the pleasant afterglow of inspiration, he would crumple up the unfinished letter, throw it in the wastebasket, and mix himself a cocktail.

	NO	DATE	TIME	PLACE	AREA-NUMBER	RATE APPLIED	MIN	AMOUNT
Ⓐ	1	MAR 5	1101PM	TO NEW ORLEANS LA	504 555-6872	DIALED NIGHT	38	6.45
Ⓑ	14	JUN 7	1037AM	TO CUSTER SD	605 555-9722	DIALED DAY	25	10.69
Ⓒ	7	SEP 27	739PM	TO NEW YORK NY	212 555-0362	DIALED EVENING	104	31.24
Ⓓ	15	FEB 8	833PM	FROM BOSTON MA	COL 555-1992	OPER EVENING	29	10.22
Ⓔ	5	JAN 7	330PM	TO SAN FRAN CA	415 555-7710	DIALED DAY	1	.29
	6	JAN 7	344PM	TO SAN FRAN CA	415 555-7710	" "	1	.29
	7	JAN 7	403PM	TO SAN FRAN CA	415 555-7710	" "	1	.29
	8	JAN 7	418PM	TO SAN FRAN CA	415 555-7710	" "	1	.29

Fortunately for us, his heirs, Stravinsky was a man aware of his place in history. With careful consideration for the students and biographers he knew would follow, he saved his telephone bills from year to year, and before his death he donated the entire corpus to the K-Tel Museum of the Best Composers Ever. What a fascinating picture these phone bills paint! With their itemized lists of long-distance calls and charges, they are like paper airplanes thrown to us from the past, providing a detailed record of the seasons of Stravinsky's mind in the multihued pageant of life as he lived it on a daily basis. And what better time for a close examination of the treasures his phone bills contain than this, the year after the centennial of Stravinsky's birth? (Actually, the centennial year itself would probably have been better, but even though this year might not be as good a time as last year, still, it is almost as good.) Now let us turn to the documents:

Ⓐ This call, made not long after Stravinsky moved to America and had his phone hooked up, shows him adjusting quickly to the ways of his new country. With scenes of Old World poverty fresh in his memory, he has prudently waited to place the call until 11:01 P.M., the very moment when the lowest off-peak rates go into effect. Such patience and calculation indicate a call that was professional rather than social in nature. Almost certainly, the recipient was Stravinsky's fellow-composer Arnold Schoenberg. It was common knowledge that Schoenberg often vacationed in New Orleans, where he enjoyed the food, the atmosphere, and the people. Stravinsky may have found out from a mutual friend where Schoenberg was staying and then surprised him with this call. Always one to speak his mind, Stravinsky probably began by telling Schoenberg that his dodecaphonic methods of musical composition were a lot of hooey. Very likely, Schoenberg would have bristled at this, and may well have reminded Stravinsky that great art, like the Master's own "Sacre," need not be immediately accessible. Stravinsky then probably made a smart remark comparing Schoenberg's methods to the methods of a troop of monkeys with a xylophone and some hammers. This probably made Schoenberg pretty mad, and it is a testament to the great (albeit hidden) regard each man had for the other that the call lasted as long as it did. Possibly, Schoenberg just held his temper and said something flip to defuse the situation, and then Stravinsky moved on to another subject. Inasmuch as they never spoke again, this intense thirty-eight-minute phone conversation may represent a seminal point in the history of twentieth-century music theory.

Ⓑ This call is of particular interest to the student because of its oddity. One is compelled to ask, "Who did Stravinsky know in Custer, South Dakota?" He never went there; none of his friends or relatives ever went there; the town has no symphony orchestra. So why did he call there? It is hard to believe that on a June morning the sudden urge for a twenty-five-minute chat with a person in Custer, South Dakota, dropped onto Stravinsky out of the blue. No, we must look elsewhere for an explanation. Two possibilities suggest themselves: (1) an acquaintance of the composer, perhaps an occasional racquetball partner, a fan, even a delivery boy from the supermarket, comes by the Stravinskys', sees no one is in, and takes the opportunity to make a long-distance call and stick someone else with the tab; or (2) the telephone company made an error. In either event, Stravinsky should not have paid the ten dollars and sixty-nine cents, and I believe it was taken from him unfairly, just as much as if a mugger had stolen it from him on the street.

Ⓒ Here we have a side of the composer's personality which we must face unflinchingly if we are to be honest. Every man has a dark side; this is his. On an evening in late September, just after dinner, Stravinsky placed a call to New York and talked for a hundred and four minutes. *A hundred and four minutes!* That's almost two hours! As one ear got tired and he switched the phone to the other, he obviously did not realize how inconsiderate he was being. It was as if he were the only person in the whole world who needed to use the phone. What if his wife wanted to make a call? What if somebody was trying to call him from a pay phone, dialling every five minutes, only to hear the busy signal's maddening refrain? Surely, after an hour or so he could have found a polite way to hang up. Surely, he could have at least made an effort to think of someone other than himself. But he didn't—he just kept yakking along, without a worry or a care, for over one hundred selfish minutes.

We should always remember that the perfection we demand of our heroes they cannot in reality ever attain.

Ⓓ Calling Stravinsky collect would seem to be the act of either a madman or a genius—or both. Yet here before us is the evidence that not only did someone pull such a stunt but Stravinsky actually went along with it and accepted the charges. In all likelihood, the caller was a young admirer, possibly a music student (Boston is known for its many music schools), who found himself in the middle of a creative crisis with nowhere else to turn. It shows how nice Stravinsky could be when he wanted to be that he gave the young man a shoulder to cry on, as well as some helpful encouragement. The disconsolate youth probably said that he despaired of ever finding an entry-level position as a composer, and that even if he did he was sure he would never make very much per week. Stravinsky may have gently reminded the lad that music is not a job but a vocation—which its true disciples cannot deny—and he may have added that a really good composer can earn a weekly salary of from eight hundred to one thousand dollars. Comforted, the student probably hung up and returned to his work with renewed dedication, and later went on to become Philip Glass or Hugo Winterhalter or André Previn. As success followed success, the young student (now adult) would always remember the time a great man cared enough to listen.

Ⓔ This delightful series of calls reveals the Master at his most puckish. The time is a drab afternoon in midwinter; Stravinsky is knocking around the house at loose ends, possibly with a case of the post-holiday blahs. Maybe he starts idly leafing through a San Francisco telephone directory. Then, perhaps, a sudden grin crosses his face. He picks a number at random and dials. One ring. Two rings. A woman's voice answers. Stravinsky assumes a high, squeaky voice. "Is Igor there?" he asks. Informed that he has the wrong number, he hangs up.

Fourteen minutes pass. Then he calls back. In a low voice this time, he repeats his question: "Hi. Is Igor there?" Sounding a bit surprised, the woman again replies in the negative.

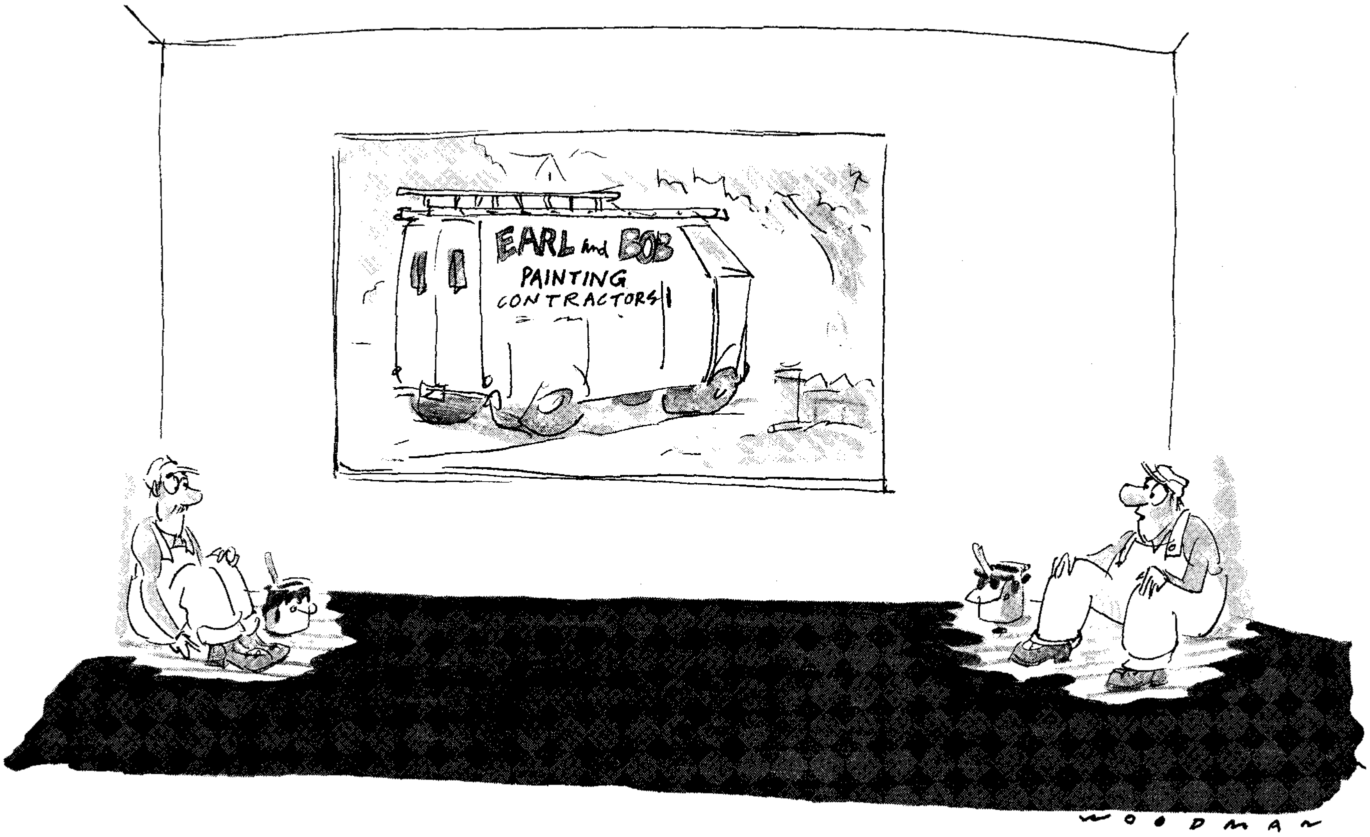
Nineteen minutes later, again Stravinsky dials the San Francisco number. Now his voice takes on a rich Southern accent: "Hello, Ma'am, is Igor there?"

"No, there's nobody by that name here," the woman says, by this time truly perplexed.

Stravinsky lets fifteen minutes go by. Then he is ready to deliver the classic punch line, which he has orchestrated as carefully as the crescendo in one of his most beautiful symphonies. He redials the number. The woman answers, a trace of annoyance coloring her tone. The great composer waits one beat; then, in his regular voice, he says, "Hello, this is Igor. Have there been any calls for me?"

An artist such as this comes along only once in a great while. Had he done nothing else but accumulate his remarkable portfolio of phone bills, he would merit our consideration. But, of course, he did much more than that, in music as well as in other areas. We who are his contemporaries cannot presume to judge him in his totality; that task we must leave for future ages blessed with a vision far greater than today's.

—Ian Frazier



"After all these years, this is pretty hard to believe."

THOROFARE

"I'M not about to trust this guy," Delilah said after the undertaker excused himself from the reception room. She craned her neck and peered down the hall after him. We could hear cabinets whining open and snapping shut.

"He can't find her," she said. My sister didn't like being waited on.

"Be quiet," I said. "He'll hear you."

"I don't care," she whispered, and gave me a frustrated look. "What's taking him so long?"

"Maybe after a while they lose track. Most people probably aren't left here so long."

"That's for sure," said Delilah, and rolled her eyes.

For a year and a half after our mother died, Dad had avoided the subject of her ashes, and they remained at the funeral home. Now, a month after remarrying, he asked me and Delilah, who was home after graduating from college, to pick them up.

Delilah resumed her watch, her mouth slack with fascination. I turned my back to her and went to the bay window. It was May, and across the street kids in a playground were having a muddy recess, pushing each other over and screaming. Inside, it was quiet. A few chairs were lined up against the wall. My heart was doing peculiar, anxious things.

"Finally," whispered Delilah behind me. I turned around. She was swinging her boot nonchalantly.

The undertaker came out with a white box. "Here you are, Miss Vincent," he said to me. I thought him rather young for an undertaker. He had beige hair, sprayed in place.

Delilah eyed him. "Are you sure it's her?"

He smiled without showing his teeth and didn't answer.

I took the box. It was cardboard, a little taller than an ice-cream carton, and narrower.

"How do you know?" Delilah asked him.

"There is a card," he said with a sigh.

Delilah and I exchanged glances. For a moment we stood there dumbly, unsure of how to proceed.

"Is that it?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Everything else has been taken care of."

By whom I couldn't imagine at the time. It wasn't exactly our father's thing.

Outside, the sun was weak. We got into the car Dad had bought when I moved home to take care of Minnie, the youngest of the seven of us. I handed the box to Delilah, in the passenger seat. "It's heavy," I said, trying to act normal.

We looked at each other. Her face was pale. She put the box in her lap. "I can't believe this is her," she said.

"It's not."

"I know." She stared off. "But you know what I mean."

We drove through the small streets of Marshport. It was the middle of the day, and there was little traffic—repair trucks, and station wagons with housewives in them. We wound along the shore, going in and out of sight of the ocean—Boston's tiny skyline far away to the south—passing the stone walls, the hidden mansions.

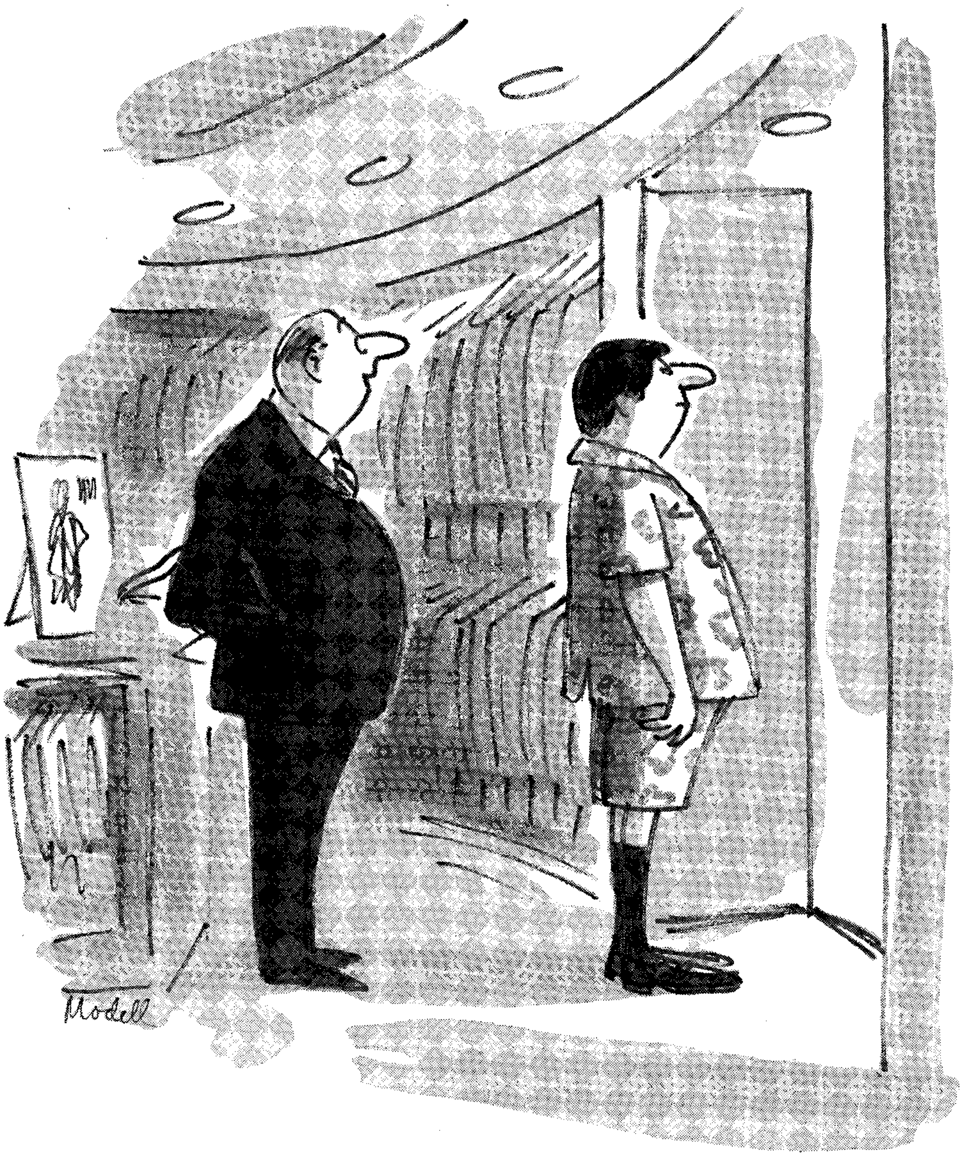
"Should we look inside?" I asked. I had the drugged feeling of being separate from myself, as if someone else's hands were on the steering wheel.

Delilah lit a cigarette and threaded the match through a crack in the window. She took a deep drag. I put out two fingers and she handed it to me. "O.K.," she said.

She untucked the top; it was flimsy, with a zigzag edge. She picked out a card and held it up in front of me. It said "Rose Marie Vincent" in script.

"Jesus," I said.

Delilah looked at the road. "Slow down, Sana," she said. "You're as bad



"Of course, it will make a lot more sense when you have a piña colada in your hand."

as Gus." Our oldest brother, Gus, had cracked up the same car twice.

"What's it in?" I asked, keeping my eyes on the road.

"A Baggie." She slid it out by its knot. "Weird," she said. "It's all white chunks."

I shuddered. "It's the bones," I said.

She peered closer, undaunted. "You know, they kind of look like shells."

"Oh God, Delou," I said, and held out the cigarette, and without looking over at me she took it back.

THE morning Mum died, I stood in the dim light of the TV room. Dad was a wreck, mute, his face bloated. The boys were on the couch, Gus in the middle, with each hand on a younger brother's knee, Sherman and Chickie staring dumbly ahead. I had just returned from visiting college friends to find our driveway crowded with cars. Two hours before, on her way to the market, Mum's car had been hit by a train. The shock had been absolute. I steadied myself, holding on to the low mantelpiece. I told Dad, "She wanted to be cremated." It came out level, flat.

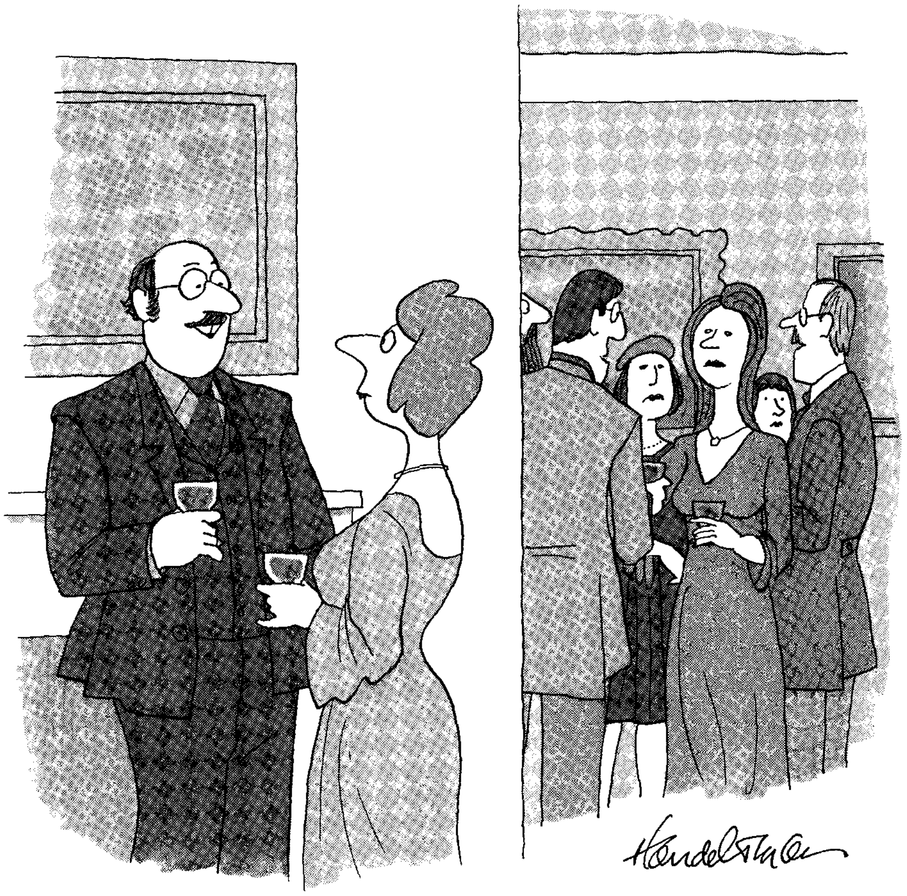
No further devastation could have shown on his face. "She did?"

Everything was different—another world suddenly. My brothers looked as if all the air had been socked out of them. Minnie had been taken out of first grade to stay with some friends for the day.

"Yes, she wanted her ashes sprinkled in the thorofare. I remember her saying so up there last summer."

Dad looked at me with horror. People were passing by the doorway, mixing in the hall, whispering and then drifting away when they saw our dark conference. I remained through it all like some strange pillar—hollow and weightless. Back in the kitchen, Mum's friends were making ham sandwiches on our carving board. Men had their business suits on. Caitlin, the oldest, was on her way home from New York. Delilah had gone to Florida after Christmas. She didn't even know yet.

Ellen Grady, one of our only Catholic friends, was in the TV room with us. "I'm not sure cremation's allowed in the Church," she said. I looked at her. My mother was dead. I turned to Dad. "I know it's what she wanted." We were Catholic, like Mum. Though his family was Protestant, Dad had no religion. He didn't know where to look; he didn't know about any of this.



"It's true that I'm a womanizer. But not, I hope, an unprincipled one. I try not to let it encroach on my environmentalism."

• •

It turned out that the body had to be present at the funeral Mass. We hid the casket by covering it with daffodils. They wanted a dress to put her in. Caitlin, Delilah, and I went through her closets. Caitlin pulled one from the hanger.

"But I love that dress," Delilah said. It was lilac blue with little block prints. "And they're just going to burn it."

"It was her favorite, though," Caitlin said.

We all stared at it, nodding.

DELILAH put the ashes away in the sideboard in the dining room. The whirring in the kitchen was Pat, Dad's new wife, making dinner. When we were little, Pat had been a friend of Mum's. When Pat got divorced and went to work in town, Mum tried to fix her up with someone a couple of times, but it didn't work out. The summer after Mum died, Pat started asking Dad out to lunch.

When Dad got home from work, he went straight to the hall table. "We got Mum's ashes," I told him while he leafed through the mail.

He turned to me with a blank face. "Thank you," he said.

Delilah came around the corner. "Don't you want to see them?"

He cleared his throat. "Certainly," he said.

She led him off toward the dining room. "See?" I heard her say. "They kind of look like shells."

I went into the living room, where no one ever was. Pat had taken down the curtains to be cleaned, and the yellow sunset came flooding through the French doors. A new painting—one Pat had brought—hung over the couch. The rug was gone, and there was a polished wooden floor I'd never seen before. During the past year, when the house had been under my care, things had deteriorated. Already, Pat had painters in for the upstairs bedrooms, and Mr. Parsons had come to look at the rot on the front porch.

I sat on the arm of a chair. I couldn't make out what Dad and Delilah were saying, but I heard her voice working itself into a high pitch. Then I heard Dad say, "No." Immediately, Delilah was tearing up the stairs. "But she's my mother, *too!*" she cried.

Out in the hall I ran into Minnie, wide-eyed, with Sherman and Chickie hovering behind her.

"What's her problem?" said Chickie. At fourteen, he was the youngest of the boys, gangly and awkward, with dark, nervous eyes. His hand plucked at tufts of hair.

Upstairs a door slammed. Sherman stood there, hulking, silent as usual. Down the corridor I saw Dad heading for the kitchen.

"Delilah thinks we should scatter some of Mum's ashes here," I told them. "Dad's not wild about the idea."

"Why not?" said Minnie.

"You never know, hon," I said.

"I thought we were bringing them to Maine," said Sherman, deadpan.

"We are," I said, and put my hand on his shoulder. It was rock-hard; he flinched.

We were leaving the next morning. Every Memorial Day weekend, we opened the house on North Eden. This trip, we were taking Mum's ashes to throw in the thorofare, the channel that ran between the islands.

Caitlin appeared on the stairs. "Are we fighting already?" She had come up that afternoon from New York, where she worked in an ad agency, and had changed into her regular clothes.

"It's Dad and Delilah," I said.

"Oh," Caitlin said, as if that explained it.

We went into the TV room to watch the news. Everyone was home that night, except for Gus, who was up in Maine already, in college. He was meeting us the next day at the North Eden ferry. I sat next to Chickie on the couch, and we put our feet up beside the neat stacks of magazines on the table. Minnie lay on the floor, and Caitlin tried to make conversation with Sherman. How was school? Fine. How was lacrosse? All right. I told her he was high scorer. "That's great," she said, hitting a pillow. "Good for you." Sherman kept his eyes on the TV. Chickie was flipping through *Life*. When he turned the pages, I saw how his fingers trembled.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE WEST

Under this corn,
these beans,
these acres of tamed grasses,

the prairie still rolls,

heave and trough,
breaker and green curl,

an ocean of dirt tilting and tipping.

Its towns
toss up on the distance, your distance,
like the wink

of islands.

And the sky
is a blue voice
you cannot answer for.

The forked and burning wildflowers
that madden
the ditches

nod without vocabulary.

Your neighbor
is out early this morning—the air
already *humid as a diamond.*

Drunk or lonely,
he's scattering large scraps of white
bread for the birds,

as if it were winter.

He'd give you the sour undershirt off
his back—
sweet, bad man.

Does he remember
rain salting down from that flat, far shore
of clouds

slowly changing
its story?

On this shore,
the trees all babbling with their hands?

—Robert Dana

• •

About twenty minutes later Dad bellowed up the stairs for Delilah. We kept quiet in the TV room and listened.

"What?" came her suffering voice. She was probably collapsed on her bed.

"Come down here," said Dad.

"Why?"

"Come down here," he repeated.

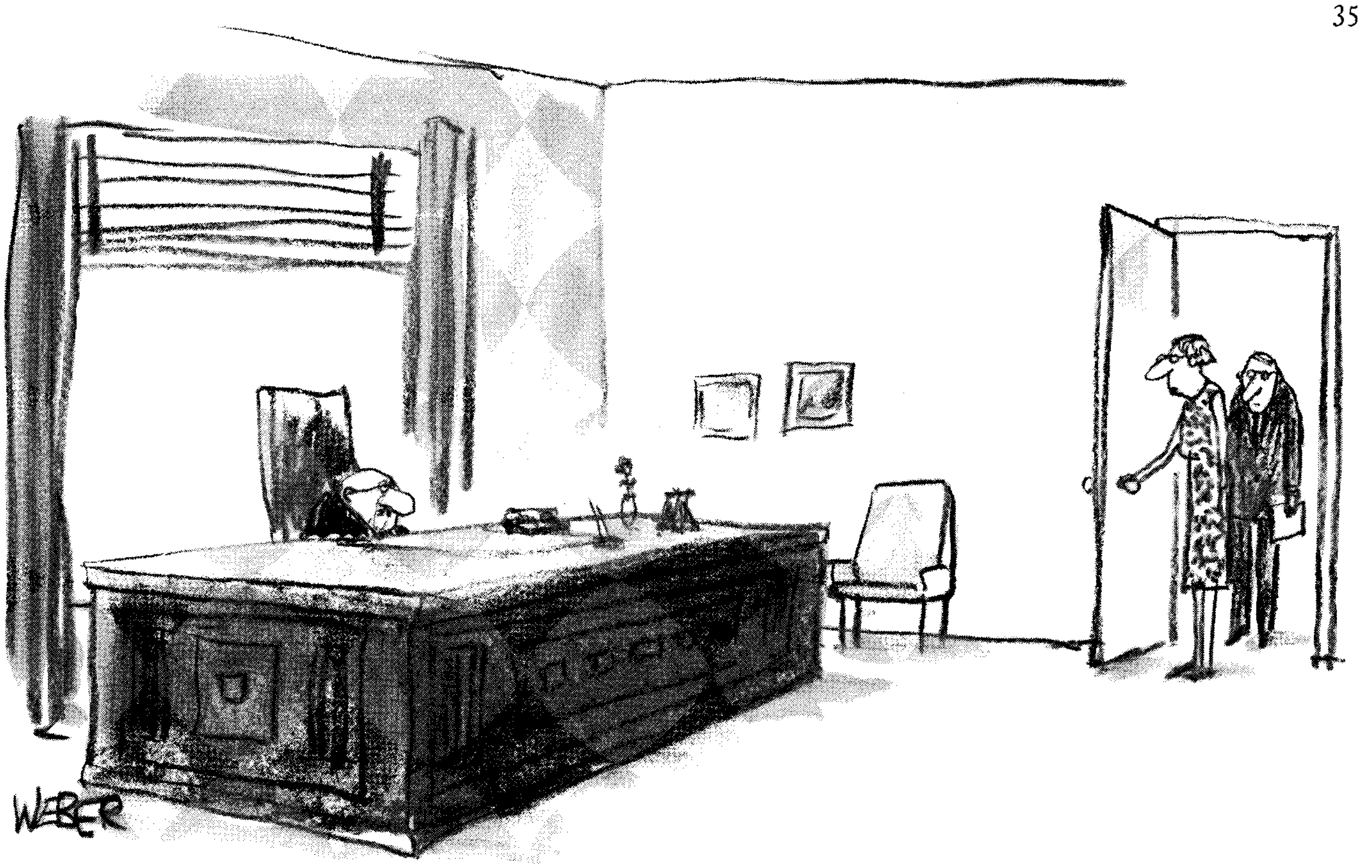
Footsteps crossed the ceiling above us, then came thumping down the stairs. "What do you want?" she said.

"Come with me," he said matter-of-factly.

We heard her stop. "*Where*, Dad?"

He was perfectly calm. "Come along."

She let out a huge sigh and continued heavily down the steps. "I'm coming, but where?"



"Mr. Noonan is here with some ideas."

The screen door opened and they went outside on the terrace.

Caitlin leaned over to Minnie. "See where they're going." Minnie hopped up, and her pigtailed head disappeared around the door.

We waited till Minnie returned. "They're by Dad's garden," she said eagerly.

Caitlin took her by the arms and looked into her face. "What are they doing?"

"O.K.," she said, and went out again. This time she spoke from the hall. "They've got the box with Mum's ashes." We all got up and went into the hall.

We clustered around the window. Dad and Delilah were standing at the edge of the lawn. Behind them the spring trees made a light-green screen, and beyond it the ocean was flat. Dad held the box as Delilah reached inside. She pulled back her fist and flung some white bits over the garden. Dad's chin was drawn in against his Adam's apple, his mouth peculiar and tight. When Delilah turned back toward the house, we saw her dark, glassy eyes and ducked away before she caught us watching.

For dinner that night we had rack of lamb. Pat had made a frozen lemon soufflé for dessert. Somehow she kept her neat size-6 figure, though Dad had already put on a few pounds.

WE drove up in two cars. Caitlin and Minnie went with Dad and Pat in the station wagon. Delilah and I took the boys, who slept in the back the whole way. We had the box with Mum's ashes in our car.

Gus and his girlfriend, Sarah, were already at the ferry landing, sitting on their knapsacks. He gave me a bear hug.

"How'd you get here?" said Chickie, looking worried.

"Hitched."

"What," said Sherman when he saw Gus. "Are you trying to grow a beard?"

Gus shrugged amiably.

"Dad'll love that," said Delilah.

Gus put his arm around Sarah. "Well, good for Dad," he said.

As we were buying our tickets, Caitlin said, "I should have brought Harry."

"I thought you broke up," I said.

"We did," she said. "Kind of. I don't know what's going on."

The ferry was still running on the winter schedule. Despite the cold, we stood at the upper railing the whole way over, our hair and collars flapping, and pointed out certain islands to Sarah—Barnacle, Waterman's, the Dumplings—and passed the gong. The bay was rough and gray and flashing with sun. Pat stayed in the car and read magazines while Dad, who could never sit still, walked back and forth between her and us.

THE lilacs had just come out in Maine, and forget-me-nots were tangled in the grass behind the laundry room. The house used to be a warehouse, set at the edge of a wide dock, with bay windows only inches above the water at high tide. There were signs of winter wear—the piling supports under the living room were awry; flooding had left a watermark on the wainscoting in the downstairs hall.

The next day, it was bright out and blustery. In the morning, Caitlin and I took our tea and sat on the box under the empty window boxes, out of the wind.

Delilah came out, being careful not to spill her mug of coffee. "She's in

there making lobster gumbo already," she told us.

"Where are the boys?" asked Caitlin. She tilted her face to the white sky and closed her eyes.

"Still sacked out." Delilah put a cigarette between her lips and tried to light matches against the wind.

Through the railing we could see Dad down on the float getting the boat ready. "He wants to go as soon as they're up," I said.

"Which will be forever," said Caitlin, her eyes still shut.

I took Delilah's cigarette and lit it for her, crouching beside the shingles, and gave it back. "Is Pat coming with us?" I asked.

Delilah dragged on her cigarette and looked at me like I was crazy. "No. Why should she?"

"I don't know. I just thought maybe . . ."

Caitlin said, "Yah. I was wondering, too."

"No way," Delilah said. "Just the family. Sarah's not coming, either."

I looked at Caitlin. "Do you think you're getting any sun?"

"Yes," she said defensively.

"No way," said Gus, coming around the corner. He arched his back and yawned, stretching. "No . . . waay . . ."

Caitlin opened her eyes. "It's about time you got up," she said.

USUALLY, loading everybody into the boat was a major operation. We scrambled and fought for seats, balancing books and towels and the iced-tea cooler, arguing about where to have the picnic, ordering the boys to cast off, making Minnie do up her life jacket. Today we went through it as if we were stepping on eggshells.

Dad waited at the controls. Minnie crawled into Gus's lap, nestling in his bulky jacket. Delilah, with the white box, stood next to Dad. Chickie was still on the dock, his hair blowing in his eyes, keeping an unsteady hold on the bow railing while Sherman untied the stern. It was all done without a sound. Sherman tossed the rope in over the gas tanks and stepped stiffly in, looking down.

Caitlin said, "Sherman, aren't you going to be cold?" We had bundled ourselves in sweaters and had hats on; Sherman wore nothing over his flannel shirt. He said nothing and sat down heavily on the seat in front of the Plexiglas windshield.

"Sherman," she said again, her voice especially gentle. "It's going to be cold out there."

He folded his thick arms across his chest and gave her a neutral look. "O.K., Caitlin," he said.

Even though there were few boats in the harbor, Dad waited till we were well out of the moorings before pushing the boat into full throttle. The gray water sped by, the surface waves crisscrossing. Passing the first point, we saw the Washburns' house, with its windows boarded up. When we entered the wider thorofare, the stronger wind hit us with a blast. To the north was the rolling shore of North Eden, and south were the uninhabited islands, in a line toward the east: Driftwood, Black Island, Fling, Storm Head.

The boat began to slow down. Sherman made a face against the wind; Caitlin started scratching at something on her dungarees. The bow fell slightly, and Delilah looked back over the stern, where the wake was flattening out. Dad, holding his chin high, continued to look forward, checking for lobster pots. Gus's hands were cupped over his mouth, warming them, his eyes cast to the side. Chickie glanced back and forth between Dad and where we were heading, to see which spot he'd choose. Tentatively, Minnie hoisted herself from Gus's lap and tried to look interested in something over the side of the boat.

We puttered along this way slowly for a while.

"This is good," Delilah said, but Dad went on surveying the surrounding water. I turned Minnie around and leaned her shoulders against me.

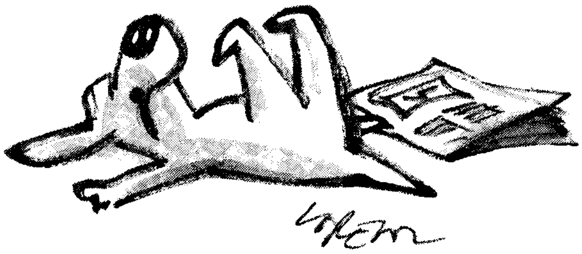
The waves smacked the sides when the engine went into idle. After Dad cut the motor, we spun slightly and dipped in and out of the swells, and it was suddenly quiet except for the wind. Chickie gave Gus a hand up off the floor. We turned to Dad.

Delilah was opening the flap of the box; Dad took it from her, extracting the bag himself.

"All right," he said. "Minnie first." He held the bag from underneath.

③

④



As I eased Minnie toward him, she hesitated. "What'll I do?" she said.

Dad lowered the bag near the side.

I said, "Just take a handful, Min."

Caitlin smoothed one of her pigtails. "Just take a little, honey, and throw it over."

"How?" Minnie held her palm up flat. Her clear eyes were watering over.

"It's O.K.," said Gus. "Just take as much as you can."

Minnie looked at Dad and kept blinking. He held the bag out.

Chickie moved her aside. "Here," he said. "I'll go and show her." His lanky hand went into the bag and grappled awkwardly. It looked for a moment as if he and Dad were struggling with each other. Pressing his free hand against the side of the bag, Chickie pulled out a handful of ashes. When he threw them, low, the heavier bits landed scuttling in a line, and the wind carried the finer white dust a little way through the air. He bent down to Minnie. "There," he said in his trembling voice. "See?"

Dad lowered the bag and she put in her tiny hand, drew out a tight fist, and threw an exuberant overhand, releasing it late, so it shot into the water just inches from the boat. She gave us a pleading, embarrassed look.

"That was fine," I said, and touched her sleeve. "You want to do it again?" She shook her head, chewing on her bottom lip.

"Sherman," Dad said. We were going by age now.

Sherman always had the strongest throw. When we skipped rocks off the beach, his stone would go skittering farther than anyone else's. He took his handful, keeping himself at a distance from the bag, as if it were contaminated. He tossed the ashes loosely and didn't bother to see where they landed.

Gus frowned in his direction and moved up. He fitted both hands into the bag, pulled them out, and then let them go like a golf swing, flinging the ashes in a great arc. With the wind, they speckled down like rain.

"Wow," said Delilah facetiously.

She went next, keeping her back straight. Her features were solemn and composed. She took two careful handfuls, one after the other, and, lifting one foot off the floor as if she were spreading grass seed over a lawn, sprinkled them over the surface of the water. She stepped out of the way for me.

I slid both hands into the bag and brought them out cupped together in a bowl. Before letting go, I looked at the knobby pieces and saw they weren't flat, like shells, but rounded and porous, like little ruins. I leaned way out and let them pour off the ends of my fingers, watching them sink in the dark water, thinking, This is just like anything else you throw overboard—the way it falls in slow motion and then suddenly it's gone, so gradually you can't tell the exact moment it disappears from sight.

Caitlin followed. She was graceful, efficient, staring at the water afterward, her eyebrows peaked, her lips pressed tightly together.

Dad took a handful, quickly, gave it a toss, then held the bag upside down over the water and shook it out. A fine white dust swirled through the air, and he shook the bag and shook it again till the plastic was clean. Then he swiftly balled it up with two hands and shoved it into his pocket.

We kissed each other then, or some of us did. I kissed Minnie under her eye, and Gus gave me his hand and squeezed. Caitlin and I probably exchanged looks—I only sort of remember—but there was Sherman apart, up near the bow, and Chickie nervously trying to smile. Delilah moved up to Dad, and he took her kiss on his cheek while he started up the engine. The sky was breaking up, and white swirls shone through like marble.

We sped back to the inner thorofare. Caitlin turned around to Dad, her hair wrapping across her face, and shouted, "Do you think it will get nice?" She pointed ahead.

"I know it will," said Dad, steering straight, his eyes slitted against the wind.

When we got back to the dock, the light had become less opaque and the air was warmer. Sunlight showed up with the sharpening shadows. We unloaded onto the dock, wind-tousled and strangely exhilarated. Dad went into reverse—he was dropping us off—and putted out by himself to leave the boat at the mooring. Up the ramp we went, in single file, feeling something lofty in our procession, hearing flags billow and snap, following one another's heels, no one with the slightest idea, at the moment we raised our heads and looked around, of where to go next.

—SUSAN MINOT

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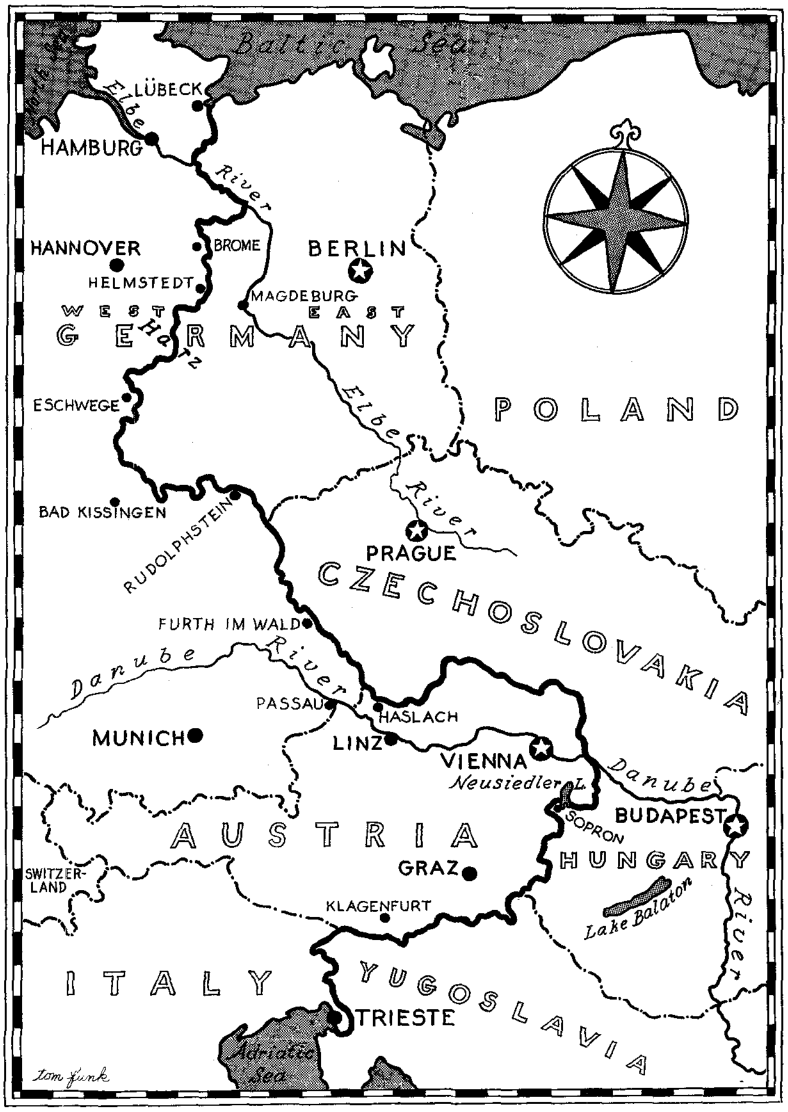
SUNDAY OPERA: KPFK (90.7 FM)—Verdi's "Flagstaff," with Renato Bruson, Katia Ricciarelli and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini—1 p.m.—*Radio listing in the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.*

Also known as "The Man of the Golden West."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EDGE OF THE FOREST—I



AT twilight on the north coast of Germany, facing out on what we call the Baltic and the Germans call the East Sea, the thickening darkness where sky and water merge is brought into focus by lights—small, wavering pinpricks of light, where ships are. Among these vessels are East German patrol boats, forced by the rules of the sea to announce their watchful presence not only to other ships but to anyone along the northern shore of the German Democratic Republic who might be thinking of that expanse—that seemingly open, free element—as a way of escape.

In daylight, the gray patrol boats are less visible. I sat one cool Sunday afternoon in early autumn of 1981 on the beach of the Priwall Peninsula, east of Travemünde, a seaside resort, harbor for ferries to Scandinavia, and yachting port at the mouth of the Trave River, a few miles downstream from the old Hansa city of Lübeck. At the far end of the beach is the border between the two Germanys. It is marked on the West German side by a line of metal poles, ten feet or so apart, sticking up out of the sand. The poles are joined by a red-and-white painted chain—dangling in a way that seems to tempt one to jump over it. A little beyond this line is a row of half a dozen placards, set on posts, that declare "HALT! HIER GRENZE." The three words are one above another, "HALT!" in blue, "HIER" in red, "GRENZE" in black. At the bottom, in smaller lettering, is "BUNDESGRENZSCHUTZ," the name of the Federal German Frontier Police, the authority that has set up these signs most of the way along the frontier—*die Grenze*—between West and East Germany.

I was here on the Priwall beach at the start of a journey. I intended to travel the length of the Iron Curtain—a name that gained wide currency after Winston Churchill's speech at Fulton, Missouri, on March 5, 1946. "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the Continent," he said. To choose Stettin, even then, as the northern terminus of the Iron Curtain was either cavalier or optimistic, since the Soviet Zone of Germany extended well west of that city—to the Trave, in fact. And thirty-five years later it is at the mouth of the Trave that the Iron Curtain still begins.

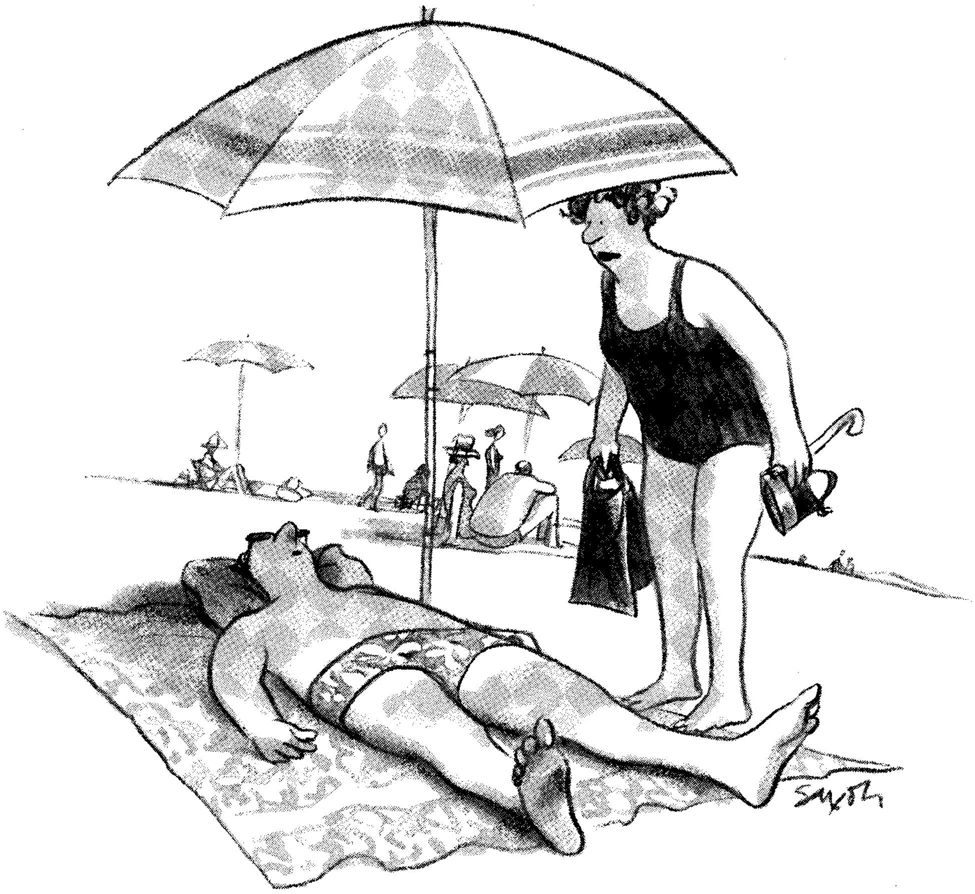
My idea was to look as closely as I could at the dividing line between two power blocs and two states formed out of one people, the Germans. I thought the border, running through the heart of Europe, warranted attention for what it was and what it did; and also, perhaps, for what it could not do, what it failed to prevent and divide. I was curious about the effects on people of living close to what might almost seem to be a geological fault line—certainly a geopolitical and perhaps a metaphysical one. I thought that since this was the frontier of what we loosely refer to as "the free world" or "the West," I should make a reconnaissance and try to fit together my impressions of land and people and what has happened in recent history. My 1973 Saab station wagon carried books, clothes, umbrella, and two pairs of walking boots. I had sent word of my plans to several agencies of the West German and Austrian governments and to a few friends and acquaintances I hoped to see along the way.

LÜBECK is a medieval city of close-packed merchant houses with high gables, tall church towers and spires, and narrow streets, set on an oval island encircled as with mirrors by the calm Trave. Despite having lost its eastern hinterland, the city still has a quietly prosperous and independent air. The twin towers of the Marienkirche can be seen from well out to sea: a building whose Gothic proportions nicely combine with local materials—dark brick outside, and, within, red brick floors and white, chalky stone columns. The tower has been dedicated as a memorial to Germans buried in other lands, and the church itself is a reminder for many Germans of the churches of lost German territory in Eastern Europe. Lübeck took in nearly a hundred thousand refugees from those Eastern lands in 1945.

I dined at a small quayside inn on fish soup "Marseilles"—a sort of bouillabaisse made with local, Baltic ingredients and none the worse for it. I had a large table to myself, and took the opportunity to spread out a map and look at some of the places on the border where I intended to go. I had been told that many West Germans considered the East German border different from other international frontiers. In fact, West German officialdom has tended to regard it as legally nonexistent—to see its presence as a kind of emblem of East German authoritarian rule, with the legal consequence that any East German who manages to make his or her way to West Germany is in almost every case treated as a citizen of the Federal Republic. Thus, the education ministers of the West German *Länder*, or federal states, recently decided that national maps should show the frontier between West and East Germany in a different manner from other frontiers, using a form of marking described as "a string of pearls." The West German tourist-office road map I was looking at while I ate my fish soup had not caught up with this decision, and used the same Morse-code dot-dash-dot line for all of West Germany's borders. The education ministers had also recommended that on maps showing both states one was to be labelled "Federal Republic of Germany" and the other "German Democratic Republic" but that the entire area they covered was to be called "Germany." (European cars that travel abroad often carry a label or badge showing where they come from. The West Germans use a simple "D," for Deutschland, and the East Germans use "D.D.R.," for Deutsche Demokratische Republik.) The right-wing-tending newspapers of the West German publishing magnate Axel Springer usually print "D.D.R." in quotation marks, as if it were a slang term and had no real authority. In English, the abbreviation is "G.D.R.," for German Democratic Republic. In both countries, people refer to the other as *Drüben*—over there.

The land border between the two German states is one thousand three hundred and eighty kilometres long—that is, roughly eight hundred and sixty miles. Along this runs a tall G.D.R. fence. At night, those parts of it close to frequented places, near towns and villages and the few permitted road and railway crossings, are illuminated by powerful lights. To learn about the border fortification system, I went to the Bundesgrenzschutz barracks in a modern suburb outside Lübeck. The B.G.S. looks after all German frontiers—though, naturally, the borders shared with Austria, Switzerland, France, Luxembourg, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Denmark less rigorously than the border shared with the G.D.R. The B.G.S. also guards airports, German Embassies abroad, and high federal officials; it provides backup power for the police in each *Land* in the event of civil emergency, riot, or insurrection. On the intra-German border, the B.G.S. conducts daily patrols, keeping an eye on G.D.R. border activities. In this, it is assisted by the West German customs service, the Zoll, which performs few actual customs duties on most of the intra-German border but provides men who do much of the footwork in keeping watch along it. In Bavaria—the *Land* that works hardest to preserve itself as an independent state within the Federal Republic—the Bavarian Frontier Police also patrols the border with East Germany, and the border with Czechoslovakia as well. There is, clearly, duplication, if not triplication, of efforts here. But the combined numbers of these organizations are much less than the force that the G.D.R. has permanently manning its border with West Germany. On the Eastern side, Soviet forces are generally stationed well back from the border, except for those at some of the crossing points. On the Western side, Britain and the United States retain a border role in their respective postwar zones of occupation, and send out military patrols to gain intelligence and demonstrate a presence.

At the B.G.S. barracks near Lübeck, a young, sandy-haired officer named Peter Lembke gave me a briefing on the G.D.R. border with the help of various diagrams and displays. He told me that the G.D.R. fence was not the actual borderline—*that* was marked by stones and posts. It was a good idea, he said, to use only paved roads and proper paths where the border could be easily discerned,



"What is it, Leonard? What happened to your lust for life?"

and to get in touch with B.G.S. or Zoll personnel for information and assistance elsewhere. G.D.R. law was different from West German law. "G.D.R. border troops have orders to practice their control functions most rigidly," he said. "Even if you violate G.D.R. territory accidentally, you run a great risk."

Between the actual border and the G.D.R. fence there was generally a cleared strip of ground, of varying width. There were also usually two fences, with an area of ground between them that was in places sown with mines. The fences were roughly three metres tall, and were made of metal cut and then stretched into a grid pattern, with small, diamond-shaped holes too small to get one's fingers in—and too sharp to hold on to even if one could. Three panels of this metal grid were fastened together one above another and supported by concrete posts; the bottom panel was set well into the ground, so a person could not crawl under. Automatic firing devices called SM-70s, triggered by wires, were attached to the outer fence at frequent intervals. On the inner side of the inner fence was a plowed strip, which was kept well raked, and showed up footprints; inside this strip was a deep ditch intended as a vehicle barrier, and inside this a concrete track for patrol vehicles. In addition to lights and electric- and sound-alarm systems, the G.D.R. relied on observation towers for detecting escapers. The towers were of two types: those with an enclosed watch post set on a cylindrical column, and a newer type—a square tower with windows made of pinkish-brown reflecting glass that made it difficult to see what those inside the observation post were doing. In various places where the East German authorities felt there was a great risk of escape attempts, dog runs were installed; there were at least a thousand dogs helping guard the G.D.R. border.

THE ONGOING STORY

I could say it's the happiest period of my life.
It hasn't got much competition! Yesterday
It seemed a flatness, hotness. As though it barely stood out
From the rocks of all the years before. Today it sheds
That old name, without assuming any new one. I think it's still there.

It was as though I'd been left with the empty street
A few seconds after the bus pulled out. A dollop of afternoon wind.
Others tell you to take your attention off it
For a while, refocus the picture. Plan to entertain,
To get out. (Do people really talk that way?)

We could pretend that all that isn't there never existed anyway.
The great ideas? What good are they if they're misplaced,
In the wrong order, if you can't remember one
At the moment you're, so to speak, mounting the guillotine
Like Sydney Carton, and can't think of anything to say?
Or is this precisely material covered in a course
Called "Background of the Great Ideas," and therefore it isn't necessary
To say anything or even know anything? The breath of the moment
Is breathed; we fall and still feel better. The phone rings,

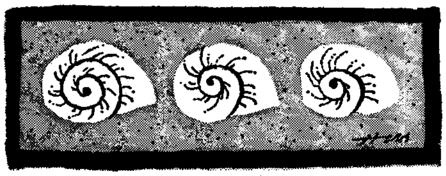
It's a wrong number, and your heart is lighter,
Not having to be faced with the same boring choices again,
Which doesn't undermine a feeling for people in general and
Especially in particular: you, there,
In your deliberate distinctness, whom I love and gladly
Agree to walk blindly into the night with,
Your realness is real to me though I would never take any of it
Just to see how it grows. A knowledge that people live close by is,
I think, enough. And even if only first names are ever exchanged,
The people who own them seem rock-true and marvellously self-sufficient.

—John Ashbery

• •

Lembke and I drove in a dark-green B.G.S. Volkswagen Passat station wagon to the small town of Schlutup, which is on the border, not far from Lübeck. Here a main road crosses the frontier—a transit route to Rostock, East Berlin, and Gdansk. This is one of ten *Grenzübergang*, or border road crossings, which are all that are left of hundreds of major roads and thousands of minor ones that ran across the territory where the border is now.

At this date, the border seems so fixed that it is hard to realize that it was not always so. The present dividing line between East and West Germany was to all intents and purposes arrived at in London in early 1944. A common wartime assumption among people in the West had been that after an interim period of postwar occupation Germany would be restored to international life as a sovereign state. However, at the Teheran Conference, in November, 1943, the Allied leaders agreed that Germany should be split up. Roosevelt and Stalin at that point thought it should be divided into five parts. Churchill wanted three: Prussia; Bavaria and Austria; and the Ruhr and Westphalia. A Foreign Ministers' Moscow get-together agreed to set up a European Advisory Commission to prepare recommendations for surrender terms to be imposed upon Germany, for the zones of occupation, and for the machinery of control. The commission, sitting at Lancaster House, in London, after several months of difficult discussion, arrived at an agreement, called the London Protocol, which set the Western borders of the Soviet Zone along old provincial borders—roughly where the western frontier of East Germany is today. This was by and large the British proposal, and it was agreed to fairly quickly by the Soviet Union and eventually by the United States. (The American delegation was hindered by rivalries between the State Department and the military, and by confusion about Roosevelt's intentions.) At the time, several months before D Day, no one had any idea how far east the Allied Armies would get. Some in the West were worried that the Soviets would swiftly overrun most of Germany, others that they would halt at Germany's eastern border and conclude a separate peace. The Western powers, in any event, insisted on a share of Berlin and access to that city. Few people at the time



June 22, 1983—Pioneer 10 overtakes Harry Langstrom's hat, blown off at the corner of 23rd and 3rd on March 12, 1936, and never seen on Earth again.

• •

fully understood Soviet ambitions, as one of the United States delegation's advisers, the prescient George Kennan, noted. A basic factor in the situation was the widespread hope of postwar collaboration with the Russians, which persisted for several years despite such contradictory evidence as the deliberate halting of the Soviet Army outside Warsaw in the summer of 1944 while the Germans put down the Warsaw Rising.

The suggested western border of the Soviet Zone in many respects matched the line that was reached by the first great Christianizing wave to flow over Middle Europe and that became the eastern frontier of Charlemagne's empire. Beyond it, the Slav tribes awaited future missionaries and colonizing princes. On either side of this line were different systems of land tenure—large, manor-ruled estates in the East, smaller holdings in the West. And there also came to be a religious split. After the Reformation, the East became Protestant, while the South and the West remained mostly Catholic. At the time of Napoleon, the line was reëmphasized, with the area on one side strongly influenced by the French and that on the other by the Russians.

That the division lies atavistically deep is suggested by the possibly fabulous account of Konrad Adenauer, the Rhinelander who became postwar Chancellor of West Germany, going as a young deputy by train to the Weimar parliament, in Berlin. As his sleeping car crossed the Elbe, Adenauer, it is said, was heard to turn restlessly in his berth and mutter, "*Ach*, Asia."

IN Germany, coöperation between the victors did not last long after the war. Among the divisive elements was the Soviet Union's insistence on stern reparations and a regime of its own choosing in the East Zone. The Social Democratic Party was forced to merge with the Communist Party in a Socialist Unity Party, the S.E.D. This received the majority of votes cast in the 1946 Soviet Zone elections—the last elections in which East Germans had a free choice of truly independent parties. Although the S.E.D. proclaimed the desirability of a unified German democratic state, and Stalin for a while gave the impression of favoring a united Germany, his track record in Eastern Europe now made it clear that the Soviet Union intended to have a Communist East German state, which it would dominate.

New political parties were being founded in the West Zone, and in 1946 and 1947 elections took place for *Land* parliaments. In 1947, the United States and British Zones were merged into one economic area, and councils dealing with the economy and administration became the first step toward a parliament and an executive for West Germany. In March, 1948, the Soviet Union pulled out of the Allied Control Council; with all hope abandoned of working out the future of Germany in hand with the Russians, the Western powers proposed that a national assembly be set up to draft a constitution for a West German state. At the same time, the Western powers signed a treaty in Brussels providing for mutual aid against aggression, and this led, a year later, to the birth of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But in the spring of 1948 these arrangements spurred the Soviet leadership into angry response—a blockade of the Western sectors of Berlin. As the blockade hardened, with all land links cut between the West Zone and the city, a hundred and fifteen miles to the east, the Allies were forced to airlift in the necessities of life to keep their parts of Berlin going. For ten months, over two million West Berliners were sustained in this way. In May, 1949, the Soviet Union called off the blockade. Soon thereafter, there came into force the Basic Law of the Federal Republic of Germany, by which a West German state was established; the first elections for the Bundestag, the Federal Republic's parliament, were held

"Son, I'd like to speak to you in my capacity as a father."

on August 14th. In October, to the accompaniment of accusations that West German political parties had betrayed the cause of German unity, the German Democratic Republic had its foundation ceremonies in East Berlin. There would be two Germanys henceforth.

Two particular dates are significant in the ensuing history of the border between East and West Germany. They are May 26, 1952, and August 13, 1961. On the first, the East German government began to barricade the border. Prime Minister Otto Grotewohl's regime announced that a ten-metre-wide "control strip" would be constructed along the entire border, backed to the east by a five-hundred-metre-wide "protective strip" and a five-kilometre-deep "forbidden zone," to be entered only by those with a special pass. Fields in the protective strip were to be worked only in daylight hours; next to the border, all labor was to be supervised by guards. Barbed-wire fencing began to rise. The G.D.R. government decreed, "Crossing the ten-metre control strip is forbidden for all persons. . . . Weapons will be used in case of failure to observe the orders of the border patrols." The reasons for these measures were spelled out for the East German public. They were needed, Grotewohl said, to protect the G.D.R. from "spies, diversionists, terrorists, and smugglers"—all of whom were apparently crossing the border from West to East. But few Westerners doubted that the real reason was to prevent what the G.D.R. authorities termed "flight from the Republic"—a crime that hundreds of thousands of East Germans had committed or were premeditating. In the following months, some eight thousand residents of the border areas who were termed "unreliable" were resettled in places farther away from the border; protests led in some instances to resistance, which was overcome by the Volkspolizei.

Yet for the next nine years a large loophole to the West remained in Berlin. There were thousands of daily comings and goings between the Western and Eastern sectors of the city. Many people lived on one side and worked on the other. Transit facilities and utilities remained intermingled and interdependent. Although interruptions and restrictions were gradually introduced—on telephone lines and bus services; on the number of border street crossings; and on access from the Western sectors to the surrounding East German territory—the overground S-Bahn and underground U-Bahn railway lines remained open, and refugees from East Germany could make their way into West Berlin among commuters and shoppers. From the setting up of the Federal Republic, in 1949, to August 12, 1961, two million eight hundred thousand East Germans fled from the G.D.R.; throughout the nineteen-fifties an average of almost nineteen thousand escaped into West Berlin every month. On August 13, 1961, the East German government took the ultimate step of sealing off the exits: West Berlin was completely divided from East Berlin and East Germany. And thus the lifeblood that had been pouring from the veins of the East German state was reduced to a barely visible trickle. Now, though, when it *was* visible it could often be seen to be real human blood, spilled at fence or wall.

PETER LEMBKE and I stood for a while where the road crosses into East Germany. By the roadside was a tall stone, megalithic in appearance, with the name Schlutup incised in it, and below the name of the town the inscription "GETRENNT 1945—." In other words, "Divided in 1945—." The date of reunion has been left open.

It was ten-thirty in the morning. The sun was shining, everything seemed peaceful; it could have been a country road anywhere. A faint wind in the trees, a few blackbirds singing. There was little traffic: a single big Polish truck passed, going east; a solitary car with West German plates coming back from East Germany. In the little headquarters office of the West German control point, we talked to the B.G.S. noncommissioned officer in charge, Oberstabmeister Poser. He told me that generally a tide of traffic flowed into East Germany in the early mornings and back in the evenings,

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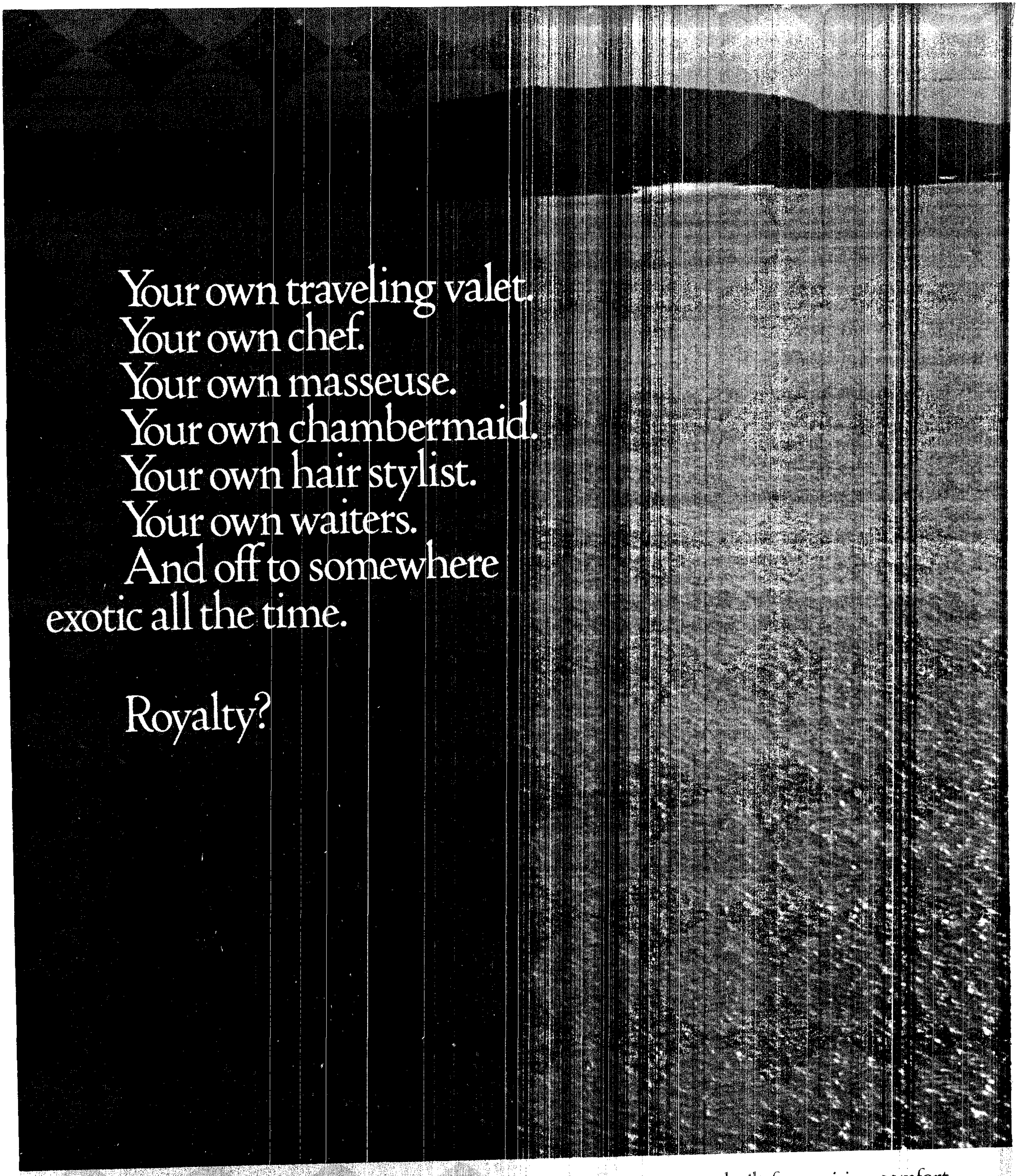
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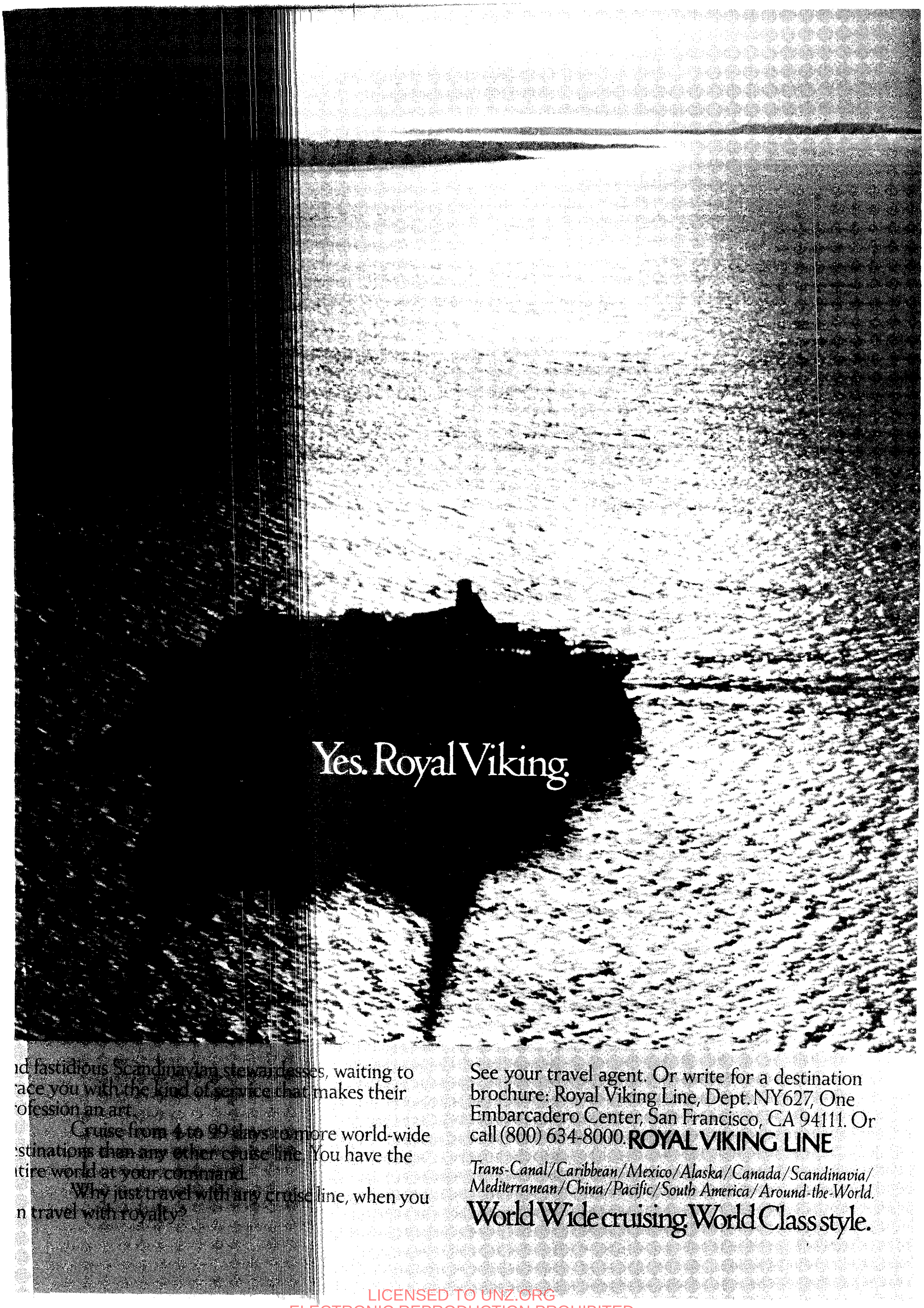

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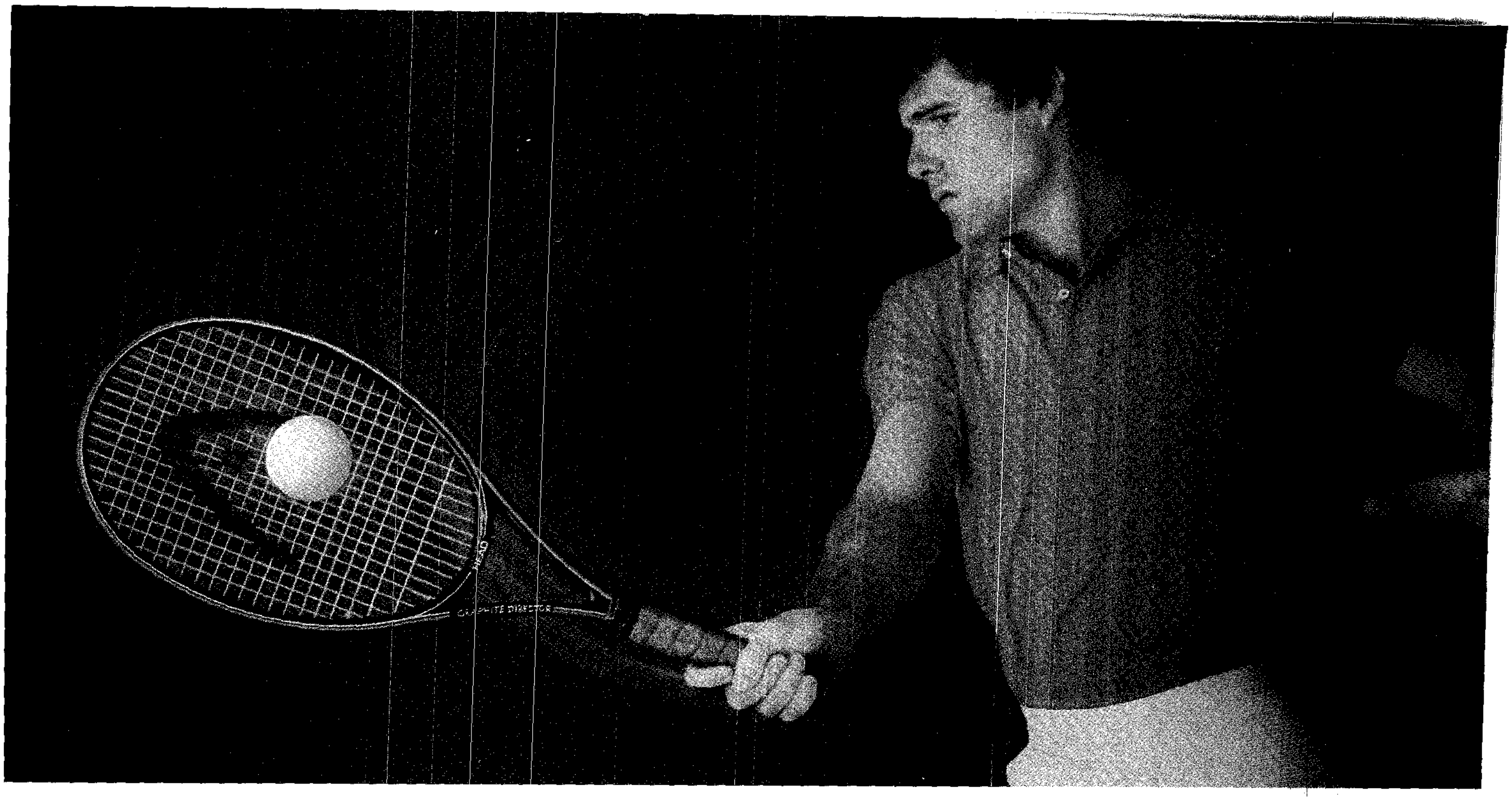

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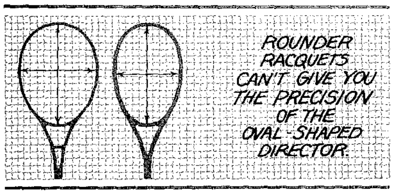
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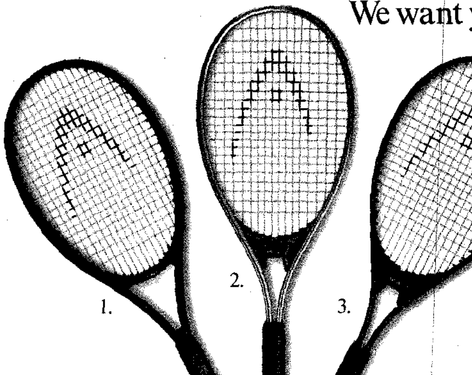

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composed for the most part of people making short trips to visit relatives over there. In the height of summer, the border could be busy all day long with tourists on their way to Poland and Berlin, or to catch ferries from the G.D.R. to Scandinavia. At the East German checkpoint a quarter of a mile down the road, just out of sight behind the trees, the control procedure was strict. "Some West Germans are not very good at accepting this," said Herr Poser. "Sometimes they protest and argue, and are sent back. Sometimes on the way back they stop here and open their hearts to the first person they meet."

I asked Herr Poser if he ever talked to his East German counterpart.

"Every day," he said, patting one of two telephones on his desk. "This is for emergencies only. There are a dozen or so of these telephones along the border, so that we can make contact if there is an accident, or something like a forest fire. We test the line once a day to see that it's working properly. Our conversation is very formal, limited more or less to the words needed to say 'Yes, I can hear you.' Though since last September they've been replying to our calls with 'Good morning,' which is an improvement."

WISHING WELL
WARNING!
WISHING DOESN'T MAKE IT SO.

• •

Lembke and I went next to a house several hundred yards back along the road toward Schlutup. Here we talked to a cheerful middle-aged woman wearing a green overall coat—Frau Hanson. She was cleaning house, but she led us to a shed attached to her husband's workshop, where she stores various items that the East Germans refuse to allow travellers from the West to take in. What began as a favor for one person, who was in distress when turned back with a record-player, has become a service that people have to resort to nearly every day. The B.G.S., the Zoll, and the local garages usually send them to her. In the shed, among Frau Hanson's store of fresh eggs and a pinball machine that her husband was planning to repair, were such things as a new bicycle (one is not allowed to ride into the G.D.R. on a bike or to enter it on foot), a radiotelephone, two antique oil lamps, several dozen beer glasses with brewery labels on them, and ten tomato plants. Frau Hanson said, pointing to a kitchen counter unit, "That had a double sink in it, which they allowed in. But they wouldn't let in the wooden counter unit. There's no telling what they will say O.K. to and what they will reject. They've let in a Siamese cat but turned back a canary."

Frau Hanson has by now a vicarious knowledge of the East German checkpoint and those who man it. Her guests, as she thinks of the people who leave things with her, have told her about many of the East German checkpoint personnel. "That Tamara, she's a tough one," she says—Tamara being a woman official whose reputation for absolute diligence has earned her this Russian nickname. Frau Hanson generally charges her guests a nominal fee of one mark per item, but some people insist that she take a larger sum. Some who come after dark or before daylight leave things on the back step with a note and a coin rather than wake her. The canary that was left fared well, since the Hansons have a canary themselves. Most of those who leave things pick them up again on their return journey, but sometimes they return by a different route or simply forget about their belongings. After a decent interval of a year or so, Frau Hanson gives clothes to charities and disposes of other items at church sales. Between such times, what with stuff that is currently stored there and stuff that has been forgotten, the shed resembles a small museum of curiosities.

Lembke and I drove on through Schlutup and turned south. In five minutes, we reached the village of Eichholz, where suburban houses were scattered among trees. A lane led past the houses to a copse. The route that the lane would have followed into it was barred by a horizontal red-and-white painted pole, and just beyond this stood the border markers and signs. A small brook ran through the copse. I could make out, a hundred feet or so away, the G.D.R. fence. One of the signs said "ZONENGRENZE," the term dating from the occupation period, which still appears on roughly one sign in ten. Another sign said "AUCH DRÜBEN IST DEUTSCHLAND"—"There, too, is Germany."

As we stood there, leaning on the barrier pole and looking at the former lane, now grown over with grass and weeds, one of the bushes parted: its branches waved and a green shape rose out of it with what for an instant looked like a single eye. This cyclopean figure, dressed in combat gear, was a member of the Aufklärer, the G.D.R. border-reconnaissance troops. The eye pointed at Lembke and me was the telescopic lens of a 35-mm Praktica camera. With this the military scout proceeded to photograph us. The camera made a little whir as the shutter operated and the film moved on. Lembke straightened up, put his peaked uniform cap at a jaunty rake, and gave a broad smile for the camera. "He's delighted to see you here," Lembke said. "He'll get good marks for this—reporting a new face, someone in civilian clothes at the border. They'll start a file on you."

The Aufklärer must have taken a dozen snaps of us. When Lembke brought out a camera of his own and aimed it, the soldier quickly moved back to the bush he had come from and stood half concealed, his back to us, writing in a notebook.

Lembke said, "He probably has a companion hidden in the undergrowth. They invariably work in twos or threes—keeping an eye on one another, since they do most of their work on this side of the fence. They don't trust us, and they don't trust one another."

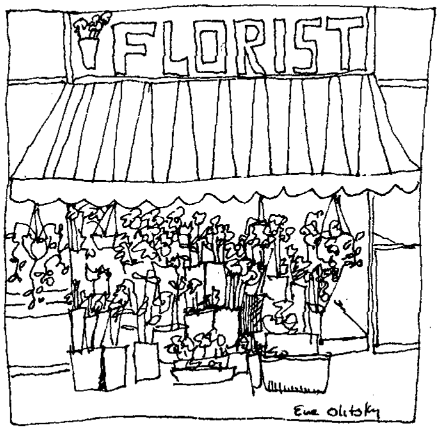
It was a few minutes before I got over the strange feeling of this encounter—a feeling that resulted, I thought, from not being regarded as of quite the same species as the man who had been observing me. As we left, Lembke said "*Auf Wiedersehen*" to the Aufklärer, who was still standing behind his bush. There was no reply.

ON the Autobahn, it was a fast run to Hamburg from Lübeck, angling southwestward from the border; Hamburg itself is about fifty-five kilometres due west of the border. Its own inclinations, however, are more to the north, west, and south, since it is a great port attached by the river Elbe to the North Sea, and to the rest of West Germany by road, rail, canal, and air. There is little sense of the border's being nearby. Even the occasional road sign saying "BERLIN" seems unexceptional—no different from signs pointing the way to Hannover, Bremen, Kiel, and Lübeck. Hamburg was booming, at least to the extent that all its hotels were full. I found shelter at the Katholische Akademie, a modern hostel near the waterfront, where I was given a suite more spacious than I've ever had in a hotel. A modern wrought-iron crucifix hung over my bed, perhaps to guard me from the temptations of Hamburg's notorious port district, the Reeperbahn, not far away along the Ost-West Strasse.

As it was, I had prior engagements. I took a highway east to Aumühle, a village about twenty kilometres from the border, for tea with people I'll call the Grüners. Theo Grüner is a lawyer, his wife, Sybille, a government official; they are both in their mid-forties. The Grüners live in an elegant contemporary house—the furniture a thoughtful mixture of up-to-date design and antiques collected in several European countries—and they are resigned to the nearness of the border. Theo Grüner said, with a shrug, "If the Russians invaded, their tanks would be here in less than an hour."

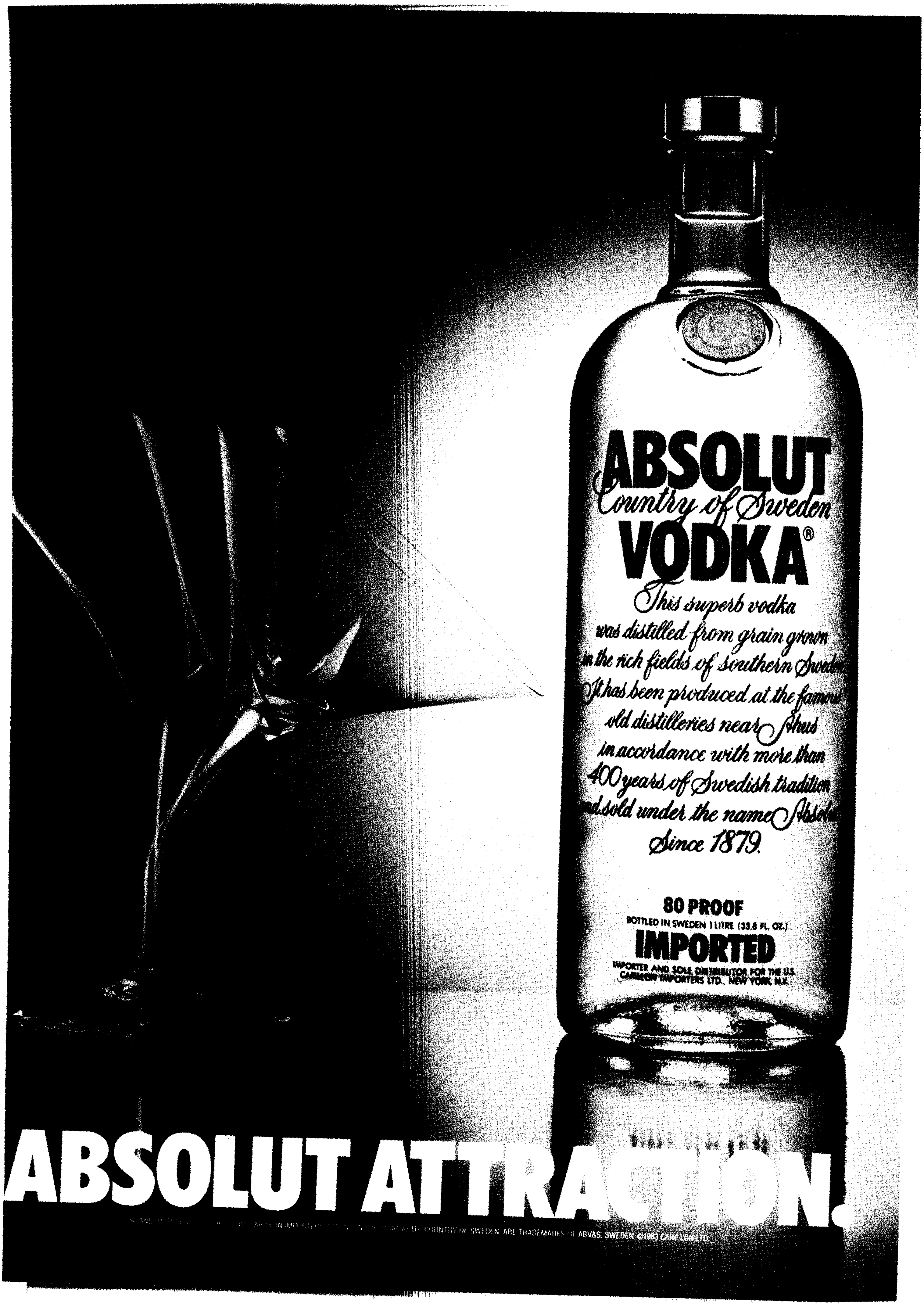
On the other hand, the Grüners do think often of what is beyond the border. Sybille Grüner said, "I believe we have to make a special effort to stay in contact with the East Germans. If we don't, one day there won't be a German nation anymore." I had thought of Germany—divided, united. But the "German nation"—this was new, and something I had not heard the last of.

There have been several stages in the postwar relations between East and West Germany, and they are handily illustrated by the varying ability of Germans to move back and forth between the two states. From the start, East Germany has treated with extreme disfavor the idea of its own citizenry visiting the West. Those who have been allowed to leave have generally been men over sixty-five and women over sixty—in other words, retired people, who are no longer producing any benefit for the state. If they went to stay in the West, so much the better, since the G.D.R. will not have to pay them pensions. Exceptions are sometimes made for younger people who have what are called "urgent family grounds"—births, marriages, silver or golden wedding anniversaries, critical illnesses, deaths—for visiting close relatives in West Germany. There are also frequent exceptions for trusted Party members; for privileged athletes; for artists, singers, film directors, and writers, whose work or performance abroad brings prestige and hard currency to the G.D.R.; and for some who have more down-to-earth occupations, too, such as barge crewmen and truck drivers taking cargoes to or from the West (and whose wives and children are safely left behind, almost as hostages, in East Germany).



After a chilly period in the nineteen-sixties, during which journeys into East Germany were difficult and uncertain, the Bonn government, under Chancellor Willy Brandt, announced that it was willing to talk with the G.D.R. on the basis that the G.D.R. was one of two German states. And while Brandt was setting out new principles for intra-German relations and talking with Willi Stoph, the East German Prime Minister, the four Allied powers (the United States, Britain, France, and the Soviet Union), after what had been more or less a twenty-year hiatus, began negotiations on Berlin. On September 3, 1971, they arrived at the Quadripartite Agreement. This confirmed the ties between West Germany and West Berlin, and insured unimpeded travel between the two for West Berliners, West Germans, and foreigners with transit visas. Three months later, East Germany signed a transit agreement with West Germany providing the same assurances. In 1974, the two states exchanged permanent representatives, who were not quite ambassadors. In 1975, application procedures for West Germans wanting to visit East Germany were simplified. Distant relatives, and not just close ones, were allowed to make visits, and so were friends; holidays and camping trips in the G.D.R. were permitted for West Germans, as they were for visitors from foreign countries. East German pensioners now got permission to make several trips West a year, rather than just one, for up to a total of thirty days. The result was that in 1979 there were three million six hundred thousand trips from West to East Germany, three million one hundred thousand from West Berlin to East Berlin or East Germany, and nearly nineteen million trips made by travellers between West Berlin and the West.

"Everything looked more and more rosy until October, 1980," Theo Grüner said. "The day after our federal election, the G.D.R. government raised the amount of money we are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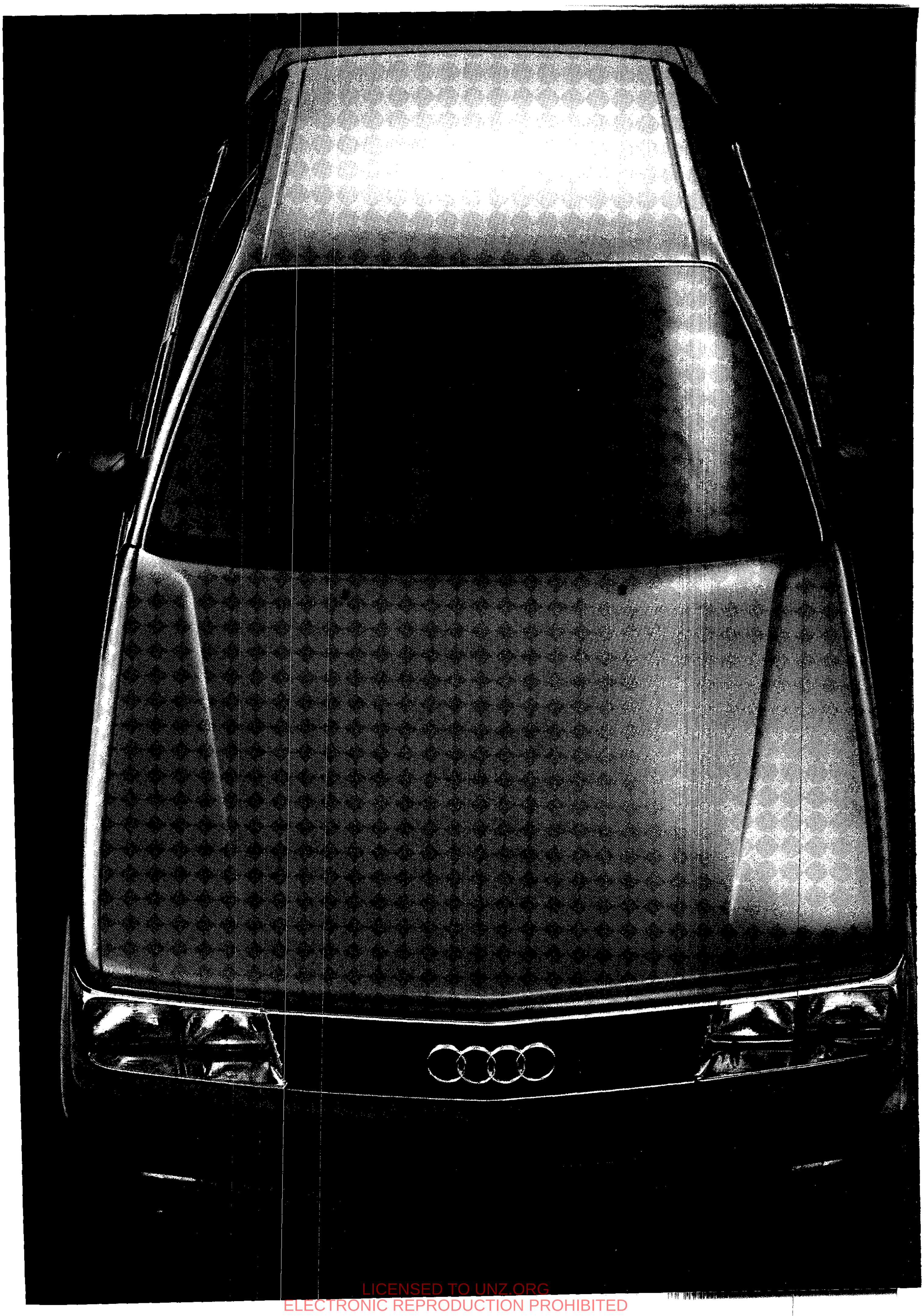

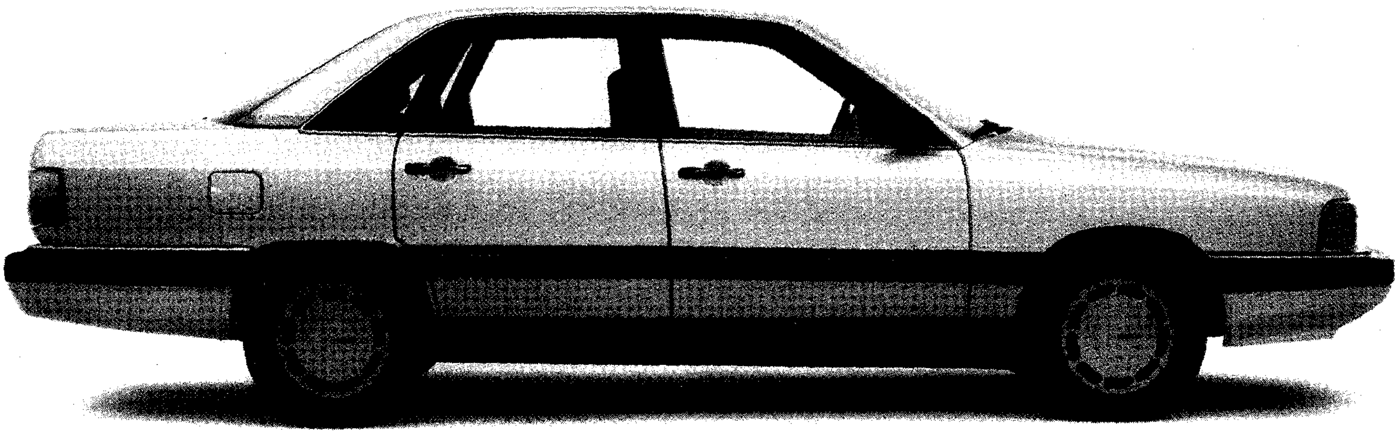

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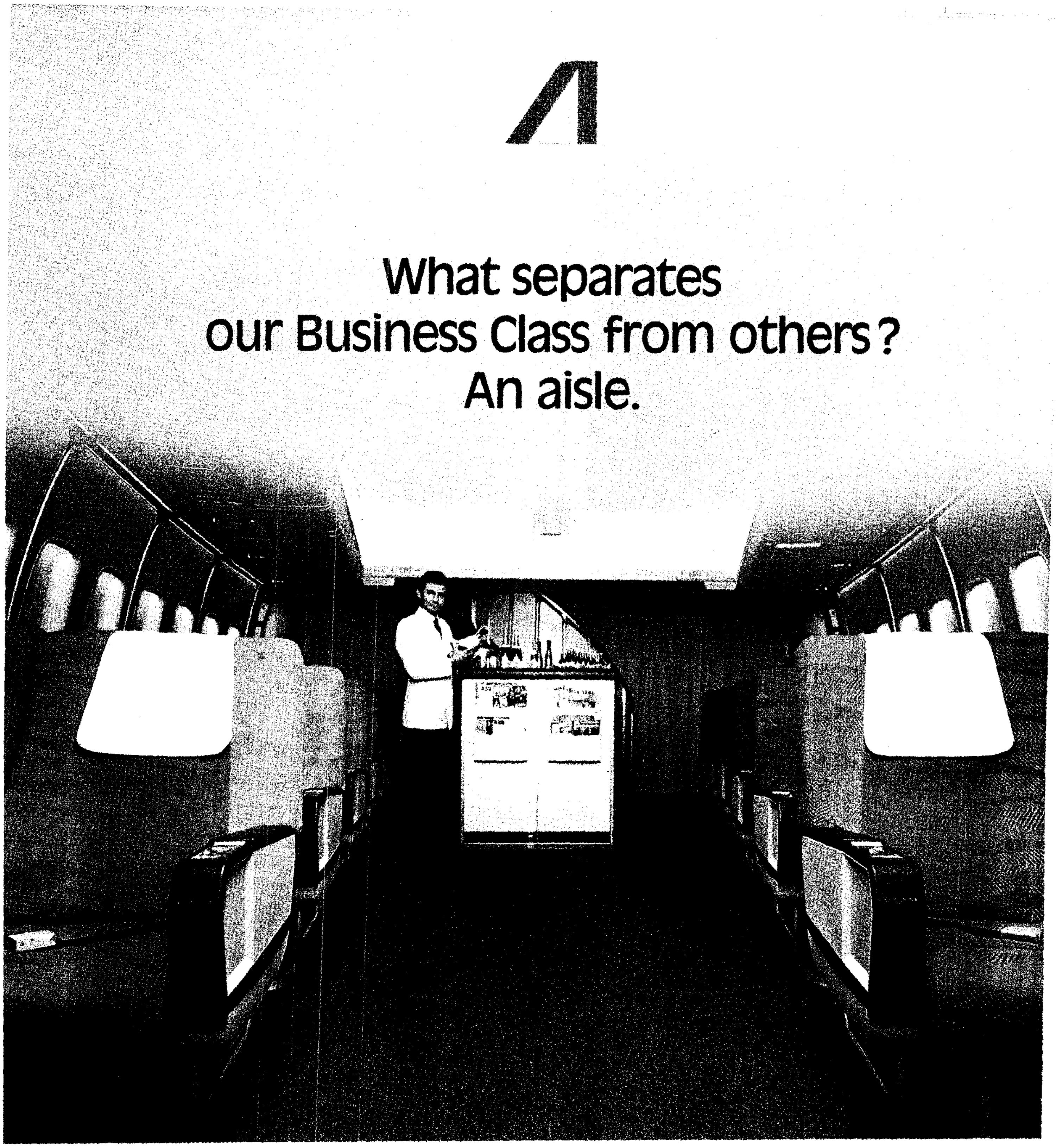

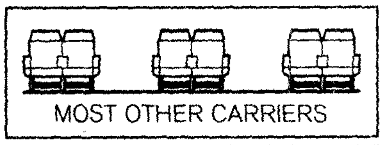

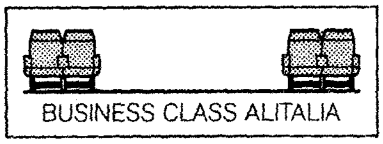

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compelled to exchange into G.D.R. marks when there. This had been thirteen Deutsche marks a day for adults, with old people and children exempt. The new amount was twenty-five Deutsche marks a day for everybody. It had the effect of reducing the one-day visitor traffic by sixty per cent in the first month and by about half thereafter. Now people aren't visiting their East German relatives so often, they're leaving the children at home, or they're making shorter trips."

Apart from the ten road crossing points, there are today eight rail crossings of the border, two waterways for barge traffic, and three air-transit corridors between West Germany and West Berlin. Other links have also been improved in the last ten years or so. The number of telephone lines between West Germany and East Germany has been more than quadrupled. Every day, about thirty-five thousand calls are made to East Germany. Every year, some seventy-five million letters go from the Federal Republic to the G.D.R., and some hundred million in the opposite direction. More parcels go from West to East than vice versa.

"I want to cry, because I'm so very happy."

• •

I HAD dinner with Bernhardt and Emilie Fischer, friends of the Grüners, in Reinbek, a village between Aumühle and Hamburg. It was hospitality to a complete stranger, but I felt that it was the sort of thing the Fischers liked doing. Bernhardt Fischer was in his early forties, square-faced, firm-jawed—a face you might have thought belligerent until you saw his warm eyes. He is a senior officer in the Hamburg city government. Two facts he considers important about himself are that his father was killed during the Second World War and that as a student, in 1955, he bicycled around England and got a tremendous welcome from all sorts of people who didn't know him. In 1976, Bernhardt came to the conclusion—it was almost like a religious conversion—that more than governmental efforts was needed to bridge the division between East and West Germany.

He had no relatives or friends in the East. He knew that even among those West Germans who did, the ties were slipping, as families aged and close relations died. Bernhardt decided to put into effect his own *Ostpolitik*. He set about it by asking people in Hamburg whether they knew someone in East Germany who might welcome visitors from the West and would be prepared to go through the procedure of inviting him and his wife and signing the necessary forms. In 1976, he made the right contacts, and since then he has driven at least twice a year to various places in the G.D.R.

Bernhardt said, "Now my best friends are over there. When I am with them, we talk all the time. I sleep very little. It is quite intense. I realize that I should not be the one who starts talking about politics, or keep asking them questions. But they ask me about politics and about West German life, and they tell me about their lives. What they know about us they have only from television—our television—which is often too highly colored, and doesn't convey the basic matter of dull everyday existence."

For these visits, the Fischers are willing to put up with a lot—with red tape and totalitarian practices at the border; and with nervousness. Bernhardt generally takes in photographs, films, and slides, and has never yet been given any trouble by G.D.R. border officials on this score, though he knows they may react with hostility to magazines, newspapers, and books—particularly, for some reason, paperbacks. On his first visit to the G.D.R., in 1976, he had with him a large illustrated book about Hamburg, and declared it at the border checkpoint. A woman official whom he considered pleasant-looking (and who he therefore tended to feel would be sympathetic) glanced through the book and asked him to wait. She went off with the book. When she returned, twenty minutes later, she said she was sorry but he couldn't take it in.

"Why?" asked Bernhardt.

"Nothing to do with me," she said. "You can pick it up on your way back."

On another occasion, Bernhardt said anxiously to his wife as they approached the border crossing, "Now, for goodness sake, behave properly." When they got there, a G.D.R. officer said, "Good day." Emilie replied, with a big smile, "Yes, it's a lovely day, isn't it?" And Bernhardt's heart pounded—she was being too friendly; they would be suspicious. Sometimes you encounter an official who looks at you in such a way that you know he's human. Mostly, though, they are very coolly correct. They stare into the cars, counting to make sure that the number of passengers matches the number of documents.

An official snapped, "You have two children?"

"Yes, two children," she replied.

"Two children?" asked the next official.

"Yes, two," Emilie said.

Before what she knew would be the next asking of the same question, Emilie said, with obvious impatience, "Still only two children."

"*What do you mean,* 'still only two children'!" The official was furious; no one is allowed to be angry with him.

But the fifth official admired her passport photo, which shows her smiling. It was taken in Denmark, she told him.

"Ah, that must be a beautiful country," he said.

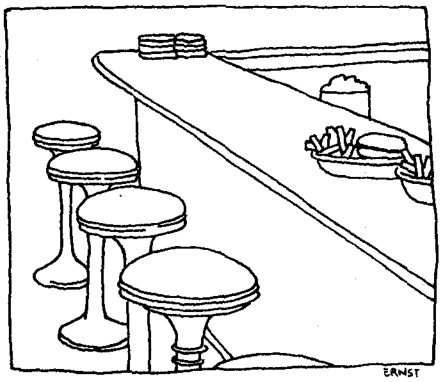
Bernhardt on that occasion was angry with Emilie for upsetting the fourth official. "You never know what might happen if they arrested us," he said. His wife understands this very well. When Bernhardt goes alone to the G.D.R., she worries about him; she knows how arbitrary they can be. Will he come back? It is the Iron Curtain. He may be somebody in Hamburg, but at the border checkpoint he is just a single being.

When you are leaving, a long stick may be poked into the fuel tank of your car to make sure that it hasn't been altered to provide hiding room for someone. The back seats are folded down for inspection, and the underside of the car is examined with the aid of mirrors set in the road surface. It may take twenty minutes for such an inspection, followed by a twenty-minute wait, and then twenty minutes for passport control—in summer, or on holidays, generally longer.

Bernhardt feels, as do many West Germans, that there is more stress in his own part of Germany. Over there, in the G.D.R., people have closer contact with those who share the same sympathies and opinions. Friends really need their friends. People may help each other more, because things are more difficult. Bernhardt knows one East German man, formerly a high agricultural official, who gave up his post a year or so ago. With his wife, he is fixing up an old country house as a home for disturbed children. His wife gets a small salary from a church organization she works for, but he has no income; he is using up his savings. The state, which is short of homes for such children, is giving them no assistance. However, a number of young people who live in the area are helping out. Bernhardt is impressed by this couple, who are doing something that would be laudable in West Germany but is exceptional in East Germany, where the state is expected to provide that sort of service and frowns on private interference.

Bernhardt is admired in his office for what he does, Emilie says. His colleagues sometimes ask, "How did you get friends in East Germany? Can we do the same?" Bernhardt tells them how to set about it. He gives them names and addresses. But they don't get around to it. He says, "The feeling of connection between here and there is latent, not really alive, except for those who still have close relatives there. I'd say only one in twenty West Germans has any real idea of what it's like over there. Of course, part of the trouble is that the East German government isn't interested in encouraging contact; rather, the reverse. That's why they've increased the compulsory exchange for each day of a visit. Our government does its best with pamphlets and posters to promote knowledge of the G.D.R. and visits to it, but in the end it's up to individuals to reach out and get to know individuals there."

When they go to East Germany, Bernhardt and Emilie wear their simplest clothes. They don't want to come across as rich West Germans. "The West German high standard of living is part of the problem now, part of the division," he says, "though it may be levelling out a bit." Their Volvo station wagon arouses comment in a country where most people, if they have a car at all, feel fortunate to own a spartan two-stroke Trabant, for which there can be a five-year waiting list. On his first trip to Magdeburg, Bernhardt pulled up by the entrance to the drab apartment block where his new friends lived. He was greeted by their two small sons, whose first words were "How do you get to have such a fine car?" Bernhardt replied, "When you're bigger, perhaps you'll have a car like this." But he wasn't very happy with this answer.



When the Fischers return home, they don't stop thinking about their friends in Magdeburg. They write weekly. They send parcels containing chocolate, stockings, shoes, and things for carpentry, like nails. Their friends have a small ceremony when such a parcel arrives. They wait, even for a day or two, until they can collect the whole family together. The parcel is then placed on the dining table, and one of the children is given the prized job of opening it and taking out each wrapped item in turn while everyone guesses whom it is for and what it might be.

Bernhardt learned about this procedure on one of his visits to Magdeburg. He arrived there the same day as one of his parcels, which he had mailed several weeks before. Because he wanted to know if everything had got through intact, he asked if it could be opened right away. His host agreed, but with a reluctance that Bernhardt didn't understand. While they were examining the parcel's contents, his host's small daughter entered the room, saw what they were doing, and burst into tears. Bernhardt's host explained the situation: the parcels were like Christmas presents. So Bernhardt helped wrap things up again and retie the parcel, and the ceremony—only slightly dampened—was held the following day.

I GOT up at six-thirty—too soon for breakfast at the Katholische Akademie. People are at work early in West Germany—most offices open at 8 A.M.—and I had to battle my way out of Hamburg against the incoming traffic. When I reached the Schleswig-Holstein countryside, it was a gentle morning with hazy sunshine. The land was flat at first, almost Dutch. Trees along the edges of watery fields stood in folds of mist. The light was of the pink-gold sort one sees in the paintings of Caspar David Friedrich, the early-nineteenth-century German artist—a light that seemed a little at odds with the fact that the fields were a particularly vivid green. Occasionally, a field had become a camping site; a woods was being cleared for a small settlement of holiday cottages. Now and then, to the east, a gray watchtower appeared among the trees, or over a far hedge, and I knew the border was there.

Just before noon, I reached the Elbe River, near Lauenburg, crossed it, and travelled along its south bank to the village of Bleckede. The border for some eighty kilometres along here follows the river—though, having said that, I have to add that the facts of the matter are a little less precise, this being the last section of the border which remains in dispute between the Federal Republic and the G.D.R. The West Germans claim that the border should run along the north bank of the river—where, in fact, the East Germans have built their fence system—while the East Germans claim, seemingly with greater modesty, that the border should be taken as running down the center line of the river, which here flows from the southeast toward the northwest. The Elbe is wide, the country flat on either side, with extensive water meadows, great areas of marsh, and plump, grassy riverbanks to keep floodwaters out of the fields beyond. But the deep-water channel of the Elbe does not necessarily run along the middle of the river, and the big barges moving by—and even the shallow-draft East German patrol boats—have to follow a course that winds first near one bank, then the other, and that is always changing.

I learned some of these things that afternoon while cruising on the Elbe in a West German customs patrol boat. I knew from reading I'd done before setting out that the East and West German governments had agreed in 1972 to set up a commission to handle some of the then unresolved border problems: this was a step forward from the lack of coöperation that had marked relations between the two states till then. The Grenzkommission got going a year later, overcame initial distrust, and established a businesslike atmosphere for coping with technical problems of the border. An early task was to define exactly where the border was. In a number of places, the occupation forces had altered the frontiers specified in the London Protocol, which had crudely followed old provincial borders. Documents had to be dug out of archives, the ground surveyed, marker posts put up, and stones replaced. Surveyors went out in teams made up of members from both Germanys and faced occasional difficulties because of their slightly different survey methods. But now the only section of the border that remains to be fixed is along this part of the Elbe, and

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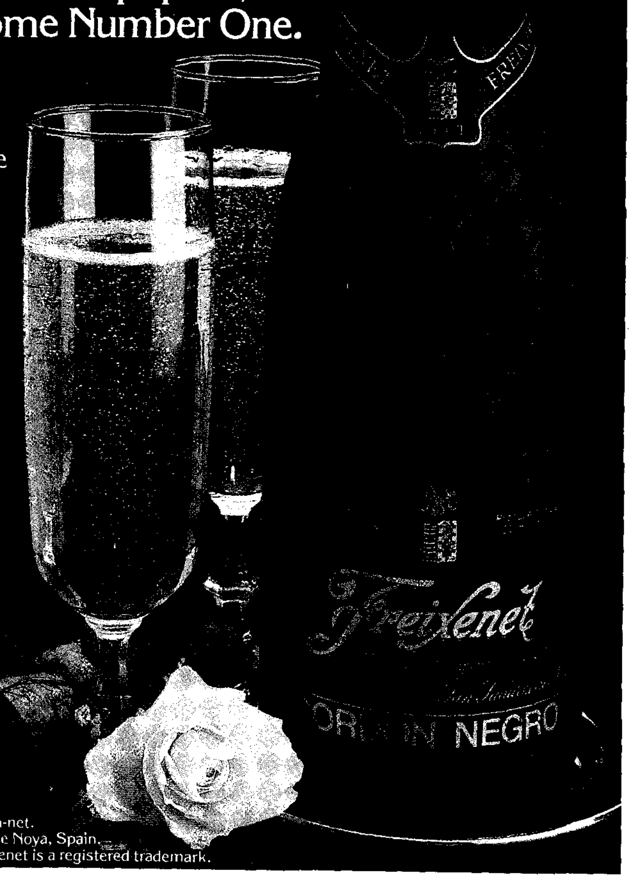

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the two sides have agreed that since no solution seems satisfactory to both of them they had best shelve the matter. A lecturer in contemporary politics I met later said that this was a British solution: "You don't solve the problem, you just live with it."

Yet, generally speaking, the Grenzkommission seems to have found German solutions—by thrashing things out, many practical problems have not become political problems. The commission meets about eight times a year, alternating between places East and West. It has worked out the sharing of water from border rivers, problems of waste disposal, and how to handle open-cast mining in an area traversed by the border. It has introduced twelve direct telephone lines of the sort I'd seen at Schlutup, so that border forces on the two sides could speedily coöperate in the event of emergencies like floods, fires, health hazards, or day-to-day farm problems like loose cows. The commission has deliberately kept aloof from most of the life-and-death aspects of the border: it won't discuss escapes or questions of compensation for injuries on the border. It has, however, dealt with the tricky business of river navigation where, as on the Elbe, boats are sometimes forced to cross what one state may consider the dividing line. The G.D.R. has agreed that its forces will not shoot at a vessel that is compelled by, say, low water or loss of control to move onto what they consider to be the East German side of a river.

Shortly before I set off on this trip, I had talked with Frau von Rottenburg, a West German government lawyer who serves on the commission. At meetings, members of one state sit opposite members from the other state at a long table, but small, less formal working groups are often set up to handle special issues. "Camaraderie" would be too strong a word for the atmosphere, Frau von Rottenburg said, yet the members meet not only at working sessions but at dinners given by municipalities in which the commission has sat. "We don't share many jokes," she said. "I don't think Communists have a very well-developed sense of humor—at least, not one that they are prepared to show in front of political opponents. But it is possible to have friendly conversations with them, to talk about hobbies or sports."

On the river, the Zoll boat motored out of the creek that forms the harbor

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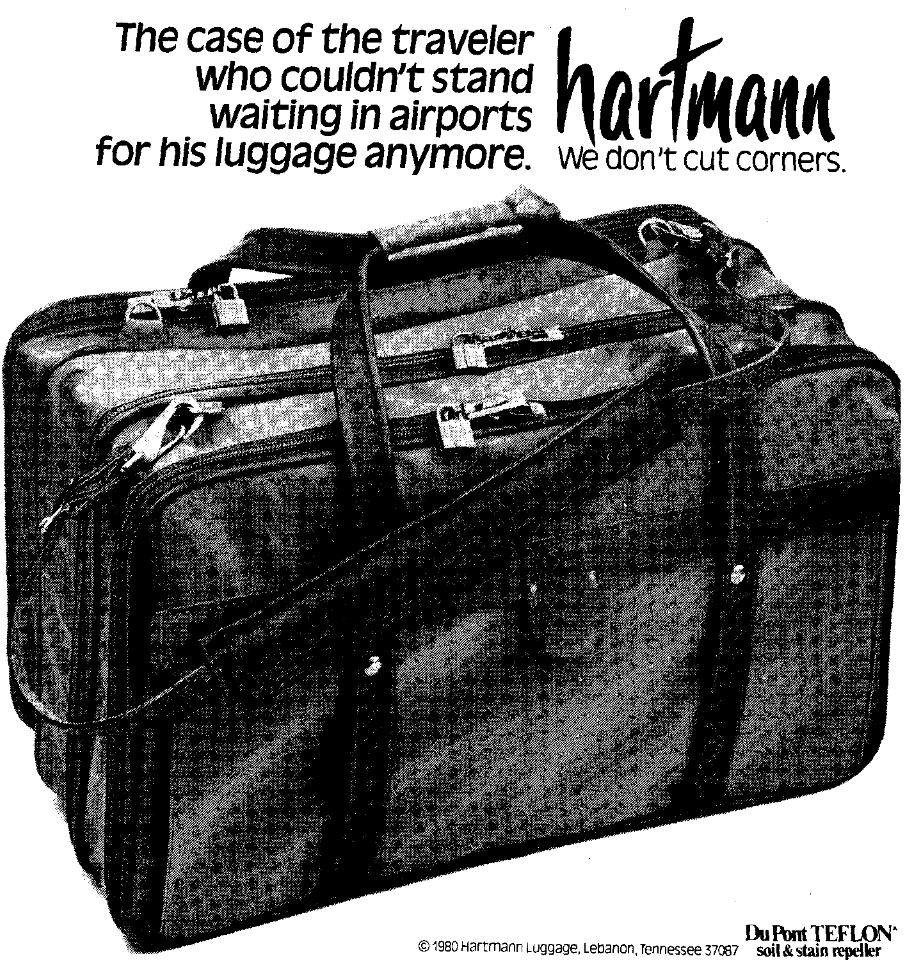
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of Bleckede. On the far side of the river, the water was high against the green banks. Beyond was the red tile roof of a farm—farmhouse and barn merged together, as is the case in Friesland and in Denmark. A watchtower stood close by the farm, and between the farm and the river ran the fence. I had already had several different reactions to the fence. I had been curious; I had been amazed; I had been horrified; now—suddenly—in this place of great beauty, I felt furious. To live on that farm and not to be able to walk down to the water that lapped against the riverbank! Not to be able to paddle, or fish, or skip a stone, or push out in a rowboat, or sit at the edge with one's feet in the water! These struck me as deprivations more tangible than not having a genuine vote or the right to travel to Lübeck or New York.

The boat, a broad-beamed fibreglass thirty-footer, overtook a string of barges pummelling their way upstream. Ducks took off at our approach and flew into the G.D.R. In some places, the fence passed out of sight behind islands or marshes, intersected by creeks into which the wake of the Zoll boat travelled when we were well past. Near the little town of Schnackenburg, about sixty-five kilometres upriver from Bleckede, Zoll officials examine every barge coming out of East Germany and the patrol boat's chief job is coping with emergencies on the river and showing the flag. As we passed the village of Konau, on the East German side, one of the officials pointed out a place where the fence was down—undermined by recent floods. Armed guards were watching over the men who were making repairs.

A ferry used to run between Darchau, the next G.D.R. village, and Neu Darchau, in Lower Saxony; now the fence cut off access to the cobbled Darchau ferry slip. Near there, I spotted three goats on the East German riverbank; they were on the river side of the fence, and were presumably West German goats that had swum over for greener pastures. We passed one of the square watchtowers, and were peered at through binoculars and duly photographed; one of the cylindrical-columned towers was standing nearby. "They had to build the square towers because the others weren't very strong," one of the Zoll men said. "A few of them have fallen down." He sounded pleased that the G.D.R.'s efforts to perfect its border

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now and again came up against the force of human error.

I SPENT the night in Bleckede, in a small hotel on the riverbank, the Landhaus an der Elbe. There were few other guests: a pair of elderly ladies, who spent most of the evening playing a German sort of Scrabble with lettered dice, and a middle-aged couple—lovebirds, I thought—who appeared briefly for drinks in the bar and then hastened back to their room. I talked after dinner with Herr Schacht, the proprietor, and his daughter Marion. Herr Schacht was a large, cheerful man in his sixties. He said the hotel was generally full on weekends and all summer long with people from Hamburg and West Berlin—the Berliners drove like maniacs to get here and relax. He referred to the authorities on the other side of the river as "the Russians." The G.D.R. was still the Soviet Zone for him; the border was "the *Zonengrenze*." Before the war, Bleckede had been a market town for the other side of the river as well—farm produce was brought over by ferry, and customers from across the river came to buy in Bleckede's shops. Everyone over here had relatives over there. Bleckede was a good deal less busy now, but visitors—guests of his hotel—came for the quiet and the river view.

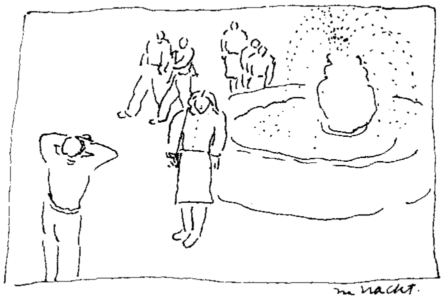
After she had finished cooking and helping serve the dinner, Marion Schacht sat down. We had a brandy together. She was in her early twenties, born in Bleckede, and had recently come back from working at the Kensington Hilton, in London. For her, Bleckede was beautiful but a bit on the peaceful side. The only people moving in were West Berliners, who after visiting for a while built summer houses and retired here. They saw the water and the grass and somehow didn't see the other side of the river; and perhaps they also wanted to be as close as possible to their other home, Berlin. Marion felt in a similar way about the border. She had grown up with the fence, which was before her eyes all the time, so that she saw it but didn't see it. The other side of the river was like a mysterious foreign country; she had never been there. You heard rumors about who was living in houses you could see on the riverbank—generally officers or Party officials or agricultural functionaries, because you had to be highly trusted to live so close to the border. Highly trusted or very old. One house over there was burned down by the G.D.R. authorities three years ago, after its occupants died. Marion said that people in Bleckede were sure that the G.D.R. officials knew all about them. "We know they are looking at us all the time through their binoculars, making notes, taking photographs. But we are used to it."

The Schachts asked me to sign their visitors' book, and as I leafed through the entries of the last six years and read the grateful comments of the hotel's guests—"Fine food!" "Excellent company!" "A lovely spot!"—I couldn't find a single mention of or allusion to the border.

I GOT an early start again and drove along the south bank of the Elbe on a road that wound sometimes near the river and sometimes up and down the forested slopes nearby. There was very little traffic on the Elbuferstrasse, as it is called, apart from a few yellow post vans, collecting or delivering mail.

At the former ferry landing at Neu Darchau, the cobbled lane ran down into the waters of the Elbe. Out in the channel, two Czech barges were heading for home. There were swans, willows, a black steel skiff anchored in the reeds. Only a pair of watchtowers across the river disturbed the serenity; they were like the gibbets in a landscape by Bruegel. I assumed that the man in civilian clothes sitting near the landing and staring at the reeds with binoculars was a bird-watcher, for Marion Schacht had said that the quiet of the border area was good for wildlife, and particularly along the Elbe, where some of Europe's rarest species of birds are to be spotted. I saw a stork, big wings beating slowly, long legs sticking back.

I paused in the market town of Dannenberg to buy a new road map, covering the next part of the journey. From there, the road ran along a low dike lined with chestnuts. I passed through Gorleben, where there is much anxiety about the construction of a nuclear-waste-disposal facility. Outside Gorleben, a group protesting against the facility had set up a trestle table by the roadside. A young man behind the table told me that they were particularly concerned because the authorities were affecting to have a period of contemplation and claiming that nothing would happen for a long time; but all the while (so the protesters felt) plans for the facility were going ahead. Test drillings at the Gorleben site had gone down a thousand metres, into a salt dome. The authorities say the site would be only a temporary one, but local people think that temporary can easily become permanent; they are concerned that salt domes could rise, eventually bringing a deposit to the surface, or be penetrated by water if the Elbe ever changed its course; they are scared of the effect on local farms, milk, water, wildlife; they don't like the secrecy surrounding the facility—no one has a clear idea of how it would work—nor do they like the power that the atomic-energy authorities have to move and dispose of nuclear waste without consulting in a meaningful fashion the people of the area.



Schnackenburg was as far east as I could go. It is a village that has seen more vital days: it gained the right to call itself a *Stadt*, or city, as early as 1373. It has six hundred inhabitants and a wealth of picturesque houses, constructed with wooden posts and brick infill (the Germans call them *Fachwerkhäuser*). Many of the houses were being restored with the help of state funds. At 11:30 A.M., the streets and cobbled sidewalks of Schnackenburg were deserted save for a few small children playing a game of ball. From the high river wall, I looked down a wide stretch of the Elbe to the bend, a kilometre or so distant, where it ceases to form the border and becomes East German on both banks.

From Schnackenburg, it was back out of the bulge: west, west-southwest, then south—a long detour through villages whose roads to places nearby were often cut by the border. I had to consult my new map (on which the border was shown as a thick purple line) every five minutes or so. Now and then, the East German watchtowers loomed over the ridge of a rolling field, causing a renewed shock each time I saw them. There were frequent belts of trees and small copses, and as I drove farther south the effect of these woods began to accumulate. From a distance, there was often the illusion of a forest running behind the fence. When I looked with half-closed eyes at the woods and copses, those in the foreground and those in the middle distance seemed to merge, and I could imagine the old endless Germanic forests, which once covered the interior of this continent, and in which anyone who had to read Caesar's "Gallic War" at school, as I had, could picture as from a relic of race memory all sorts of primitive and horrible happenings.

In the early afternoon, I reached Brome, a small town that sits at the base of a mitten-shaped bulge into East Germany. In Brome are the modern municipal offices of a district council that looks after eighteen villages, and I stopped there to meet Hans Schönecke, the council's chief executive. Schönecke, a handsome man in his early thirties, took me on a short walking tour, through a new park with a lake, toward the border. The West German government, aware of the difficulties that face border communities, has set aside several hundred million marks a year to help them. In Brome, some of these funds have gone for developing the park, for restoring the local museum, and for improving schools and roads. The West German government also gives special incentives and subsidies to industries in the border areas, but Brome has very little industry to be helped. Although people go on building new houses here, because land is cheaper than in larger, busier places, most men in Brome drive to work daily in Wolfsburg, twenty kilometres to the south.

Beyond the park, we came soon enough to the signs: "Halt! Hier Grenze." We walked single file along a narrow track through some thin woods, with the fence just visible, a gray screen. "This is the old border between Hannover and Anhalt-Saxony," Schönecke said. "Now it is the border with Moscow." I could hear a tractor working in a G.D.R. field. Schönecke said, "We grow the same crops they do. It's somehow strange to see the fields side by side, with the border between—corn, sugar beets, potatoes. And we both have the same black-and-white cows."

Two Zoll men came by, pushing bicycles, accompanied by German shepherds. We exchanged "Good day"s. A second G.D.R. tractor was working in the area between the border and the fence, and two border troops were keeping an eye on it. "They have to keep clearing the shrubbery and saplings," Schönecke said. "Along here, in the strip between the fences they still have mines, and sometimes in the middle of the night we hear them go off. A few years ago, there was a little forest fire here that spread from the G.D.R., and forty-seven mines exploded. But elderly men who have hunted all their lives say that lately the border has been good from that point of view—there are more pheasants, deer, and hares than ever."

I took a room for the night in a comfortable *pension* run by the Jurgens family. I talked for a while with young Jurgens, who works in the Brome post office and, with his wife, helps his parents run the *pension;* business is good. Several salesmen were staying there, and so were two long-term guests—Poles who worked at the Volkswagen plant in Wolfsburg. The *pension* was fully booked for the following weekend, when a reunion was being held in Brome and the neighboring village of Zicherie for people who had once lived in the area of the G.D.R. due east of here, known as the Altmark. A thousand people were expected. There would be singing, dancing, and eating—particularly of Altmärker Tiegelbraten—and, of course, beer drinking. A happy occasion, though some would shed tears. Young Jurgens said that he had first cousins living in the Altmark—at Ristedt, eight kilometres east of Brome. Before the border was sealed, Ristedt was twenty minutes away; it took three or four hours to reach it now by way of the nearest automobile border crossing, at Helmstedt. It also took three or four weeks to get the required permission. He went only once a year now that the trip had become so expensive, though it was worth it for his children to play with his cousin's children.

In the course of a stroll that evening around Brome, I dropped in at what appeared to be the most flourishing pub, the Gasthaus Schmidt. According to young Jurgens, this pub and half of Brome had been in Soviet hands at the end of the war until the local commanders made practical adjustments to the old provincial boundaries. Now the Gasthaus was certainly in native hands. I was welcomed in with a barrage of ribald and cheerful remarks; made to declare my place of origin and my purpose in Brome; and soon involved in several rounds of drinks. The drink was beer, from the tap, at 1.10 Deutsche marks a glass. A one-eyed man who was quite drunk—like several others in the crowded room—kept calling me Tommy and alternately slapping me hard between the shoulders and trying to strangle me. Perhaps he had some scene of war in his memory which needed to be expiated. In any event, no one seemed to regard his behavior as in any way unusual, and while fending him off I talked to one of the customs men whom I'd seen that afternoon with bicycle and dog, and who introduced himself as Norbert Hünting.

A man in his late thirties, blond, and with an incipient portliness, Hünting told me that he had been stationed in Brome for twelve years and liked it. The perfected G.D.R. border meant that not much happened here. The last escapes in this area had been in 1976, when four G.D.R. officers—who had known each other since kindergarten—managed to get across the fence together one night, before SM-70s were installed. Now the busiest time on the border was in summer, when tourists, flower lovers, mushroom pickers, and the like often strayed over the line, were arrested by G.D.R. troops, and were generally kept for two or three days before being released; then the B.G.S. would question them about what had happened to them and what they had seen in East Germany.

Hünting talked with the air of the man on the spot, whose understanding of events was superior to that of the higher-ups in Bonn. Clearly, he enjoyed his job. He was proud of the feet-on-the-ground and local-knowledge approach of the Zoll. He had liked accompanying one of the G.D.R. officers (now an engineer) who escaped in 1976 on a recent visit to the place on the border in Brome where he had come across. Hünting said, "He just stood there and said, 'How did we ever make it?' " And in Brome itself Hünting was obviously fond of being a kind of village policeman, who could bask in the warm regard of the habitués of the Gasthaus Schmidt. "Hünting's a good fellow, isn't he?" one of them said to me, not insincerely but with a smile that suggested he knew that Hünting liked to be praised. As for the border—well, Hünting didn't think it was going to go away. It was a fact of life in Brome. It had, he thought, forced people together. The spirit in Brome was good, even cheerful. And perhaps the border wasn't altogether bad for business, either. There was going to be the Altmark reunion this coming weekend. And now on summer weekends tour buses were beginning to show up from Holland, Belgium, France, and various parts of Germany with parties eager to see the border.

ZICHERIE, a few kilometres south of Brome, is well known in Germany as a divided village. The tour buses visit it, as do West German TV crews, and schoolchildren are brought there from various parts of the Federal Republic to learn about the border. Zicherie lies between the fence and the main road—a small collection of farmhouses, barns, cottages, and new houses, with seemingly as many tractors as cars, and with chickens wandering in the street. Before the war, Zicherie formed one community with the village of Böckwitz, a few hundred metres to the east. Now, where the road to Böckwitz is barred at the border, there are the placards and display cases that I've begun to recognize as usual in these circumstances. Zicherie, one sign informs me, had two hundred and fifty people living in it until 1939; four hundred and fifty after 1945 (presumably because of the flood of refugees from the East); and two hundred and fifty again today. Forty-five work in Zicherie, the rest in Wolfsburg. Some still have relatives living in Böckwitz. On a stone set up in 1958 are incised the words "DEUTSCHLAND IST UNTEILBAR"—"Germany is indivisible." Now toilets have been built for visitors coming to see the evidence of divided Germany. Behind the first G.D.R. fence is a concrete wall, running several hundred yards in either direction, and between fence and wall is one of the cylindrical watchtowers, from which comes the sound of a radio. Now that I know that these older towers have occasionally collapsed, none of them seems to me absolutely vertical.

I walk along a little track beside the border at the foot of various back gardens. Apples on apple trees; rhubarb and flowers; birds. An old lady is weeding a flower bed. I say good morning to her, but she ignores me; she looks right through me. Possibly, I am associated with things she has managed to put out of her mind. A dog looks out from the open door of a barn with greater interest in who is going by. The path is edged with dandelions and cow parsley. As I come round a bend, I see two G.D.R. border soldiers standing right next to the border, looking up a lane into Zicherie; neither appears to see me. I walk on quietly and have a strong urge to say "Boo!" When they do at last notice me, one grins to himself self-consciously; the other pulls out a camera and takes four or five photographs of me. From the lane, a middle-aged man and woman appear; they approach the red-and-white painted barrier and stand there talking in English. Suddenly, I realize that the woman is walking round the end of the barrier and is setting off toward the G.D.R. fence on a course that will take her right past the G.D.R. men. I call out to her before she has gone more than a few steps, and beckon her back. I explain that the signs mean what they say—the fence is well within G.D.R. territory.

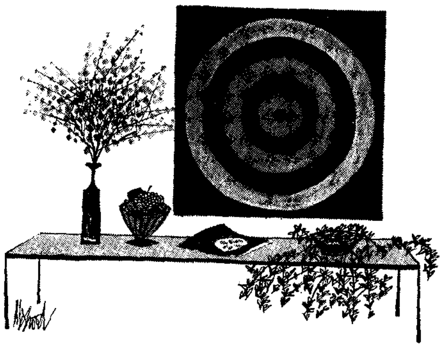
She looks at the two soldiers. "Oh," she says. "I thought they were ours."

She was born in Wolfsburg; she and her husband, an American, live in the state of Washington; she has brought him here to show him the border for the first time. He seems, I think, a little pale. He looks at the G.D.R. men and their guns and then at his wife, and says, "What do you think . . ."

I say, "Well, I'm told they generally keep you two or three days." I don't mention more serious incidents that I know have occurred.

But he is already convinced I have done something pretty great—maybe even saved his wife's life. He writes out their names and address. He says, "If you ever get to Washington, look us up."

I DROVE toward Helmstedt, a marketing and coal-mining town on the border. Flat, open countryside rose slowly to low, forested hills in the south. Good tank country, I was thinking as I came round a bend and saw a pair of British Army Chieftain tanks parked beside the road, with their crews on the grass having a midday siesta. In some respects, this is still the British Zone. There are British military bases in several places in northwestern Germany. The British Army of the Rhine (as it is called, though it is stationed east of that river) forms part of the NATO land forces, which are intended to halt a Warsaw Pact offensive against the West, should it ever come.



At Helmstedt, the Autobahn from Hannover crosses the border. It is the main road link between West Germany and Berlin, a hundred and eighty-eight kilometres to the east. I joined the Autobahn for a kilometre or so and took the turnoff just before the border inspection point. Here, in a dip below the Autobahn, was a small group of buildings which included a British military roadhouse and the headquarters of the Autobahn Control Detachment of 247 (Berlin) Provost Company of the British Royal Military Police. Here war is not very far away: neither the Second World War, whose concluding arrangements created the structure in which the work of the military police goes on, nor the war that might conceivably come. The Helmstedt post would become a forward command post, for however short a time, if the balloon went up. In one corner of the post commander's office lay his pack and his steel helmet, at the ready. The commander was Major Philip Smyth, M.B.E., R.M.P.—known as Paddy Smyth, because of some Irish blood. A chunky man who looks like a mixture of James Cagney and Winston Churchill, he insures that the Allied right to road access to Berlin, agreed upon in the Potsdam Treaty of 1945, is exercised daily. He is the senior officer of the various Allied troops stationed at the Autobahn checkpoint—a military presence paid for largely by the West Berlin government, which, in turn, is funded largely by the West German government. The Major told me that he has a good working relationship with the Russians, who have a similar presence on the other side of the border crossing. "They're correct and precise," he said. "Sometimes one wishes for a little human fallibility to show as well. It's pretty boring that they're so predictable. If they make any mistakes, they are the last people to acknowledge it. They're always pushing a bit, seeing how far they can go with you."

I drove up to the Autobahn checkpoint with Major Smyth in an elderly black Ford Taunus with a British military-police driver. The checkpoint resembled a mammoth highway toll station, but at its booths civilian cars and trucks, coming and going, stopped for document inspection and possible customs inspection. Allied military personnel heading for West Berlin are directed to a separate building, where their papers are examined and they are given a briefing on what to do, and what not to do, on the Autobahn journey. The Allied travellers are given a military-movement order, with a translation in Russian; all military dealings in regard to the Autobahn are with the Russians, not the East Germans. The drivers are warned not to leave the austere four-lane Autobahn, and not to stop and park in any areas occupied by Soviet or East German troops. Moreover, they should not take less than two hours for the journey, because a shorter time will involve breaking the hundred-kilometre-per-hour East German speed limit, and trouble with the Autobahn police, who will have to call in the Russians. If the Allied travellers don't turn up within five hours, the British military police will come looking for them.

As we stood on the steps of the military-control station, all sorts of traffic streamed through the checkpoint, which the military people call Checkpoint Alpha. (Bravo is at the other end—at the gate to West Berlin.) A thousand trucks a day go through. At that moment, there were a number of East German trucks, a West German truck carrying buttermilk to West Berlin, and a Russian truck pulling a United States container.

I said I assumed that the control was more rigorous at the other checkpoint, visible half a mile away, where the Russians dealt with the Allied military people, and the East Germans dealt with the civilians.

The Major said, "Don't assume they're slipshod here. The details of all drivers are punched out for the West German police computer, and results come back in a few seconds. Yesterday, the B.G.S. here identified a young Britisher as someone who'd been sentenced in West Germany to eighteen months but escaped. He was apparently trying to drive through to friends in West Berlin. A Helmstedt judge has remanded him in custody."

As the Major led me up onto the roof of the military-control station, he told me that several rooms inside were thickly lined with concrete and metal, to prevent Soviet eavesdropping. The actual border was about seventy-five metres away. "You'll see the sun flash on their binoculars when they spot us up here," said the Major. There was a big square G.D.R. watchtower not far off, and I counted eleven others ranged round the checkpoint, where the fences came down to the edge of the Autobahn. I could hear dogs. "By now, they'll have a camera trained on us, too," Major Smyth said. "They keep an eye on our checkpoint all the time. If they see a vehicle trying to escape through their checkpoint, they can block the exit with a barrier—a heavy concrete-loaded affair that is shot hydraulically across the roadway. Naturally, at night the whole place is ablaze with lights. The stark reality of it is pretty offensive, don't you think?"

Every day, Major Smyth sends two of his men in a Range Rover up the Autobahn to Berlin and back. They call the round trip "the sweep." Most such trips are without incident, but now and then they find an Allied vehicle that has broken down or been involved in an accident.

"On a sunny Sunday, you could almost believe that Germany was reunited," the Major said. "There on the Autobahn are cars from both Germanys. I sometimes think that many of the East German drivers may be driving on it just for the cosmopolitan atmosphere, among the cars and people from other countries. But then none of the people from other countries may leave the Autobahn, and the East Germans have to leave it before it reaches either West Berlin or the border."

Major Smyth had several interests apart from his job: he kept pet peacocks; he was studying to become a barrister; and he read a great deal of history. In Helmstedt, he often talked about history and modern times with Klaus Lüders, who is the director of an institute for the study of intra-German relations which is housed on a suburban Helmstedt road half a mile from the military-police post; individuals and groups from all over West Germany came to it for seminars and discussions. Lüders, a very tall man of about forty, dropped by the post after dinner; he, Major Smyth, and I sat on the veranda of the roadhouse with glasses of whiskey. A new moon was rising. There was the steady noise of Autobahn traffic and the occasional cawing cries of the Major's peacocks. I asked Lüders what he thought of the chances of German reunification—and what West Germans thought of it.

"The question to ask first is 'Who are the Germans?' " Lüders said. "And then, as for chances of reunification, how deeply felt and how widespread are feelings on the subject? The first article of the West German constitution holds out hopes for a united Germany at some time in the future. June 17th, the anniversary of the 1953 workers' demonstrations in East Berlin, is celebrated here as the Day of German Unity. But in a thousand years of its history Germany has been united for only some seventy-five years."

I had been told by an official in Bonn that the government, following the constitution, took the position that West Germans should work for the reunification of Germany in perhaps thirty or forty years' time; they should do so by practical methods—for instance, by way of the efforts of the Grenzkommission to reduce tensions, by family visits to East Germany, and by subsidizing the trips of East German pensioners to the West. In 1976, a poll found that about two-thirds of the West Germans thought that reunification was important but roughly the same percentage thought that it was unlikely to come about. In 1968, Chancellor Kurt George Kiesinger talked of "the will of a great people to regain its unity." In 1970, Chancellor Willy Brandt talked of making a fresh start toward the day when "the partition of our nation can . . . be overcome." A few years ago, one of the leaders of the Social Democratic Party, Herbert Wehner, suggested in articles in *Der Spiegel* that the two Germanys might be able to draw closer together in a neutral confederation. Now and again, the idea has been used by the East Germans as a weapon for exploiting differences seen to exist in West Germany in regard to defense or policy toward the East Bloc. Erich Honecker, the Chairman of the East German Council of State, suggested at a recent Party meeting that once West Germany became socialist the two German states would be reunited. It's hard to tell if he had his tongue in his cheek.

But what politicians say and what people feel are often far apart. Lüders said, "At one of our discussion groups, if I ask young people from near the Rhine what Germany is, at least half will say 'West Germany.' The rest will say 'The two German states.' I think it is important to ask this question—to make people think about it, and ask themselves how we reached this point. They must ask, 'How did this come to be—this border, these two states?' And to find an answer they must reflect on the history of the Cold War, of the Second World War, of Hitler, and of the failure of the Weimar Republic. All this can be explained only in terms of the past and what the German people brought upon themselves. It is too easy to push all this aside, to suppress it. We must talk about our national identity rationally, frequently, and not leave the subject to extremists from right or left. There should be no great gaps, no long silences."

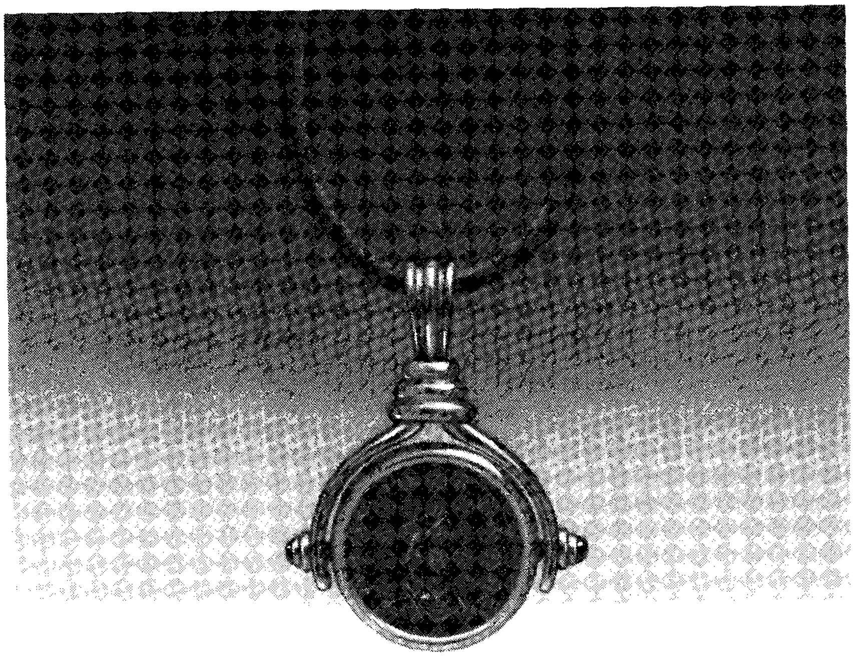
I said that so far I hadn't noticed much passionate reaction to the border.

"Well, it's difficult to remain constantly excited about something for twenty or thirty years. So we seem calm. Yet there is a real tension between our everyday response to the border, and all it stands for, and our response to its grotesqueness. For example, there is a man here in Helmstedt whose grandmother died in a town a few kilometres away in East Germany. He applied for permission to attend her funeral, and he received permission two days after she had been buried. You may think much of the time that the border is something remote, something maintained by conditions created by politicians in Washington and Moscow—until you are given a sharp reminder like that of how it affects an individual right here."

"One way it affects me as an individual is that people in Helmstedt think I'm the person to bring complaints to," Major Smyth said. "Someone called me yesterday and said, 'A Russian driver has just parked his truck outside my house. Please send your soldiers at once to take it away.' "

I had been given a guest room attached to the Sergeants' Mess. It had a window from which, before it got dark, I had noticed a West German striped border marker, just visible in some trees at the bottom of a grassy slope. Lüders had said, as he left, that the military-police post was near the site of an early monastery; from places such as this, on what was then a religious border, missionaries had gone out to convert the pagan tribes in the East. I lay in bed listening to the sound of the Autobahn—the international sound of traffic. The Major's peacocks were silent.

AMONG the numerous embassies in London's Belgrave Square are those of the Federal Republic of Germany and the German Democratic Republic. They have similar addresses and similar buildings, and confusion can arise. One of the things that an



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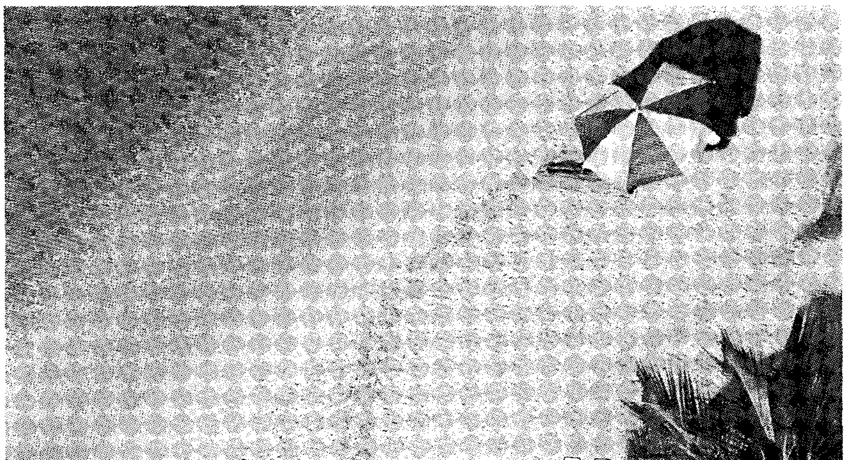

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official of the G.D.R. Embassy said to me when I called up one day, earlier in the year, to ask about the possibilities of travelling for a while along his country's border had been "Are you sure you've got the right German Embassy?" When I said yes, I was sure, he had asked me to come by later in the week for a talk about my proposed journey.

I rang the buzzer at the immensely stout front door and spoke my name into an intercom. I had, I said, an appointment with Mr. Steiner. "A moment," said a voice. I waited several minutes, and then the door opened. A man looked out, said brusquely "Please wait," and shut the door firmly. I waited. I leaned against a pillar of the porch and watched the taxis swish around Belgrave Square. A few more minutes passed. Then the door opened and a woman invited me in. Down the stairs came a middle-aged man with thinning hair and big steel-framed spectacles—Mr. Steiner. He apologized for not taking me up to his office; it was being redecorated. We sat down in a corner of a small ground-floor reception area, where a few chairs were placed around a low table with a base made of perforated panels. (Easily wired for recordings, I thought.) Coffee came, and Mr. Steiner made a pleasantry about how even in the midst of emergencies, like redecorating, the coffee continued to be served. "And so?" Mr. Steiner said, genially, his glasses flashing in the light from overhead.

I told him of my intention of travelling across Europe along or near to the dividing line. I didn't use the term "Iron Curtain." It would be interesting, I thought, to drive into the G.D.R.—say, at Helmstedt—and spend four or five days wandering south as close to the border as was permitted, and come back into West Germany, perhaps near Worbis. I was a British citizen. Probably, I said, I had some preconceptions. (I might have said suspicions.) But I would try to keep my mind as open as could be.

"Ah," said Mr. Steiner; he did not sound very convinced. He stared at me for a moment. "Well, let me tell you our position. We in the German Democratic Republic deplore the division of Germany very much. It is unnatural, it is dreadful—but it is history now. There has been a separate development of the two German states for more than thirty years. Despite our common heritage and common language, there is no foreseeable chance of reunification." He stirred his coffee. We both took sips from our cups. He said, "We have our problems. We still have to wait for a long time to buy a car. There are some housing shortages. But we are sensitive to being treated as less than equal. We want full recognition by West Germany of the G.D.R. as a state. We want ambassadors exchanged, not just representatives."

Mr. Steiner told me that he had grown up in Thuringia, not far from the Bavarian border town of Coburg. After 1952, when the border was hardened by Grotewohl's government, it had been difficult for ordinary people to cope with the fact that they couldn't go and spend a weekend in Bavaria anymore. They couldn't understand why this development was necessary. Now most people accept this as necessary—particularly the young, born since the separation.

He seemed fond of the word "development," referring to "our socialist development," "our different development."

He introduced, quite diffidently, the fact that "our way of doing things" made necessary, for what I wanted to do, a journalist's visa and a guide-interpreter, who would accompany me and arrange interviews. I would have to stay in approved hotels—modern five-star hotels, of course—and I would have to go to East Berlin for a briefing at the International Press Center, where all foreign journalists were received.

I said that I didn't particularly feel the need for briefings and that going to East Berlin first might interrupt what I thought of as a continuous journey. I didn't make a practice of staying in modern five-star hotels anywhere in the world, as they tended to be not much help to one who was interested in locality and conversation.

Mr. Steiner said that he understood my objections to that sort of hotel, but that unfortunately the G.D.R.'s socialist development had not so far got around to the construction of smaller and possibly cozier hostelries. The inns of former times had generally been converted into private dwellings. To give me an idea of the G.D.R., Mr. Steiner handed me some booklets and magazines. Socialist developments seemed to be strongly emphasized in them. He told me what I should include in the letter that I must write requesting a journalist's visa. "I should apply, if I were you, for a longer rather than a shorter visit. That would be more favorably received," he said. I had the impression that he wanted me to feel he was on my side in the forthcoming debate over my application. "I will forward your letter to the International Press Center. You have a definite chance. Though it's a pity you've left it a little late."

The fact is that I'd gone to see Mr. Steiner six weeks before setting off for Germany. It was three months after this, after my journey had been completed, that he called to say that my visa was approved. Too late!

FORTUNATELY, there had been nothing to prevent my crossing East Germany to West Berlin, and this is what I did. Since the car would be a nuisance there, I took the train from Hannover. The diesel locomotive was East German, and so was the rolling stock. I had a seat in a somewhat faded but comfortable first-class compartment, in which only one seat was unoccupied. My fellow-passengers were "older people": two women in what I judged to be their early sixties, one frail old woman in her late seventies, and a distinguished-looking man of perhaps sixty-five. There was an atmosphere of unspoken friendliness, which may have sprung from the fact that we were about to go across East Germany together. At Helmstedt, we took aboard East German ticket inspectors, customs and passport officers, and railway guards in uniform. Just before we reached the border, a strong pulse of anticipation passed through our compartment. The women looked anxiously from window to window. The man went out and stood in the corridor, where he stared forward to catch sight of *die Grenze*. We passed into the area of open-cast coal workings which straddles the border. Over a heap of the brownish excavated coal appeared a watchtower. A fence angled in toward the train, then a second fence. We were in.

The fences turned at right angles and ran along both sides of the tracks, forming a fenced corridor in which the train travelled east. There were no gates. The space needed for the tracks was presumably well sealed by guards and dogs, and well watched from the towers. Tall concrete lamp standards paraded along the fences. And then the fences ceased and we were in a scrubby, uncared-for forest, with young trees too closely packed and many dead trees among them, which lasted for several kilometres. The train pulled to a halt in a station—Marienborn—sealed off from the world beyond by a gray wall topped with barbed wire. One of the women from my compartment joined a few other passengers in hastening along the platform to the hard-currency Inter-Shop. When she returned, she stuffed a plump shopping bag into the already crammed overhead rack and sat down, her face showing the strain of feeling that she had acquired some bargains but not wanting to look too pleased about it. On the platform were only gray-uniformed armed guards, no waiting passengers.

Beyond Marienborn, there was fitful sunshine. The countryside of woods and fields, sun and shadow looked not unlike that of Germany to the west. Around the villages and small towns were the same allotment gardens, with neat vegetable patches and small sheds apparently used as summer cottages; church towers or spires lifted the skyline. Houses looked the same—except, perhaps, for being less well painted. There were the same waterlogged furrows in fields; ducks on ponds; crops being gathered. And some differences: several horse-drawn wagons moving along farm tracks, and, in a siding near Magdeburg, a big black steam locomotive, puffing brown-black smoke into the air as it tugged a freight train.

At Magdeburg, in the late afternoon, armed gray-uniformed men of the G.D.R. Volkspolizei stood between our train, which halted briefly, and a train that stood at a platform filling with commuters. The old woman sitting opposite me pointed out the twin spires of Magdeburg Cathedral. The man took up the challenge of informing the foreign visitor; he pointed through the other window at a forbidding-looking building. "Prison," he said. "For political prisoners." We crossed the Elbe, and what looked like barracks appeared on the south side of the tracks. "Engineers of the Soviet Army," said my guide.

A passport-control officer came in and checked our documents. He stamped my passport and issued me a transit visa. "West Berlin?" he asked.

"*Ja*," I replied.

The train went on to a terminus in East Berlin; some of the passengers were retired East Germans returning from visits to relatives in the

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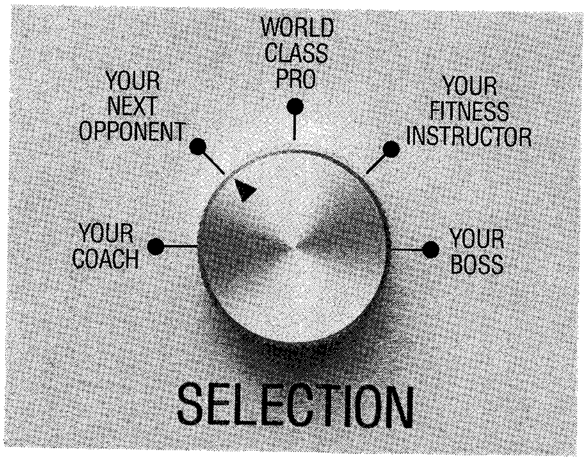

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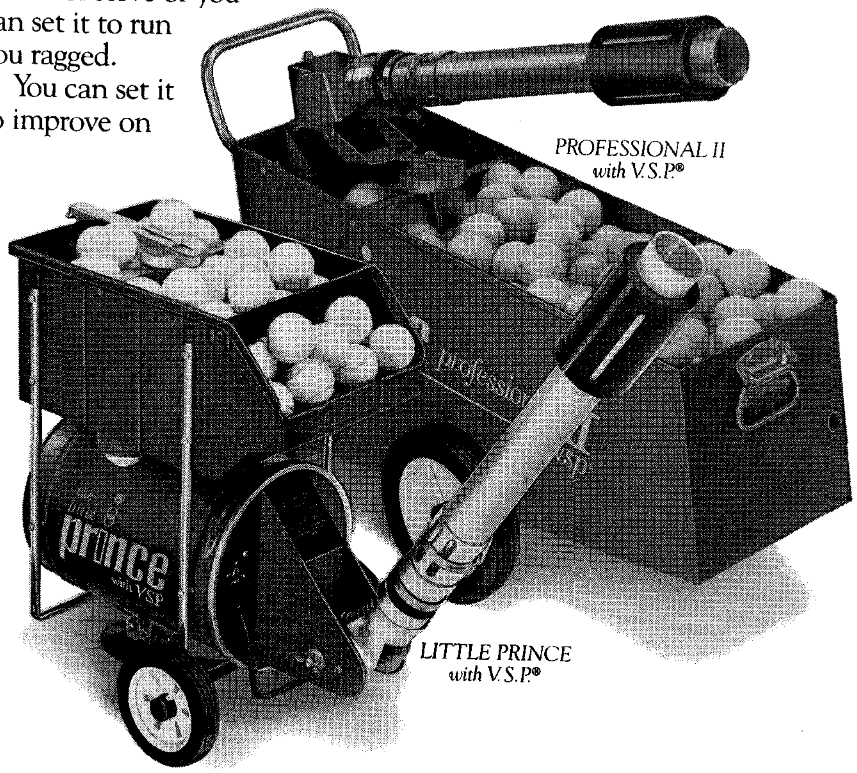

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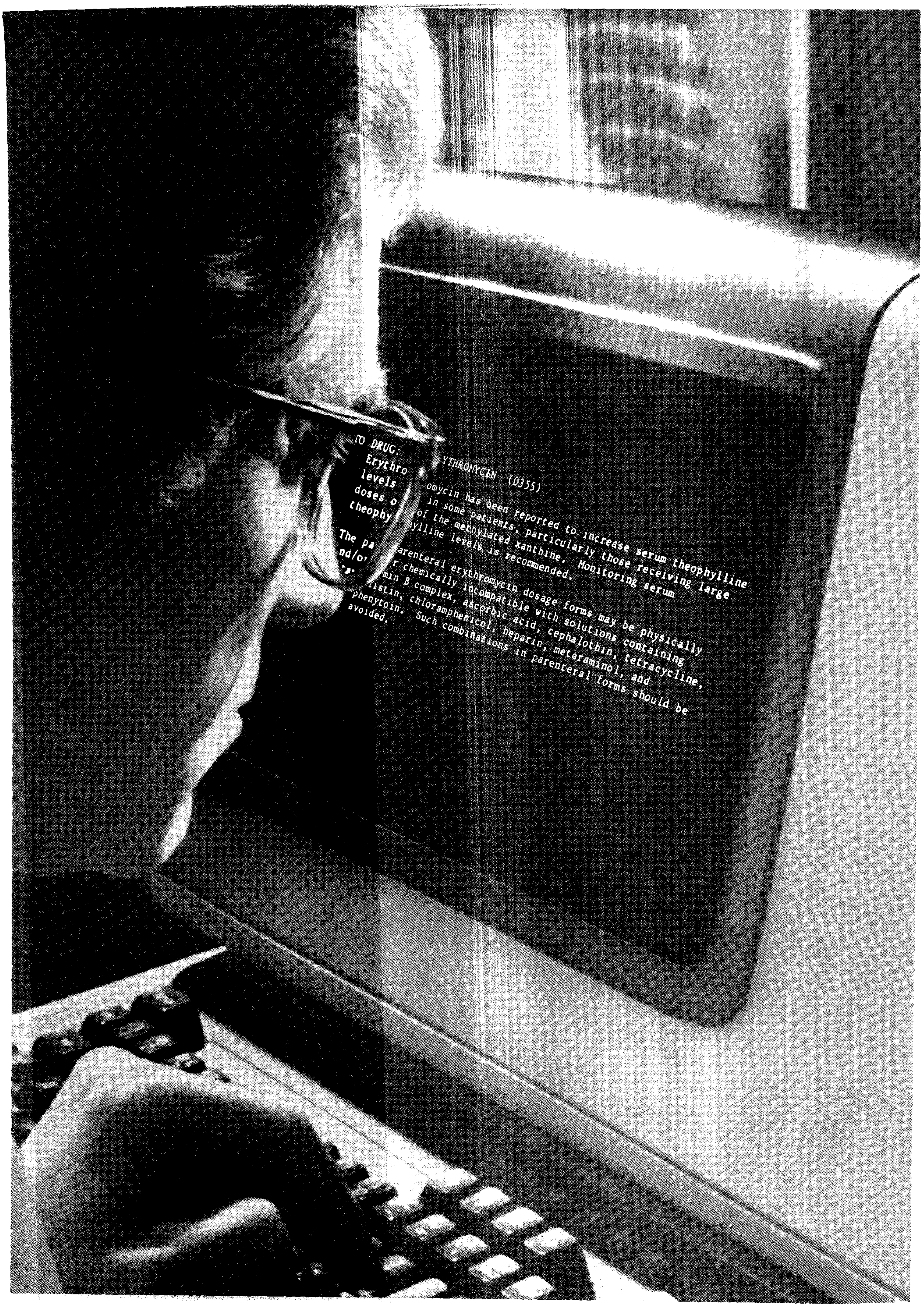

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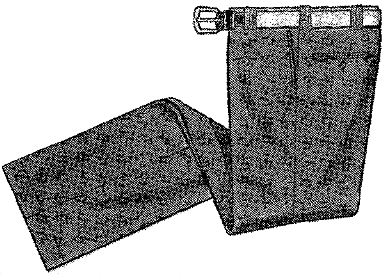

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West. The passport officer wished us all a good journey as he closed the compartment door.

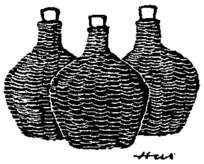
My guide continued to point out occasional landmarks. We flashed by a large rock, close to the track; this and an overhanging tree known as the Biederitz Busch formed a monument to the foundation of the G.D.R. At Werder, he pointed out a Soviet artillery camp and then an old engine shed. "The Kaiser's personal engine was housed here," he said proudly. "Next is Potsdam."

Approaching Potsdam, I saw a sign saying "INTER-HOTEL" and thought of Mr. Steiner. I glimpsed the ruins of a palace in Potsdam. Near there, the August, 1945, agreement was signed. It was twilight as we came to West Berlin. This time, the entrance was through a walled passage that looked like a trench—concrete panels topped by a concrete pipe section, impossible to get a handhold on. Watchtowers and bright lights. Griebnitzsee Station, and Volkspolizei on the platform on each side. Then we had made the jump again—"West Berlin," said my guide—and the train was running through the Grunewald, an extensive forest for a city. Twenty minutes after coming in through the Wall, we were amid the lights of the city center and had reached the Zoo Station. My fellow-passengers and I said goodbye to one another, and the phrase "*Auf Wiedersehen*" seemed right; we spoke almost as if we expected to see one another again.

DIE INSEL—the island—is what West Berliners sometimes call their city. It exists—a hundred and fifteen miles east of the border—as a result of the 1944-45 agreements and Allied determination to stay put despite Soviet pressure at various moments in the following years. It remains an act of will or faith. The supporting theology has been subscribed to even by the Soviet Union. In the Quadripartite Agreement, signed in September, 1971, and put into effect in June, 1972, the U.S.S.R. agreed that it would no longer contest the Western powers' presence in West Berlin; the city's ties with the Federal Republic were accepted; a legal basis was provided for unimpeded traffic between West Germany and West Berlin; and West Berliners regained the right to visit East Berlin and East Germany. Yet West Berlin's integration into the political, financial, and social system of West Germany is not complete. Federal laws are adopted by way of parallel laws, subject to the agreement of the Western Allies. East European countries insist that West Berliners travel to those countries on identity cards rather than on West German passports. Meanwhile, the postwar origins of the setup remain evident in the military presence of the Western Allies, who patrol their sectors of the city and make occasional sorties into East Berlin (in return for which the Russians are allowed to do the same in West Berlin). No West German airline is allowed to fly to West Berlin's Tegel Airport. Pan Am, Air France, and British Airways happily fill the gap with frequent flights between Tegel and various West German cities as well as places abroad. The West German government maintains numerous offices in West Berlin, but the West Berlin Senate, which is the city government, sometimes regards its occupants as representatives of a rival power. Because there is conscription in West Germany but not in West Berlin, many young West Germans come to live in the city to avoid military service.

Their presence helps. For some time, West Berlin has had too many elderly people, too few energetic middle-aged or young ones. So although one visible and apparently anarchic element of the young may be the punk-haired youths and pallid drug addicts who hang around the Kurfürstendam near the Zoo Station, there are also many students to be seen in galleries, pubs, and bookshops, or riding the mostly underground U-Bahn to the university out at Dahlem—new blood for Berlin's tired veins. The city has always depended on immigrants. It was once the capital not only of Germany but of Central Europe. "Most Berliners come from Breslau" was a prewar saying. Like New York, the city took the poor and underprivileged and turned them into something—not necessarily into the most polite people but, rather, into pushy, on-the-make, and quite matey people, who felt distinguished by the city, no matter where they had come from. In Hitler's time, they remained a good deal less than Nazi, making a point—as George Kennan noted in his memoirs—of saying "*Guten Morgen*" to one another instead of "*Heil Hitler*," as they were supposed to, and showing little enthusiasm for the war. They now feel more special than ever, living on their island under the protection of the powers. "Spoiled rotten," some West Germans say.

I liked this special feeling in West Berlin. I walked the boulevards and streets, and felt that fully charged zip in the air which a few cities have, and which brings one's nerves and senses alive. West Berliners give the impression of knowing not only that they are privileged but that they are moment by moment triumphing over circumstantial adversity. The city floats in space beyond the borders of the West, a hot-air balloon kept aloft by agreements not to shoot it down. It is also kept up by West German money, which provides some fifty-five per cent of the city's funds, and by tourism. People are attracted to West Berlin because it is "different," and because it gives them a precarious feeling of being in the midst of the Red Sea.



Yet not all West Berliners have got used to being encircled. Even those who frequently use the Autobahn to get to West Germany say that they feel a slight anxiety as they go through the checkpoints. And yet none would say they are depressed by being surrounded. Some claim to live in the city without ever setting eyes on the Wall.

In the days that I spent in West Berlin, I made numerous journeys to the Wall. I walked along sections of it, drove along parts of it, flew above it, and, finally, went through it and looked at it from the other side. I felt—as I had with the border—a whole range of emotions, from rage through curiosity to resignation (though never a lack of interest). It seemed to me, in its perverse way, one of the wonders of the modern world. Its construction is almost entirely up-to-date, though in several places one can see old sections of wall that have been subsumed in it—as at the end of the Müllerstrasse, where long brown concrete blocks have been piled on top of one another. *Die Mauer*, it is called—a feminine word perhaps because, as I remember a German teacher telling me, all words in German that have to do with work are feminine, and the Wall was hard work. It is for the most part three and a half metres high, topped with cylindrical concrete pipe, its Western side cemented smooth and painted white. For forty-five kilometres, it forms a boundary between East Berlin and West Berlin. The hundred and sixty-two kilometres of boundary between West Berlin and East Germany are about sixty-five per cent wall, thirty-five per cent fence. There are the same patrol ways, anti-vehicle trenches and barriers, watchtowers, and dog runs that one sees on the intra-German border. In most places, West Berliners can walk right up to it, but in others East German-owned ground lies in front of the Wall (which may at those points be taking a shortcut across a projection of land into West Berlin), and although the nonchalant or the daring may plant vegetables on such ground or hold a barbecue on it, there remains a chance of East German border troops appearing to arrest the trespassers.

The Wall started to go up in August, 1961, only a few months after Walter Ulbricht had declared at a press conference, "No one intends to erect a wall." Two months later, the Wall—though always thereafter in the process of being improved—was more or less complete; the flow of people leaving for the West was summarily stanched. The exodus had reached its peak the month before the Wall went up, when a hundred and forty thousand people fled the G.D.R.

At the time, the G.D.R. regime made the explanation that the Wall was to protect its citizenry from the Western threat. A recent G.D.R. publication that Mr. Steiner gave me, "GDR: 100 Questions, 100 Answers," says, "The men and officers of the workers' militia, together with other armed organizations, stood their most exacting test in August 1961 when they sealed off the GDR's state border with West Berlin. The GDR, acting in full agreement with its Warsaw Treaty allies, thus preserved peace in Europe, reminding the aggressive imperialist forces of the limits they could not overstep." In the G.D.R. (says the same publication), freedom of the individual is guaranteed. "People are free in a state which is their own and which they run themselves." However, although Article 13 of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights (1948) declared that everyone has the right to emigrate from his country, and the G.D.R. constitution of 1949 provided for such a right, the G.D.R. constitution of 1968 confines the citizen's freedom of movement to the area "within the state frontiers of the German Democratic Republic." Since the building of the Wall, some seventy people have been killed attempting to get into West

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Berlin, and thousands of people who were presumably about to make such an attempt have been arrested.

I made a tour of the Western city one day with a young Berlin journalist, Lothar Nass, who did a few errands of his own in the course of showing me around. He visited a police station to get a new identity card (a necessity that Bismarck introduced to Germany), which he needed because he had recently changed his address. He also went to a travel agency to order tickets for a holiday he was optimistically planning to take in Poland in a few months' time. (It is easy to be in West Berlin without realizing that one is only fifty miles from the Polish border.) We then drove out through the leafy suburb of Dahlem, with its fine museums and large houses. We passed through the Grunewald to reach the lakes. Berlin, East and West, is twenty-eight miles across—it feels as large as London, but has half the number of people—and it sits at the southern end of an extensive lake district with interconnecting rivers. Seagulls fly south from the Baltic, following the water, and are to be seen on the Spree, the river that comes from the east and roughly bisects the city. Beyond the Grunewald are the Havel and the Wannsee. These bodies of water seemed spacious, but Nass said that on sunny weekends and holidays they were crowded with pleasure boats. Obviously, a boat forms a kind of escape from the island.

We got out of the car at Glienicker Bridge, which Nass told me has two somewhat-at-variance nicknames: Unity Bridge (because it joins Berlin and Potsdam, across the Havel) and Spy Bridge (because here, in February, 1962, Colonel Rudolph Abel, the Russian spymaster in the United States, and Francis Gary Powers, the captured United States U-2 pilot, were exchanged). The far end of the bridge is in the G.D.R.; the East German flag was flying over a checkpoint, with a watchtower, barbed wire, and the Wall stretching to each side. The bridge itself was deserted. From our end of it, where a few anglers sat, there was a view across the Havel to the entrance to a canal that leads west, to the Elbe and Hamburg. There is a checkpoint at the first lock. The breeze that blew over the Wannsee felt warm—at odds with such things as walls and checkpoints. I wondered about man's need to "choose sides," to square off in opposing forces, to apportion ideas, ways of life, the world. To have an enemy or opposition imposes a uniformity (and a means of imposing discipline) on each side which neither really might have in its heart.

Nass drove me back into the city to show me the Bernauer Strasse. This once famous working-class street became part of the dividing line in 1945, with the houses on one side falling into East Berlin and those on the other into West Berlin. In the days immediately following the August 13, 1961, closing of the border, the ground-floor windows and doors on the east side of the wall were bricked up from within by the so-called Workers' Militia; and from upstairs windows people jumped or clambered down into the Bernauer Strasse. The houses were soon cleared of all their occupants by the East German authorities, and the façades completely sealed up. Now the houses on that side of the street have gone, and the Wall runs along it in their place, gleaming white. Nass said an East German maintenance crew had recently repainted it. It needs frequent repainting, because it is the best public blackboard a city could have. In various places along it, one sees inscriptions and drawings. Representations of doors are painted on it. Graffiti that I saw included, translated: "CLASS OF '80," "YOUR FREEDOM IS OUR DUTY," "TO THE VICTIMS OF THE RED DICTATORSHIP," "THE WALL MUST GO," and "EAST GERMAN HIGH JUMP TRAINING AREA." "DDR = DER DOOFE REST" translated as "G.D.R. = The Dopey Dregs." There were slogans of West Berlin political parties, cartoon figures, and—particularly in the Kreuzberg area—protests about the city housing policy and expressions of support for squatters in abandoned buildings owned by the city government.

In the West, life goes on beside the Wall. Young mothers push their baby

carriages; people walk their dogs. Sometimes one sees people, presumably strangers to the city, touching the Wall, as if the act of running their fingers along it or laying an open palm against it might transfer to them out of the solid concrete whatever its meaning is. How else can it be understood? It provokes some of the feelings one has against concrete as a building material. In some areas it runs through old neighborhoods and in others past the great surviving monuments of Berlin: it runs just east of the Reichstag, the old parliament, and just west of the Brandenburg Gate. It forms the eastern boundary of the Tiergarten, the Central Park or Hyde Park of Berlin. Later, someone told me of an East German mother who takes her little boy to the Brandenburg Gate, where East Berliners can look out over the Wall to the West. The child sees the trees of the Tiergarten. He says, "Mother, is there nothing but woods on the other side?"

South of the Tiergarten, the land close to the west side of the Wall is developed sparsely or not at all. The Wall runs through that part of the city which held the chief offices and the chancelleries of the Third Reich: the ground has parted and swallowed them up and closed over them for all time. Just beyond the Wall here, closed off from the East as well, is some vacant East Berlin ground raised into what looks like an ancient barrow—Hitler's final bunker.

Some of the undeveloped land on the west side of the Wall is that way because it is owned by the East Germans. In one area of waste ground in West Berlin near the Wall, where the bustling Potsdamer Platz used to be, there is a flea market, a little circus, a refreshment kiosk, and an observation stand for looking over into East Berlin. Similar stands have been set up by local city councils at intervals along the Wall. That in the Bernauer Strasse is painted a jaunty red and blue and is somewhat bigger and more permanent-looking than others. When Lothar Nass and I went up, we encountered a man in civilian clothes keeping an eye, through binoculars, on the East German border guards in their watchtower just beyond the Wall. It was apparently a self-appointed task or hobby. Nass said, "*They* also have observers detailed to watch for people approaching the neighborhood of the Wall who might be thinking of making a dash for it. If they can apprehend such persons early,

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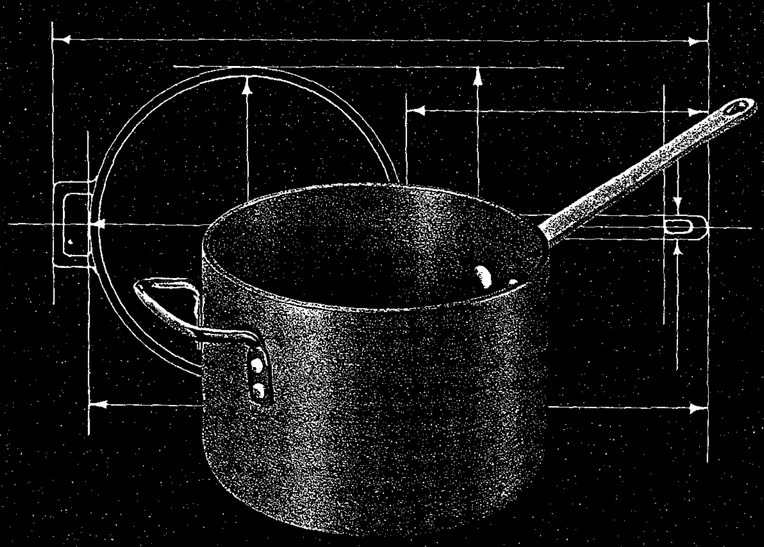

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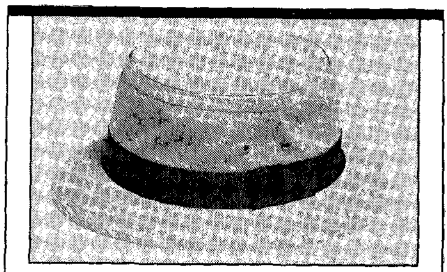

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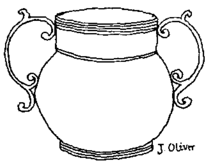
they may avoid the bad publicity that comes from shooting them as they try to get across."

On the far side of a strip beyond the Wall was a smaller wall, and over that a prospect of gray streets. At the corner of two streets stood a drab four-story apartment block; above one of its ground-floor doorways was a sign: "KLUB DER VOLKSSOLIDARITÄT." (Perhaps after several years in which the Poles have injected new life into the word "solidarity" the name may have changed.) It was as though one were looking into a haze and could make out dimly the nineteen-fifties, or even the nineteen-thirties.

The building that provides West Berlin's most extensive view of East Berlin is the headquarters of the Axel Springer publishing organization—a glass-and-gold metallic tower block that rises from the Kochstrasse, the prewar newspaper row of Berlin. Here, where newspaper offices and printing plants were once crowded together, the landscape is like that of the South Bronx or the London dockland—empty buildings and vacant lots. Half a block away is the Wall, which here runs in an east-west direction for a mile or so, casting its own spell of desolation. Springer bought the Ullstein publishing firm in the late nineteen-sixties and moved his headquarters from Hamburg, choosing this site next to the Wall because of its press connections and because—presumably—the land was cheap, but also as a gesture of confidence in West Berlin. Until the East Berlin authorities blocked the way with a set of tall, neo-Corbusian apartment buildings, Springer kept the East Berlin citizenry informed by means of a Times Square-type illuminated news message board at the top of his building.

From the press club, on the seventeenth floor, there is a direct prospect of East Berlin's own landmark, set up not long ago in the Eiffel Tower tradition: an immensely tall radio and TV tower just off the Alexanderplatz. Two-thirds of the way up it is a large, orb-shaped observation chamber. The spike of the antenna above makes the tower look a little like a mace. To some, it seems like the G.D.R. watchtower par excellence. In the late afternoon, the glass windows of the orb reflect the sunset light in the pattern of a giant, glowing cross, which West Berliners call the Pope's Revenge. After the war, West German Christians made generous donations to help East German churches, and some say that much of the money somehow went for this official propaganda weapon of the Communist state. Further rumor has it that the East Germans are considering the installation of nonreflecting glass to get rid of the telltale stigmata.



Several ravaged blocks west of the Axel Springer Verlag is the Friedrichstrasse, a street that runs into East Berlin and across it from south to north. Where it passes through the Wall is Checkpoint Charlie, one of seven crossing places between East and West Berlin, and the one through which non-Germans must pass when going to and from East Berlin. Although it has been in use for twenty years, the checkpoint still has a temporary look, like the collection of sheds at the edge of a building site.

The last building on the right side of the Friedrichstrasse in West Berlin is a museum called Haus am Checkpoint Charlie. On the Sunday morning that I first went there, it was packed with families, couples, individuals, and tour groups. Various escape devices were displayed: a tiny bubble-shaped Isetta car, with a hidden compartment in which a person could curl around the engine (nine people, on nine trips, had come out this way); a makeshift balloon basket and air-heating burner, with which two families, some of whose members I later met on the border, had flown out of the G.D.R.; an underwater motor used for an escape in the Baltic; a breeches-buoy-type harness and pulley, used to slide down a rope from a house overlooking the Wall; and many sorts of tunnelling gear. Photographs recorded various incidents at the Wall. One showed Peter Fechter, an eighteen-year-old East Berlin lad who was shot as he tried to get over the Wall in August, 1962, and fell at the foot of the Wall, still in East Berlin. West Berlin policemen threw first-aid kits to him, but he was too weak to help himself. The East German guards looked on as he bled to death. More recently, a young Turkish boy, a resident of West Berlin, fell into one of the stretches of water along the boundary between the two halves of the city and drowned while the East German guards looked on. The sadness induced by these incidents was slightly alleviated by photographs showing a very low-slung sports car, rented from a Kurfürstendam car-rental agency, in which, on two separate occasions, first a young Austrian and then a young Argentine had sped under checkpoint barriers, their East German fiancées crouched beside them. After those successes, vertical bars were fitted to the main horizontal bar used to block the exit.

I returned to the Haus am Checkpoint Charlie a few days later to talk to Dr. Rainer Hildebrandt, the director of the museum and of Working Group August 13th, which is an organization devoted to keeping track of escapes from the G.D.R. and the state of civil liberties in that country. Several West Berliners I'd talked to had given me the impression that Dr. Hildebrandt and his assistants were "Cold Warriors," interested in not letting the Cold War die away—and certainly in not letting the East German regime relax with its self-appointed laurels. But at Checkpoint Charlie such criticism seems a little detached, since a Cold War has visible manifestations right there in the middle of the Friedrichstrasse.

Dr. Hildebrandt was a large, fleshy man who appeared to be in his early sixties, with silver-blond hair and a small gray mustache. His left arm rested in a sling made from a purple silk scarf—the result, he said, of a skiing accident. He laughed as he said this, and I couldn't tell whether he meant to make light of the incident or to show that he said it tongue-in-cheek; perhaps—did he mean to suggest?—there was a more sinister explanation. His own training had been as a psychologist; his experiences living in Hitler's Germany, including the loss of many friends, had led him into the fight for civil liberties—particularly for those who lived in the G.D.R. In warm weather, the Wall museum attracted roughly a thousand paying visitors a day. The Working Group received a grant from the Berlin Senate, but the Federal Republic government, which had once given funds to the Working Group, had ceased to do so, Dr. Hildebrandt said, at the time it decided to improve relations with East Germany and send a permanent representative to East Berlin.

Two Turkish boys were painting a wall of the adjacent room, and Dr. Hildebrandt fished some coins out of a pocket with his working hand and sent one of them off around the corner for coffee. He continued to talk about his feeling that the national German authorities had deserted his cause. "It is unbelievable that we have a government that has done nothing at the United Nations, or at the Madrid conference on the Helsinki Accord, about the installation of SM-70s along the border," he said. He also felt deserted by the West German people, who weren't sufficiently active in condemning repression in the G.D.R.

The boy returned with our coffee, and as we sipped from the Styrofoam cups, Dr. Hildebrandt introduced me to Manfred Milde, who had escaped in 1966 while serving as a noncommissioned officer with the G.D.R. border forces and was now the museum's exhibition manager; Milde said that border guards still have a greater chance of getting across than civilians. In November, 1980, one guard shot and killed his noncom colleague before climbing over the Wall. A few weeks later, a young man, a civilian, was killed by border guards as he tried to get over the Wall into Staaken, a district of West Berlin. According to figures published in the Birmingham *Post*, on February 19, 1980, there were thirty-six successful escapes from East Berlin in 1979. Dr. Hildebrandt told me, however, that the Wall was not the best way out; in the past, many people have left East Berlin as passengers in diplomats' cars, which aren't searched. In the early nineteen-sixties, the Chinese were very helpful. "They hated the G.D.R. in those days," he said. Diplomats of other countries, no names mentioned, took people out for money; fifteen thousand dollars or so was a common price. A West Berlin printer and his assistants were tried not long ago in a West Berlin court for forging East German diplomatic passports containing permission to leave the G.D.R. According to Dr. Hildebrandt, eight hundred people had got out using such passports.

There was a time when helping people escape from East Berlin was a courageous occupation for some in West Berlin; for others it was a way of making money. In the late sixties, two or three thousand dollars was said to be a price often asked for helping with an escape—by providing a false West German passport, say. Generally West German friends had to pay in advance; sometimes the East Germans could pay in installments after reaching the West. Some escape helpers did their job out of a spirit of adventure; some—

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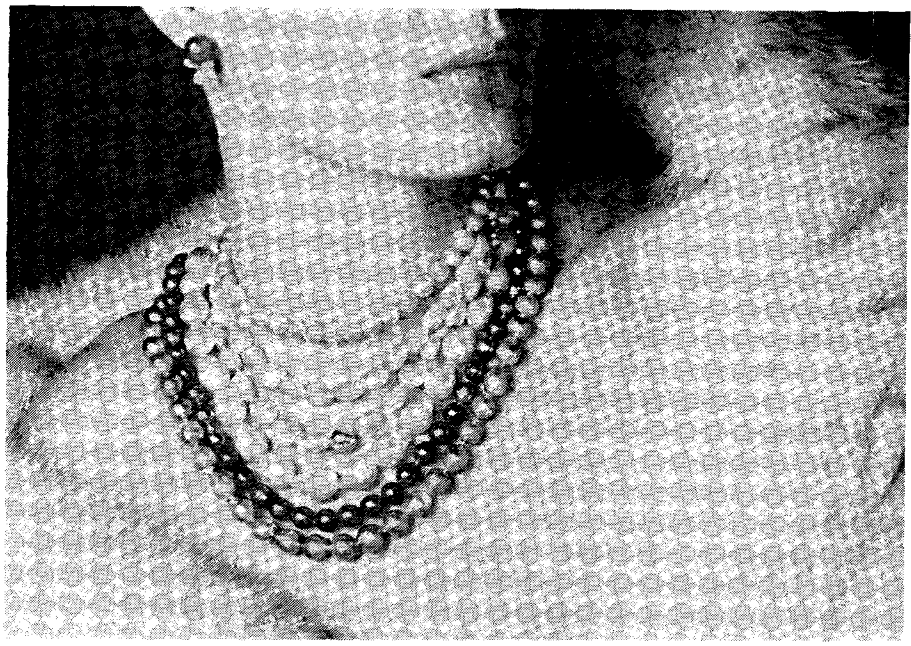

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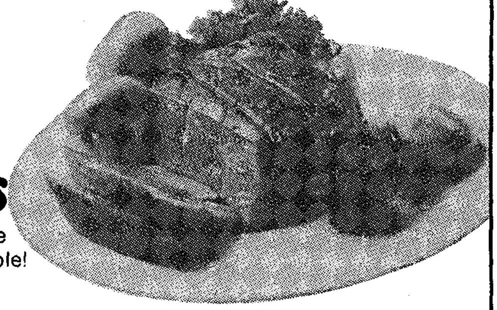

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although acting for humanitarian reasons—may have wanted expense money to cover their costs. Occasionally, confusion remains about which motive predominated. Dr. Hildebrandt told me of "a filmmaker in West Berlin" who had been an escape helper from 1962 to 1971, then gave up because of the ungrateful attitude of the West German government and public —who were apparently given the impression by newspaper reports that the teacher was helping people for money, for vanity, or for purposes of espionage. Among his friends, this helper was known as the Scarlet Pimpernel; he was reputed to have assisted a thousand people to escape by various means from East Germany.

By now there are numerous escape legends. I heard of one East Berliner who a few years ago arrived at a checkpoint hoping to sneak through unseen in the shadow of a car. But there were more guards than he'd expected. One of the guards stopped him and he said, "Sorry, I'm Austrian. I didn't understand the procedure. My papers are there in the office with my friend, the driver, being checked."

The guards were in the process of being changed. A new one turned up at that moment, and the guard who was going off duty said, without any other explanation, "Keep an eye on this man. I'll look for his papers." He went off.

The "Austrian" turned to the new guard. He said, "To tell you the truth, I don't have any papers. My mother is dying in East Berlin. Do you think they'll let me through?"

"Without papers! Of course not."

"Then I'd better go back. Thanks."

The guard opened the gate, and the man walked into West Berlin.

This story doesn't quite pass muster if you've experienced the checks and double checks, the numerous guards and one-way systems at the crossing points; but it is a nice example of the quick thinking that West Berliners hope will outsmart the enemy.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From Cop's Corner in the Longboat Key* (*Fla.*) *Longboat Observer*]

8:29 P.M.—Man reports barking dog, Marbury. Officer ordered it to stop barking. It did.

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

IN "Catastrophe," the middle, and by far the most substantial, of the three brief plays by Samuel Beckett that opened last week at the Harold Clurman, a tall, thin man, head bowed, stands motionless on a small plinth. He is Protagonist. The portly Director sits in a leather chair, cigar in mouth, giving brusque orders to the officious young woman who is his Assistant. He tells her, first, to remove the black dressing gown that covers Protagonist's pajamas ("What color?" "Ash"), and then the hat that covers his few tufts of hair ("What color?" "Ash"). Protagonist starts to shiver; Assistant, obeying her boss, opens the man's clawlike, shrivelled hands, crosses them and moves them to his chest, then rolls his pajama legs to his knees, revealing his ashen shins. When Assistant proposes a gag for Protagonist's mouth, she is rebuked by Director for yielding to "this craze for explicitation." (There is a gag or two of another sort in this grim play, for Beckett is seldom without humor.) At the end, after some orders shouted to an unseen light man, Protagonist stands on a dark stage with only a spotlight on his frightened face. Director predicts an enthusiastic response from the audience; a sound effect of applause follows, in which I thought I also heard hoofbeats and the turning wheels of a tumbrel—but maybe not, maybe that was only an aural hallucination from my own spellbound imagination.

The play, which was originally published in this magazine and ran slightly longer than a page, is dedicated to Václav Havel, the dissident and embattled Czech dramatist whose plays have been banned since 1969, but even without the dedication the political implications are clear. The performance benefits immeasurably from the haunting acting of David Warrilow, as Protagonist, whose tense silence is as eloquent as Milo O'Shea's was when he played Lucky in a marvellous production of "Waiting for Godot" at the Brooklyn Academy some years ago. Donald Davis is Director, and Margaret Reed is Assistant, and both are good.

"Ohio Impromptu" and "What Where," which open and close the evening, are mysterious, murky fragments, but are not without incantatory power. In "Ohio Impromptu" (a great, if inexplicable, title), Reader (Mr. Warrilow) and Listener (Rand Mitchell)—all in black and wearing identical white wigs—are seated at a table. Reader reads aloud, turning the pages of a large album; Listener raps sharply when he wishes Reader to repeat a passage. The subjects seem to be ghosts and death and bereavement. There are four characters in "What Where" (Mr. Davis, Mr. Warrilow, Mr. Mitchell, and Daniel Wirth), on a darkened stage, and they appear and disappear in the dim lighting. The action seems to be a political interrogation aimed at extracting a confession from one of them. I keep saying "seems" partly because Mr. Beckett is the last man on earth to succumb to "this craze for explicitation" and partly because the air-conditioning in the theatre was shut off for the performance, and the little Harold Clurman became a steam bath. Alan Schneider again doubles as director and playwright's alter ego in America.

"JEEVES TAKES CHARGE," briefly at the Space, at City Center, was a one-man show—an entertainment devised and performed by a clever young Briton named Edward Duke. In the lobby was a drawing of P. G. Wodehouse by David Low, and the proscenium was decorated with drawings of the imperishable valet by James Montgomery Flagg; before the show started, period music ("Look for the Silver Lining," "Makin' Whoopee," "Crazy Over Horses") was heard, and from behind a door marked "The Drones" came sounds of revelry. Mr. Duke, sporting a bright-red waistcoat, entered, as Bertie Wooster, and for a while I found his silly voice and braying laugh hard to take—even felt that they got in the way of Wodehouse—but soon I grew used to them and started to enjoy them. His subsequent impersonation of Jeeves (indicated by a turn of the head) was worthy of a respect just short of awe. I have no reservations about Mr. Duke's adaptations of Wodehouse's superb material, in which in the course of the evening he appeared as any number of characters in any number of situations. Mr. Duke did well most of the time, even treating us to a heartfelt rendition of "Sonny Boy" and an equally heartfelt —and clubfooted—tap dance. Watching his show was amusing—almost as amusing as reading Wodehouse. The stunning black-and-white settings were designed by Carl Toms and lighted by Craig Miller; the stylish costumes were by Una-Mary Parker. Gillian Lynne was the director.

ROYALE
ROYALE
tom funk

HEREWITH some brief impressions of "Great Days," at the American Place through June 26th—adaptations by Donald Barthelme of seven of his short stories, six of which first appeared in these pages. The good adaptations are very good—funny and arresting, managing in dramatic form to preserve intact Mr. Barthelme's eccentric vision and style; the others are only fair, in spite of the work of three excellent actresses (Jeanne Ruskin, Penelope Allen, and Catherine Byers) and three excellent actors (Paul Collins, James Greene, and Robert Stattel), all of them under the inventive direction of J. Ranelli. Good or fair, though, all seven stories play surprisingly well—surprisingly, that is, because Mr. Barthelme's stories, much as I've enjoyed them, have never struck me as particularly theatrical. That they are so is at least partly attributable to the work of the splendid troupe: there is no reciting here, only true acting. The evening springs to life at the start with "Momma," in which Mr. Collins and Mr. Stattel, as brothers, discuss to a jazz beat all the things that "Momma didn't 'low." My other favorites are "The Apology," with Miss Byers and Miss Ruskin looking out an invisible window at some poor, desperate fellow below, and "Morning," with Mr. Stattel and Mr. Greene, travellers on a train, admitting to some mighty peculiar things that frighten them.

Neil Peter Jampolis designed the spare, handsome setting, Arden Fingerhut designed the effective lighting, and David C. Woolard designed the appropriate costumes.

—EDITH OLIVER

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

TOASTING HALLEY'S COMET

NEVER mind IRAS-Araki-Alcock, the comet that no one in New York saw because of an overcast night sky the second week in May. Never mind Sugano-Saigusa-Fujikawa, the comet that no one saw in mid-June. I was in London not long ago, and I had the privilege of attending a celebration that is held annually in honor of Halley's Comet by people who have never seen Halley's Comet and, as far as I could tell, have no intention of seeing it when it passes the earth again, in 1986.

I was rushed to this gala one rainy night, an hour after I arrived, by a transplanted American couple, Candy Lee and Joseph Ward. Joe is a playwright, and Candy is the general manager of Marshall Editions, a London publishing company. Candy and Joe, who started out in Texas and Pennsylvania, respectively, have been in the British Isles for several years. After their marriage, they lived for a time in a thatched cottage in County Cork, and now they are settled in a Victorian house in Stoke Newington, in northeast London, with an Irish setter named Tanaiste, which is the title of the deputy prime minister of Ireland. Candy and Joe are extremely hospitable. On my past visits to London, they had introduced me to many wonders of British civilization: Paxton & Whitfield Stilton cheese; Kibo Chagga—a dark-roast coffee bean from Kenya; towel warmers; flannel sheets; an obscure secondhand bookstore; some great plays; a good Indian restaurant; an alderman from the City of London; a gentleman who was pals with Churchill; an actor with the Royal Shakespeare Company; and British football. In the cab, they now filled me in on the Halley's Comet Society. It was founded in 1976 by Brian Harpur, who recently retired from his job as senior director of a newspaper group that includes the *Daily Mail*. Bruce Marshall, who is the head of Marshall Editions, and some of their friends in the Garrick, a gentlemen's club, are founder members. "The main thing to remember about British clubs and societies is that they don't want you," Joe said. He has a round face, red hair, and mutton-chop sideburns. His manner is always calm. Tonight was the first time I had ever seen him in a suit and tie. Usually, he wears L. L. Bean plaid shirts.

"How are we getting in, then?" I asked.

"We are legitimate guests of my boss, Bruce Marshall," Candy said. She is pretty and wholesome-looking, with a mass of shiny dark hair, a buoyant laugh, and an energetic air. Tonight, she was wearing a dark gold-flowered velvet dress.

"In fact, our names were given to Scotland Yard, along with the rest of the guest list, for a security check," Joe said. "That's because the party is at the Regent's Park Barracks this year, in the Officers' Mess of the Royal Corps of Transport. Each year, a different member of the society plays host to the reception, and this year it's an officer from the R.C.T."

"One year, it was at Stationers' Hall," Candy said.

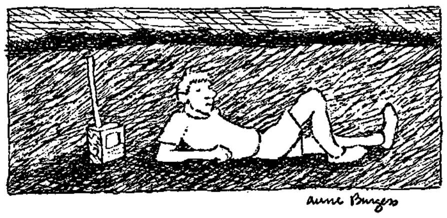
"The home of the guild of the Worshipful Company of Stationers and Newspaper Makers," Joe said. "Great name, that." He is a superb explicator of all things English, and even understands English politics and cricket. "The Halley's Comet Society has also had knees-ups at a place on the Thames that used to be the home of Viscount Astor, and at the London headquarters of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—a.k.a. the Knights of Malta—and in the Long Room at Lord's Cricket Ground. Lord's is the temple of cricket, and the Long Room is the Holy of Holies."

"Ordinarily, you could never get into the Long Room," Candy said. "Members only."

"Same with the Officers' Mess of the Royal Corps of Transport," Joe said.

"What does the Royal Corps of Transport do?" I asked.

"It's part of the Army, and it moves supplies for the troops," he said. "They've been in the Regent's Park Barracks only a few decades. The barracks are old, though—they were built in 1821 for a cavalry regiment, and they contained the Army's first indoor riding school. The thing you need to know about British barracks is that they in no way resemble American barracks. The Officers' Mess is actually more of a posh private club."



AS the cab stopped, I peered out the window. All I could see was a sheet of heavy rain, through which blobs of light shimmered. We made a dash for the door—it was flanked by two soldiers standing very much at attention, holding staffs, and ignoring the rain beating on their forage caps—and found our way out of our coats, past a big vase of flowers, and into the reception line.

A rosy-faced, gray-haired man in a gray suit was greeting people. He wore a startling necktie, bright blue with something orange splashed on it. "That's Brian Harpur," Candy said. "Founder and Honorary Secretary of the Halley's Comet Society."

A tall man with a tidy white mustache was shaking hands with Harpur. "I was demobbed in these very barracks in 1947," the man said heartily.

"How very terrible for you," Harpur said. "Oh, it's Candy," he said, turning toward us. "And Joe. Hullo."

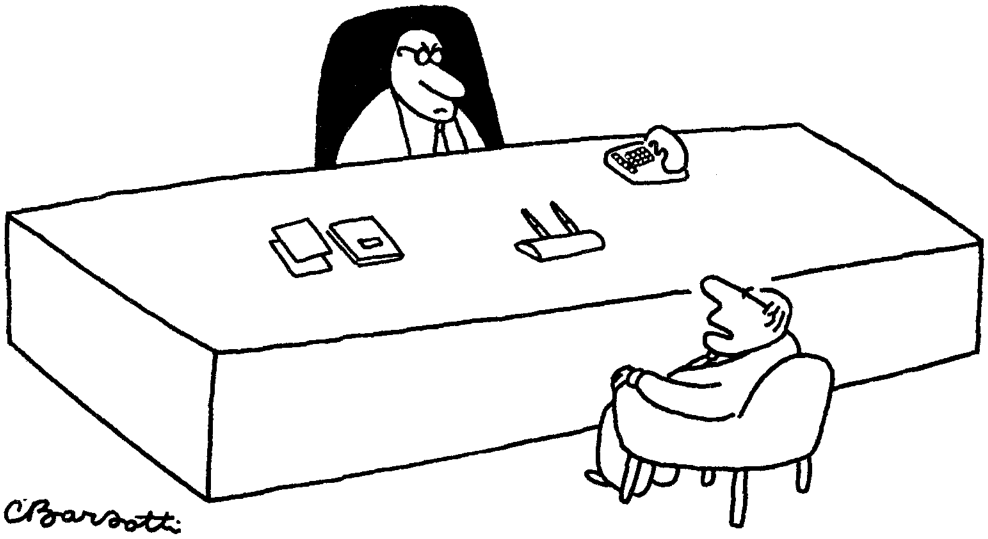
While my friends talked with Harpur, I got a close look at his necktie. On the bright-blue background were the numbers "1986," in pale blue except for the "9," which was enlarged into a brilliant orange comet with a blazing tail. I was riveted. I have a friend in New York, Christopher Cerf, who is an amateur astronomer and a connoisseur of rare and fleeting opportunities. He goes to see total eclipses from ideal vantage points, like Loiyangalani, Kenya (the site turned out not to be where it was supposed to be, and so he had to rush north to see the full eclipse), and Prince Edward Island, Canada (he timed his honeymoon to include the eclipse). He owns a sweatshirt that says "Williams College 1979 Eclipse Expedition to Brandon Manitoba," a Comet Kohoutek T-shirt that quickly faded to illegibility, an Apollo 13 patch, and other items of apparel commemorating celestial events. I knew that the tie Harpur was wearing properly belonged to my friend Chris. From that moment on, my whole being was magnetized in the direction of accomplishing this transfer in a socially acceptable manner.

"Yet another American," Harpur said when we were introduced. "How droll."

"And so is your tie," I said. "How do you get one of those?"

"You don't." He turned to some newcomers. "Oh, hullo there."

Joe and Candy led me away, into a



"Right, Chief, you told me to go to New Jersey to inspect our plant, and I went to a revival of 'Singin' in the Rain' instead. What can I say?"

• •

crowded room. If I had not been preoccupied with the tie problem, the Officers' Mess would probably have struck me as elegant and exclusive, and would have reminded me of the regimental barracks in, say, "Kim" or "The Four Feathers." But all I noticed was some large, dark oil portraits of stern-looking officers, some engraved silver plaques, and Gurkhas. They were very young, and they wore flat headgear with their uniforms and passed through the crowd carrying trays laden with hors d'oeuvres and silver goblets filled with champagne. The goblets were quickly taken up by the two hundred or so serious British subjects who mingled and chatted. Most of the men wore dark chalk-striped suits, and many of them sported trim white or trim gray mustaches or, alternatively, were rotund, mostly bald, and red-faced. Many of the women wore dark dresses, pearls, and thoroughly coiffed hair in styles similar to those sported by the Queen. I was happy to find that very occasionally the orange glow of a comet hove into view on the breastbone of a gentleman. So there was more than one of these wonderful ties! Maybe as many as three!

Candy, Joe, and I took goblets and toasted Halley's Comet.

"There's Harold Wilson," Candy said. "With Mrs. Wilson. They always come. Last year, I was standing next to Mr. Wilson when we sang the Halley ballad."

"Halley ballad?" I asked. "Prime Minister Wilson?" I was starting to feel the jet lag and the champagne, and I had the sensation of having been catapulted through space and into an alien place that had been assembled and populated solely for my amazement.

"Are you looking forward to the comet when it becomes visible in 1986?" Joe asked a heavy, solemn, silver-mustached gentleman.

The man ate a little meatball from a toothpick and took a long draught from his silver goblet. He was wearing a rep tie. "I fully expect to be dead by then," he said.

Candy waved at a dark-haired young man across the room. "He looks like Prince Andrew," I said.

"I used to tease him about that," Candy said, laughing. "Then I found out that he's really a relative of the Prince's."

A slender, handsome man in his fifties passed by. He, too, was wearing a rep tie. He had a gray mustache and high cheekbones. He looked like the British colonel in the movies who, when he finds his regiment surrounded by Fuzzy-Wuzzies, murmurs to his men, "Here's a spot of trouble." I mentioned this possibility to Joe.

"He *is* an actor," Joe said as a Gurkha refilled our goblets. "There are a lot of theatre people here—from the Garrick Club."

"This is Patrick Harpur," Candy said, and a rosy-cheeked young man shook my hand. He did not have a mustache. "He's Brian Harpur's son, and he's writing a thriller for St. Martin's Press, in America, called—provisionally—'Last Rites.' "

"You are wearing the necktie—the comet necktie," I said.

"I'm a founder member," Patrick Harpur said. "Hence the privilege." After a time, he gazed around the room. "All these people here are certifiable," he said amiably.

Patrick Harpur introduced me to a young couple, who said they came up to London from Kent only once a year, and that was solely for the purpose of attending the Halley's Comet Society reception. Just then, a commotion broke out at one end of the room. A small platform had been set up there under a big painting of a fortress on a cliff lashed by a stormy sea.

Brian Harpur stepped onto the platform next to a poster depicting the course of Halley's Comet with its salient dates of appearance: 1066; 1835; 1910; 1986. Taped to the poster were some photocopies of handwritten letters that turned out to be from Queen Anne. "My Lords, ladies and gentlemen," he began.

I tried but failed (in the interest of preserving the silence that had fallen) to prevent a Gurkha from refilling my goblet.

After thanking everyone who had helped arrange the reception, Harpur got right into what was bothering him. "There has been a great deal of unnecessary debate about the correct pronunciation of Mr. Halley's name," he said. "The proper pronunciation is, of course, 'Haw-ley.' This evening, we are fortunate enough to have before us impeccable historical evidence from no less a personage than Her Majesty Queen Anne—and everyone knows *she* was all right—in the form of letters she wrote to Mr. Halley, after whom our beloved comet is named." He pointed to the photocopies. "She spelt his name 'H-a-w-l-e-y.' Furthermore, the flower arrangement you may have admired when you arrived was most excellently contrived for us by a Mrs. Halley, spelt 'H-a-l-l-e-y,' pronounced 'Hawley.' "

There were cheers and applause and toasts in response to this bit of intelligence, and an intermission so that more refreshments could be served. I unsuccessfully fended off a Gurkha advancing on me with a magnum of champagne. "My Lords, ladies and gentlemen," Brian Harpur went on, "allow me to present to you our guest speaker, Dr. Patrick Moore, O.B.E."

Dr. Moore was a large, bulky man in a vast, rumpled suit the color of a blue jay's wing. He wore a loosened bow tie. He had disorderly gray hair and wore a monocle. "Dr. Moore is the

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"British Carl Sagan," Candy whispered to me. "He has a regular program on BBC-TV—'The Sky at Night.' "

"And he lives in a house in Sussex called Farthings, where he has his own observatory," Joe whispered.

Dr. Moore cleared his throat. "The Halley's Comet Society," he began—he aggressively pronounced "Halley" as "Hal-ey"—"has no object, no purpose, no goal, no aim, no raison d'être, and, as such, is rather like the United Nations."

Applause and toasts.

"In regard to the question of correct pronunciation, I shall now recite an old verse, by Anon. It goes:

"Of all the comets in the sky
There's none like Comet Halley;
We'll see it with the naked eye
And period-i-*cawley*.

"There is, however, the position taken by the astronomer John Mason, who wrote *his* verse in 1982 to reflect the pronunciation recommended by the scientific historian Colin Ronan:

"Of all the comets in the sky
There's none like Comet Halley;
We'll see it with the naked eye
But this time very poorly."

The lights were dimmed, and, speaking with dispatch, Dr. Moore presented a brief slide show. A drawing of Halley's Comet from the Nürnberg Chronicle of 684 A.D. King Harold, in the Bayeux Tapestry, looking shocked as he is told of the comet in 1066. A drawing made of the comet, in 1835—a fuzzy blur. A photograph taken in 1910, when the comet was at its brightest. And, finally, a slide of a white dot surrounded by large white blurs. The white dot had a circle drawn around it. Dr. Moore said, "Although he won't become fully visible until 1986, *that*, My Lords, ladies and gentlemen, is the first picture—taken at Mount Palomar Observatory in the United States—of his arrival this year, and we should all greet him!"

The loudest applause yet, and cheers, and people calling out "Hear! Hear!" Everyone raised his goblet. Many toasts were quaffed.

"He will grow steadily brighter and brighter," Dr. Moore continued, effortlessly overriding the din, "reaching his greatest magnitude in 1986, after which he will again pass out of our solar system, not to be seen again until his reappearance in 2062, when we shall all have to get new neckties."

There was another break for refreshments. We were joined by a re-

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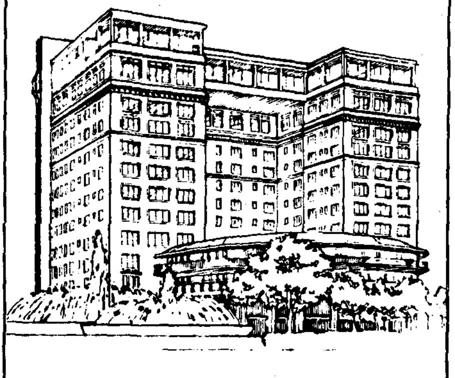

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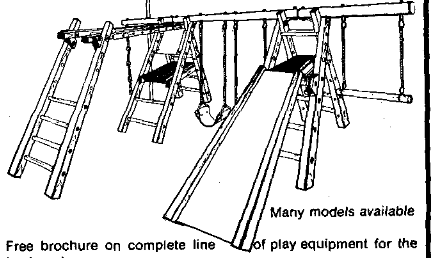

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laxed man with curly gray hair and an accent like Dudley Moore's. "I hope you are enjoying this," he said.

"This is my boss, Bruce Marshall," Candy said.

"You are wearing the founders' tie!" I said. Then I remembered to thank him for allowing me to come with Candy and Joe as his guest. "Where can I get a tie like that?"

"Taiwan, I should think."

"Will the Society do anything special in 1986, like go outside and look at the comet?" I asked, meanwhile thinking of how to get the subject around to necktie acquisition.

"I doubt it," he said. "As far as I know, the comet will be visible only in Australia. Oh, God, now they're starting to sing."

"Oh, boy," Candy said, laughing. "Halley's ballad."

A man stood on the platform singing verses I had trouble understanding. The tune I knew: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." We all joined in on the chorus: "Glory, glory, Mr. Halley, your comet's hurt-ling on!"

Then the evening was over.

As people surrendered their goblets and moved toward the door, a male voice rose above the hubbub. "Why is one here?" he asked.

"Thank God this has ended," someone else said.

We walked out with Bruce Marshall. "I know this will sound strange to you," I said, pulling a twenty-pound note from my purse. "But I would like to buy your necktie."

Marshall quickly removed his tie and knotted it around my neck, his expression kind. He refused the money and invited us all to dinner. Later, I asked Candy why he had so swiftly surrendered the exclusive tie.

"He told me that he realized he was dealing with someone who wanted something so badly that money was no object," she replied.

WHEN I got back to New York, I sent Marshall a note of thanks and a self-stirring electric saucepan. Candy had told me that he and his wife loved to cook. "I can always earn more money," I wrote Candy. "But never again will I have an opportunity to get a tie like that." When I gave the tie to Chris, he was pleased. "This is the best view I will ever get of Halley's Comet," he said. "At its perihelion, it will be *behind* the sun—this is one of its worst apparitions in two thousand years."

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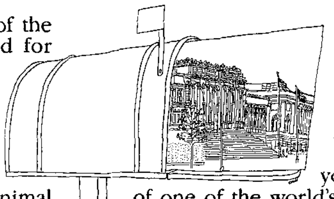

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

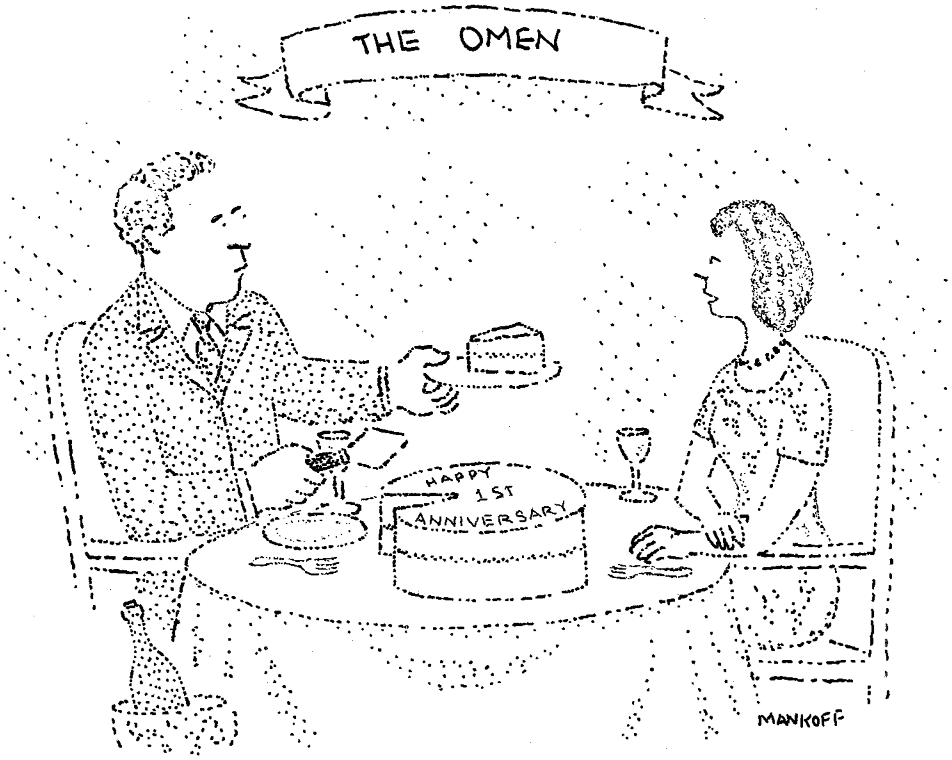
PARIS, JUNE 17

NATHALIE SARRAUTE has just written an autobiography, "Enfance," that stops at the age of fourteen. Mme. Sarraute will be eighty-three in July. It is hard to imagine that what we call the *nouveau roman* was an experiment that she began in the early nineteen-thirties, writing a book of prose images, "Tropismes." She is still experimenting. *Tropismes*—she calls them "certain interior actions, certain indefinable movements, which slide very rapidly to the limits of consciousness"—remain her form, her obsession, the reason she was drawn to the nebulous memories of her childhood rather than to the records and recollections of respectable old age. Mme. Sarraute sold "Tropismes" to the publisher Robert Denoël in 1937—the same year she and her husband, Raymond, moved to their apartment on the Avenue Pierre I^{er}-de-Serbie. It is one of those rambling establishments built for a nineteenth-century Paris bourgeoisie that expected to collect and accumulate its objects like memories, and Mme. Sarraute has filled it accordingly. There is something severely feminine about her. She is a householder, and it seems to me that she has written her memoirs the way she keeps her house, rubbing memory into images as if she were raising the patina on a walnut table or a hardwood floor. She says that she does not disrupt her work with too much "experience." She travels a lot, but that, she says, is for herself. This year, she has already been lecturing in Wales and swimming in Cyprus. Occasionally, she teaches. Every year or so, she tries to get to America. According to her, there is only one truly disconcerting place in America, and that is the University of California at Santa Cruz, where a few years ago she came upon students eating copies of their professor's book—the professor was Norman O. Brown—in order to "absorb the text." Mme. Sarraute does not read Norman O. Brown. She reads Rabelais and Shakespeare. She writes, mornings, at a neighborhood café. Afternoons, lately, she reads "The Tempest." Or she receives her friends, sitting on her library couch and offering whiskey from a little tray with a doily on it, as if she were serving tea and biscuits. She knows, or has known, practically everyone in Paris over the last fifty or sixty years, but she never thought of her friends as figures in an autobiography, any more than she thought of herself past fourteen, or of her life as a writer. Once, she tried to describe those "movements of the mind" which were, in a sense, her characters:

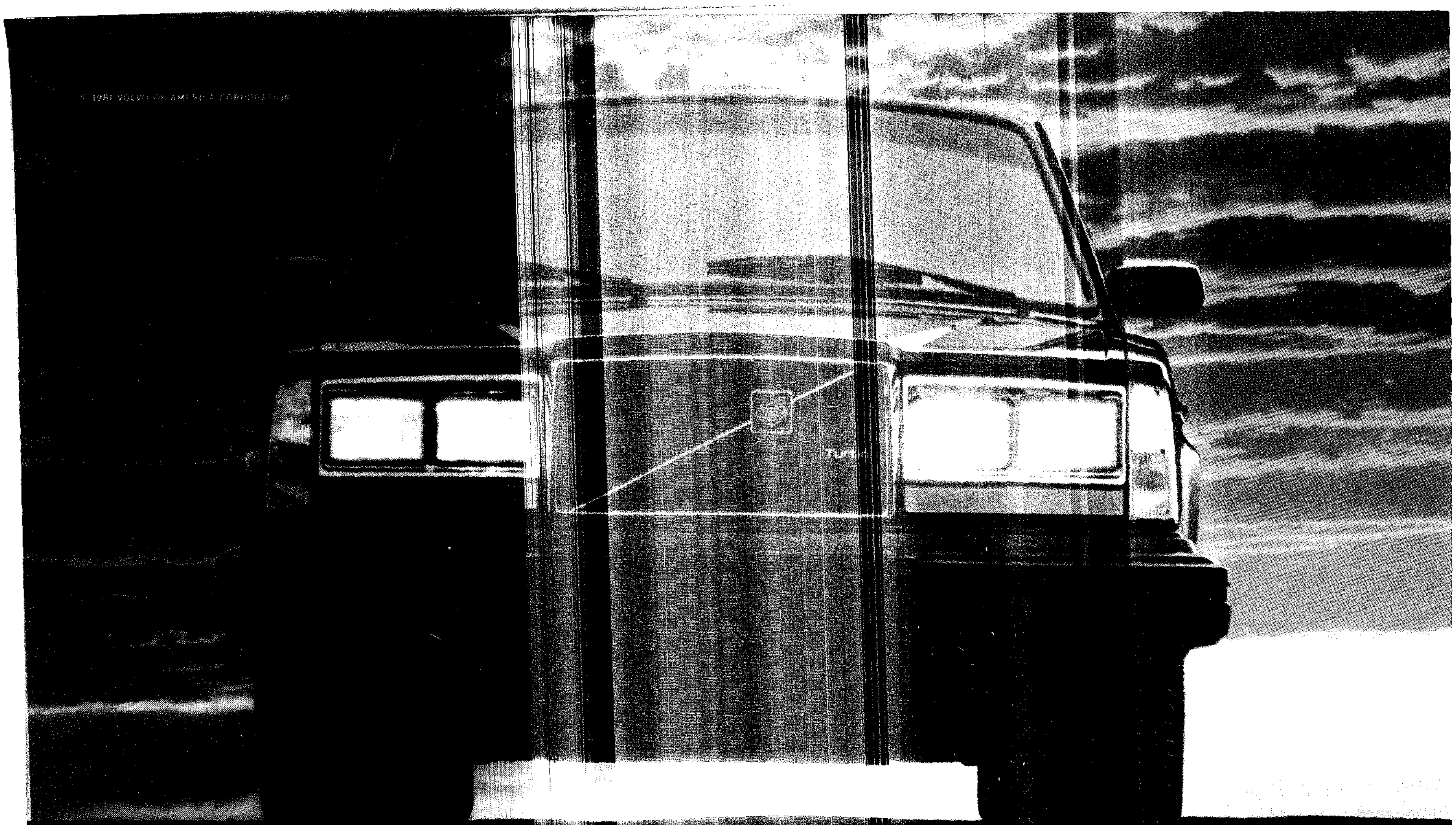
> They develop and fade with great speed, without our perceiving clearly what they are, producing in us brief but often very intense sensations, and it is only possible to convey them in images that produce in the reader analogous sensations. One must break these movements down—unwind them in the reader's mind like a film in slow motion.

"Enfance" is a dialogue with memory, a merciless coaxing of memory into images and then into refractions of images, until memory is stripped of sentiment and becomes something close to sensation itself. Mme. Sarraute says that she began to write the book because of one suddenly remembered sentence: *Nein, das tust du nicht.* ("No, you don't do that.") The words became an image, the image of a German nurse she had at the age of five or six, on a summer holiday in Switzerland, and then of the scissors in the nurse's sewing basket. The image became a longing, a longing to be naughty, to cut a big hole in the blue silk couch in the hotel drawing room where Nathalie and the nurse were sitting. The nurse said, "*Nein, das tust du nicht.*" A classic Sarraute *tropisme*. The book is rich in them. The facts are scattered, like asides: she was born in Russia; her parents were Jewish; their milieu was literary, political, worldly; they divorced when she was two. Her mother brought her to Paris, fretted for a few years, took her to St. Petersburg. She was a woman who found motherhood a touching but troublesome experience. When Nathalie's father remarried and moved to Paris himself, Nathalie's mother packed her off for a summer's visit to him and never managed to collect her. Nathalie grew up on the Left Bank, in Alésia. Her stepmother, Véra, was angry and resentful. Her stepsister, Lili, took her Teddy bear and was never punished. Once, Nathalie asked Véra, "Do you hate me?" Véra said, "How can you hate a child?"

There are old photographs of Nathalie Sarraute—"Tachok," at two, in a white pinafore; "Natasha," at eight, in the braided travelling cloak she wore to Paris—in which one sees instantly the woman of eighty-two, in her navy slacks and cardigan and her scarf. There is the same grave face, the same bright, brown eyes, and curve to the mouth, and short straight hair. Old age seems to have distilled her, leaving only the radiant, essential



"*None for me, thanks.*"



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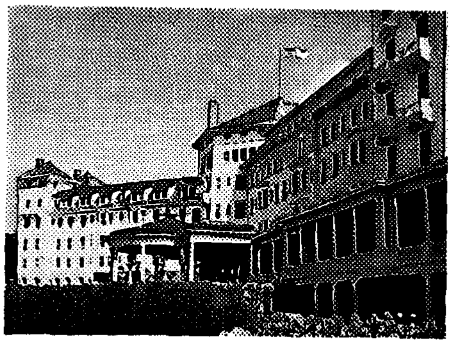
qualities that small children and great beauties have. When she was six or so, she started to collect perfume bottles. She would wash them and dry them and rub the labels off, feeling the last thin, gluey layers of paper roll into little balls beneath her finger. She loved to hold her bottles to a lamp, or take them into the garden and watch the sun make them sparkle. Those secret sensuous moments became the moments that disciplined her art. Jean-Paul Sartre, who was her collaborator on the review *Les Temps Modernes*, came to dislike her *tropismes*. He said that Mme. Sarraute was not "engaged," that it was better to write novels about injustice than novels about moments spent with, for instance, empty perfume bottles. Mme. Sarraute said that, as far as she could tell, all that Sartre's "aesthetics of engagement" did for him was to make him give up writing novels of any sort. Back in 1960, she signed a famous manifesto against the Algerian war, but she still argued with friends like Sartre about her responsibilities as a writer, saying that the fact of a cruel war in Algeria did not preclude her right to what she calls a "*littérature d'ailleurs*." "The question," she says, "of whether a worker can appreciate Swann's love for Odette is not a question that concerns me."

MME. GONÇALVES, my concierge, who is Portuguese, was teargassed and lost her broom on May 24th, during a student demonstration on the Esplanade des Invalides. She was crossing the esplanade at the Rue Saint-Dominique, on her way to pin up hems for a neighbor of ours who had moved in March, and she was carryng the broom she always uses for her measuring stick. Mme. Gonçalves has a real measuring stick in a trunk at her ister's house in the Trás-os-Montes; he is a practical and thrifty woman, and she would never think of spending money for another just because she happens to be living in Paris now. She would have expected any French policeman with a practical and thrifty wife to understand exactly why a fifty-ix-year-old Portuguese concierge was rossing the Esplanade des Invalides uring a demonstration with an old room on which the skirt lengths apropriate to the season's fashions had een marked off in bright-red crayon. Besides, three weeks ago Mme. Gonalves did not take French student emonstrations very seriously. Her two sons are settled in Brazil, with wives and babies and important jobs in big Bahia factories, and they are not much older than the students who were demonstrating here all spring, marching through town in their American jeans and bandannas chanting "*Trop de concours, pas de temps pour l'amour*" and stopping occasionally to set fire to a car, as if they were stopping to eat a hot dog or a cinnamon crêpe.

Nine years ago, when the Gonçalveses moved to Paris, people still talked about a "Revolution of 1968." Mme. Gonçalves was terrified. She had just fled one revolution, in Angola, where she and M. Gonçalves lived for twenty years and raised their sons and kept a dairy farm outside Luanda, and she had dropped in on another revolution, in Portugal, where there was no work for old colonials like the Gonçalveses and not much of a welcome, either. In fact, Mme. Gonçalves remembered May of 1968 as the month the fighting got terrible near her farm, and the Gonçalveses lost two cows to the guerrillas and had to camp for a week with a family of Protestant missionaries, who took the bottles of *vinho verde* that M. Gonçalves had brought along with the bedding and threw them into the bush and then told the Gonçalves boys to pray hard, because Christian martyrdom was at hand. When she got to Paris, she asked the tenants in our building about *their* May, 1968. She wanted to know if any of their friends had been hurt, and if there had been looting on the block, and she was startled to hear them get nostalgic and talk about what a wonderful time 1968 had been, and about which of the children on the block had helped occupy the Sorbonne and which women had formed a committee to take them sandwiches.

There was only one protest last month that interested Mme. Gonçalves, and that involved the *petits patrons*—the small shopkeepers—who shut down on the afternoon of May 5th to protest the Socialist government's tax and credit policies and price controls, which they claim are ruining them. Two shops on our street are already bankrupt. My friend Albert, who sells fluffy retro clothes to the teen-age girls in the neighborhood, has pasted a *bail à céder* sign over the poster of Jean Harlow in his window and is waiting to sell his lease and move to Guadeloupe and open a piano bar. Albert went on strike that afternoon. So did Ferdinand, the butcher, who came to Paris from Auvergne five years ago and took over the *boucherie* just up the block from our building and moved his family into the two-room flat behind the refrigerator closet. Ferdinand is an ardent follower of Jacques Chirac, the Mayor of Paris, whom he associates with a life free from Socialists, Communists, taxes, and pornography. It was Ferdinand who went from shop to shop, organizing the other merchants on the block, and who held forth, lunchtimes, across the street at the Bar des Sports, passing out strike bulletins from his union, the Syndicat National de la Petite et Moyenne Industrie. Ferdinand is a terrible butcher. He hacks at his meat as if it were destined for the stockpot on his grandmother's wood stove, and Mme. Gonçalves says that once she saw him sell some scraps he was saving for a neighbor's dog to a stranger who stopped in asking for bœuf bourguignon. But he works hard, and so does his plump, blond wife, who sits all day on a stool behind the counter and keeps the books and minds the cash drawer and covers for him with the customers whenever he slips out to the Bar des Sports for a glass of wine. In their stubborn, country way, they will not accept the fact that life in Paris, which seemed so agreeable once, so full of prospects, has come to be as punishing as their life at home. Mme. Gonçalves says they were the first people on the block to close on the afternoon of May 5th. By one o'clock, all the *petits patrons* were closed except the Berber grocer, who is saving for a house in Tafraout, and who said later that he was not going to lose an afternoon just to please a butcher who bought his vegetables from an Italian. That night, two "strike coördinators" paid the Berber grocer a visit, overturned his fruit stand, stomped on his tomatoes and his oranges, and poured his olive oil all over the floor.

Mme. Gonçalves knew that there would be students demonstrating on May 24th. Véronique Lavali, the Niçoise girl who rents a *chambre de bonne* on the sixth floor, was going to demonstrate, despite the fact that the demonstrations were against a new education law—a law introducing qualifying exams and curriculum quotas for second-year university students—that did not in any way affect Véronique, five years into a doctorate in Japa-



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nese. Véronique considers herself a Trotskyite—not a party Trotskyite, like the angry-looking characters who peered at her through locked gates and around corners on her visit to the headquarters of the Parti Communiste Internationaliste, over on the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Denis, but more of an Early Trotskyite, like the ones in Alain Resnais's movie about Stavisky, which she has seen four times at the Cinémathèque. She says that the Trotskyites here are "*pas du tout gai*," but she decided to march with them anyway on May 24th, because she could not, in conscience, join the bourgeois students who were convening on the esplanade, and who she knew had been organized by right-wing politicians counting on the fact that none of them knew enough about politics to notice.

Mme. Gonçalves had thought of avoiding the esplanade—of walking up to the Avenue de Tourville and around the Église du Dôme, where she and M. Gonçalves once saw Napoleon's sarcophagus—but she changed her mind when she saw that the esplanade was quiet. There were policemen everywhere. Some of them were lined up, like a barricade, at the corner where the Rue Saint-Dominique opens onto the esplanade, but they stepped aside politely and let Mme. Gonçalves through. The problem was that policemen were also lined up across the Rue Saint-Dominique on the other side of the esplanade, and those policemen would not let Mme. Gonçalves out again. She tried to ask the policemen why they had let her into the demonstration if they were not going to let her leave. She told them that it was ridiculous for the police to let people onto a big open space like the Esplanade des Invalides if the police were so worried about having them there that they all wore helmets and carried shields and tear-gas cannisters. She was still talking when fighting started on the Pont Alexandre III. People were throwing stones and sticks, and Mme. Gonçalves heard a kind of popping sound, and then another popping sound—it was tear-gas cannisters going off—and then hundreds of students started running up the esplanade, coughing and crying and covering their faces with scarves and handkerchiefs. Mme. Gonçalves nearly fell in the rush of people. She wanted to run, too, but the students were going fast, in their tennis shoes and jeans, and they kept bumping into her. The tear gas caught her in the eyes and burned her throat, and she had to use her broom as a kind of blind man's stick to find her way back to the sidewalk. She says now that she never meant to shake her broom at the policemen who were blocking the Rue Saint-Dominique. All she wanted was to go home before the shooting started. She could not imagine that the afternoon would end without shooting, any more than she could imagine that it had begun because a few students didn't want to take a test. But her throat kept burning and she had no kerchief for protection. She started to push through the police line. Two policemen raised their shields to stop her. And Mme. Gonçalves shook her broom at them, scolding, the way she always shakes it at the old drunk who wanders into our courtyard late at night and sings. One of the policemen grabbed the broom and stared through his riot visor at the strange red markings. Then Mme. Gonçalves ran. She was back in the courtyard, splashing cold tap water on her eyes, when Véronique Lavali came home, dispirited. The student demonstrations were over. It was getting on toward exam time, and there were not likely to be more until fall.

CONSERVATIVES here have made a good deal of the fact that the education bill the students hate—it is called the Loi Savary, after Alain Savary, the Minister of Education—is a piece of Socialist legislation. Actually, it originated with a conservative government, as, for that matter, did the medical-school reforms that sent some thirty thousand medical students out on strike in February. (Those reforms control the number of internes in any specialty, according to "need," grades, and region.) The medical-school reforms are virtually the same ones that Simone Veil tried to introduce when she was Giscard d'Estaing's Minister of Health, in 1978. The difference is that five years ago it was the Communists who objected to the reforms; this time around, it was a Communist Minister of Health, Jack Ralite, who introduced them, and the conservatives are objecting. The Lo Savary, for its part, is a revised version of a bill that Charles de Gaulle's Education Minister proposed in 196 —a bill that helped turn half the students in France into Maoists and inspired the *événements* of May, 1968. In the end, what seems to trouble students here has less to do with lef and right than with a belief held b the bureaucrats of the left and the right—that the state can administer the life of the mind the way it administers the gas company or the social-security bureau. More and more, the intention of schooling is professional. What the French call *formation* has come to be preparation for a career. The idea that American students are encouraged to put in four years of liberal-arts education or that British students read, say, classics before going into government or the family business is something that astonishes students here. Ten years ago, Sweden wanted to adjust university curricula to the needs of the country as those needs were interpreted by a board of industrialists, labor leaders, and politicians. Swedish students protested—and with a fairly accurate understanding of why they were protesting. French students tend not to understand their protests; they say that the right is hassling them (1968) or that the left is hassling them (1983), depending on whether the right or the left is in power. They have trouble identifying the confusion they feel, and so it is easy to abuse them, easy to exploit them.

A FEW days ago, the anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss gave a talk called "Histoire et Ethnologie" to more than a thousand people. Lévi-Strauss is seventy-four, and he has just resigned his chair at the Collège de France. There will be no more of the famous Lévi-Strauss seminars at the Collège, and consequently this month's talk—it was the annual Marc Bloch lecture, named for the historian and sponsored by the École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales—was by way of a farewell from France's most important scholar. Lévi-Strauss spoke in the Grand Amphithéâtre of the Sorbonne, a wonderful Third Republic auditorium, lit from cupolas and draped with flags; above the rostrum is Puvis de Chavannes's 1889 mural of a sacred wood where the Spirit of the Sorbonne reigns, and the Arts and the Sciences frolic, and Eloquence celebrates the conquests of the mind of man. The amphitheatre is usually saved for great occasions—the announcement of the first modern Olympic Games, the Pasteur centennial, the fiftieth anniversary of the Third Republic. An anthropologist of about forty, sitting next to me at the talk, said that the last time he had seen the amphitheatre was in May of 1968, when students occupied the Sorbonne, and Daniel Cohn-Bendit was the lecturer.

Lévi-Strauss is very much a *maître*—in the sense that the French use *maître* to honor the scholars and teachers who are the living culture of the country. He is an almost Cartesian presence for his colleagues and his students—an intelligence so confident, so precise, so forceful that it translates into a kind of physical correctness. It is not hard to imagine him as a young man in Brazil with the Nambikwara and the Bororo Indians, doing the field work out of which he produced "Tristes Tropiques," and which was the inspiration for the four landmark texts in structural anthropology that make up "Mythologiques." Tribal cultures like the Nambikwara and the Bororo are also correct. Lévi-Strauss would say that in their correctness they are beyond history, beyond the authority of events and personalities and time in which historians believe. Historians, on the whole, have not been very receptive to structuralists like Lévi-Strauss, who insist that they look beneath the chimera of change to the timeless structures of human social life.

Lately, Lévi-Strauss and his students have been writing "structuralist" French history—applying the kinship models of their research to France's noble families and marriages and alliances. They have taken those models, which were derived from tribal incest taboos, and, with Saint-Simon for a text (rather than, say, Bororo myths), used them to describe the France of the Condés and Bourbons and Dampierres. This is the work that Lévi-Strauss discussed in his lecture, taking the discipline that he himself did so much to define and setting it down, so to speak, on its proper course—on what he called its "legitimate direction." Thirty-five years ago, Lévi-Strauss described the elaborate structures of kinship and taboo, the rules of marriage and exchange with which tribal peoples organized their world. Now, standing under Puvis de Chavannes's sacred grove, he told the thousand Paris intellectuals who had come to hear him, and, perhaps, to say goodbye to the *maître* as a public man, that those same structures were the origin of the civilization they venerate. The audience was solemn, but it seemed to me that sometimes, listening to himself, Lévi-Strauss was amused by his discoveries, and maybe even by his own conclusions.

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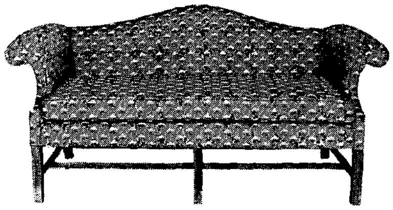

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Branch Line

JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU's three-hundredth birthday falls in September. He is a musician who inspires passionate advocacy. Ten years ago, his "Naissance d'Osiris" was played in the Smithsonian's natural-history museum, a setting that blended Encyclopédiste science with marbled splendor. (One passed a tiger poised to spring and a trumpeting elephant—each the largest of its kind—to reach the theatre, and sipped wine afterward beneath a blue whale lit by aqueous blue flickers.) In these pages, I declared that of great opera composers Rameau was the most cruelly neglected. Since then, many of his dramatic works have been revived in London. "La Princesse de Navarre," "Hippolyte et Aricie" (twice), and "Castor et Pollux" were staged at Covent Garden and "Naïs" was staged at the Old Vic—not by the resident troupes but as part of the English Bach Festival. (Bach and Rameau are near-contemporaries.) In Inigo Jones' Banqueting House, the Festival presented "Pygmalion," and in the Queen Elizabeth Hall a costumed performance of "Zoroastre." In that hall, John Eliot Gardiner's Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra gave concert performances of "Dardanus," "Les Fêtes d'Hébé," and—a world première—"Les Boréades," Rameau's last tragédie, and a masterpiece. "Les Boréades" was then repeated at the Proms. Rameau began to seem a composer British by adoption, like Berlioz. France recognized the merits of a largely neglected son when the English Bach Festival took its "Princesse de Navarre" and "Hippolyte" to Versailles and Mr. Gardiner mounted his "Boréades" at the Aix-en-Provence festival and in Lyons. (This summer, he conducts "Hippolyte" at Aix, with Jessye Norman as Phaedra.) American annals for the decade are slimmer. An abridged "Dardanus" at the Juilliard, a "Pygmalion" in St. Louis, a "Pygmalion" done by Concert Royal at Pace University, and a single entrée from "Les Fêtes" given in Tully Hall by the Concert have come my way. Nothing at the Met; nothing at the City Opera. But last month "Zoroastre" had its American première, presented in Cambridge at the start of Boston's Early Music Festival; and in September "Pygmalion" and the unfinished "Io"—possibly a world première—are due in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

"Zoroastre," the fourth of Rameau's five surviving tragédies, has hitherto enjoyed less esteem than its predecessors, and modern performances of it have been few. One reason is that the Rameau Oeuvres Complètes, begun in 1895, petered out, uncompleted, in 1924, before reaching "Zoroastre." The eighteenth-century printed scores lacked inner parts; a 1964 French edition appeared with downward transpositions and with written-out ornaments, making it unsuitable for modern Baroque performers. But for the English Bach Festival performance, four years ago, Graham Sadler prepared a new score, and this was used again in Cambridge. "Zoroastre" is a work of extraordinary beauty and radiance. In thumbnail characterizations of the tragédies, one might call "Hippolyte" the most directly and potently dramatic (it is where the Met or the City Opera should start), "Castor" the most moving, and "Dardanus" the most fanciful, while "Les Boréades," which crowns the achievement, seems to be Rameau's "Otello" and "Falstaff" in one. It is tempting to be especially enthusiastic about the latest Rameau opera—as about the latest Mozart—one has heard. This didn't quite happen with "Zoroastre;" the Cambridge performance was less than ideally persuasive. But it was good enough to reveal the particular qualities of the piece. "Zoroastre" has something in common with "The Magic Flute" and something with "Lohengrin." Its concern is the conflict of bright forces with the powers of darkness; enlightenment triumphs at last over moral and political tyranny. (The term "tragédie" did not preclude a happy ending.) Some commentators have been distressed that the eponymous hero is not a grave, low-voiced mage, like Handel's Zoroastro or Mozart's Sarastro, but a high tenor, and one, moreover, in love with the heroine. "Sacrilegious ab-

THE VELCROS AT HOME

surdity," Cuthbert Girdlestone declares in his Rameau monograph, and "It seems almost blasphemous to depict a figure like Zarathustra in love." *Also sprach* Girdlestone. But the near-divine, miraculous Zarathustra, as Rameau and his librettist, Louis de Cahusac, surely knew, was a creation of later legend. (Strauss, it's said, composed his tone poem in the belief that Zarathustra was an invention of Nietzsche's, and was rather cross when he learned otherwise.) The prophet Zoroaster of the earlier accounts, apostle of a sun-based religion well suited to the Persian clime, was a man—one who married and had children. And the character described by those who have read the Avesta (I've only heard it chanted, in Persepolis and from a fire temple beneath the tomb of Darius, as part of Peter Brook's "Orghast") is that of Rameau's hero: a human being credible and sympathetic, now hopeful, now despondent, beset not only by his enemies but also by wavering on his adherents' part and by his own misgivings.

"Zoroastre" survives in two versions: the original, of 1749, and the revision, of 1756. When Rameau revived his tragédies, he reworked them, sometimes drastically. Generally, he tightened the drama but removed lovely music that one loses only with a pang. (Verdi did much the same when he revised "Don Carlos.") The happy result is that listeners' voyages of delighted discovery grow longer. (I've heard "La Traviata" a hundred times or more and "Nabucco" often, but there is music Verdi composed for "La Traviata" and for "Nabucco" which—like music Mozart composed for "Figaro" and for "Don Giovanni"—I've yet to hear in the theatre.) Cambridge did the 1756 "Zoroastre;" the 1749 "Zoroastre," with its glorious second act, a crescendo of light, remains a treat in store. In both versions, "Zoroastre" seems to me a strong drama, raised on a firm allegorical foundation but enacted by characters who are brought to life by their utterances. The chorus plays many parts—Bactrians, Indians, mages, priests, "elementary" forces (spirits of air and of earth), shepherdesses and shepherds—and is always part of the action. In the revised version, the characterization of Érinice—a cousin to Amneris and to Ortrud: a proud woman rent by political ambition, fierce love for Zoroastre, and jealousy

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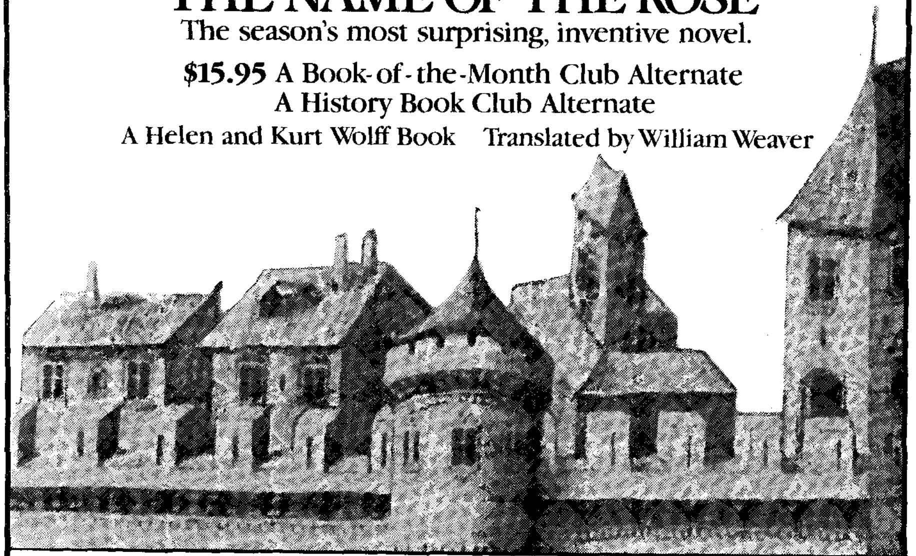

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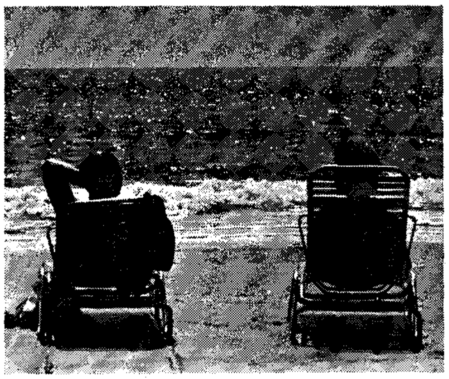

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of Amélite, whom Zoroastre loves—is so vivid as almost to unbalance the plot. The Cambridge production was given in Sanders Theatre, without scenery apart from a rococo portico added to the back wall of the platform. (Sanders, part of Harvard's Memorial Hall—Henry James' "great bristling brick Valhalla"—is a décor in itself, but not exactly what Rameau had in mind.) The execution was not for the unconverted. Anyone whose idea of early music in an authentic performance is thin, out-of-tune orchestral playing, singers in fancy dress who strike odd poses and emit mannered noises, primping dancers, and plodding musical direction was likely to have his prejudices confirmed. (That early music, properly performed, means nothing of the sort has been amply proved elsewhere—recently, in that Handel "Orlando" in St. Louis.) Banchetto Musicale, which provided the band and the chorus, is a Boston Baroque ensemble of some renown, but it hadn't got the hang of Rameau. Georg Muffat, a seventeenth-century analyst of national styles, declared that one should "hear" French dance music through one's feet as well as one's ears. There was no springiness in Martin Pearlman's direction. The dance music didn't dance. The infernal music was not formidable. The continuo cellist, instead of sharing the harpsichordist's score and, as it were, living along the singers' phrasing and breaths and gestures, seemed individually intent on her part. The bassoons, which have important contributions to make, scarcely came through. The chorus, in modern dress, sang in its share of the drama from seats at one side of the stage. The dancers were three couples from the Boston Ballet, doing unstylish choreography by Violette Verdy. The lighting, by N. B. Goldstein, was insensitive to the progress of the drama and the score. Jean Claude Orliac, in the title role, sang truly but didn't begin to act. Sophie Boulin, the Amélite, was sometimes painfully out of tune.

Doing Rameau is not easy. The critic Pierre Lalo, one of Rameau's first modern champions, wrote that the music needs

> an extremely precise and at the same time extremely sensitive interpretation, intelligent, penetrating, and felt. . . . Each fiddle, each flute, each oboe needs an execution that follows and adapts itself to every movement of the musical line, one that can mold and so to speak sculpt itself on its clear, precise, supple, and tight outline, without overlooking any inflection, accent, or intention, on pain of losing touch with the thought and with the feeling.

Each singer and each dancer needs that kind of execution, too. And, since Lalo wrote (he died in 1943), new work has been done on every aspect of Rameau performance: instrumental and vocal style, staging, costuming, acting, dancing, lighting. Mr. Pearlman and Philippe Lenaël, the stage director of "Zoroastre," aimed to take the new researches into account. They can be forgiven for failing in the letter where difficulties practical (Sanders does not have an equipped stage) or economic (the band was woefully undersized) held them back. Failing in the spirit is more serious. This "Zoroastre" seemed more a polite antiquarian charade than a life-and-death struggle between right and wrong. My passion for Rameau was kindled by a Birmingham University production of "Hippolyte," nearly twenty years ago (Janet Baker was the Phaedra, Anthony Lewis the conductor), at which the instruments were modern and the acting was untouched by Baroque rhetorical gesture. By modern scholarly standards, it was a primitive show; it would not be done that way now. But the thought and the feeling in it proved overwhelming. And I know other Ramellians who date their enthusiasm for the composer from hearing the Oiseau-Lyre "Hippolyte" recording derived from that production. The Birmingham show was sung in English. A general public will not respond to Rameau fully until it can follow the words: paradoxically, perhaps, the dramatic music most closely linked to the texts it expresses—Monteverdi's, Rameau's, Janáček's—stands most in need of theatre performance in the audience's tongue. The Oiseau-Lyre recording was made in French—rightly, since a bilingual libretto could be provided. The Cambridge "Zoroastre" was sung in French—rightly at an international scholarly festival. A bilingual libretto was on sale. Two translators, the Scientific and Cultural Service of the French Consulate in Boston, and a Libretto Translation Coördinator were credited in the program. Too many cooks? They rendered the line "Il faut briser ses fers"—an injunction to Zoroastre to rescue the imprisoned Amélite—as "You have to give her up."

Some of Debussy's music criticism is tiresome and flip, but when he heard Vincent d'Indy conduct an act of "Castor," in 1903, he took trouble with his review and wrote with unwonted enthusiasm. His tone is chauvinist: Rameau, in whom he discerns "a purely French tradition," comes in handy for whacking Gluck, who, along with later Germans, is blamed for diverting French composers from the paths of Ramellian clarity of expression and conciseness and precision of forms. Rameau's works, Debussy says, "combine a charming and delicate tenderness with precise tones and strict declamation in the recitatives." One of Pollux's airs he finds so eloquent and original that "Rameau seems like one of our contemporaries whom we could congratulate as we left the theatre." The beauty and shapeliness of Rameau's melodies, the expressiveness of his orchestral colors—newly fresh in our age of Baroque instruments—and his sense of proportion are evident; praise must not overlook the sheer dramatic force of his tragédies when they are performed with feeling. Debussy ended with an apology for dwelling on the music of the past, but, he said, "moments of real joy in life are rare." Rameau can still provide them. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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How's that again?

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Silliness

A COMIC'S naked desire to make us laugh can be an embarrassment, especially if we feel that he's hanging on that laugh—that he's experiencing our reaction as a life-or-death matter. Steve Martin is naked, but he isn't desperate. (He's too anomic to be desperate.) Some performers can't work up a physical charge if the audience doesn't respond to them, but Steve Martin doesn't come out on a TV stage cold, hoping to get a rhythm going with the people in the studio. He's wired up and tingling, like a junk-food addict; he's like a man who's being electrocuted and getting a dirty thrill out of it. Steve Martin doesn't feed off the audience's energy—he instills energy in the audience. And he does it by drawing us into a conspiratorial relationship with him.

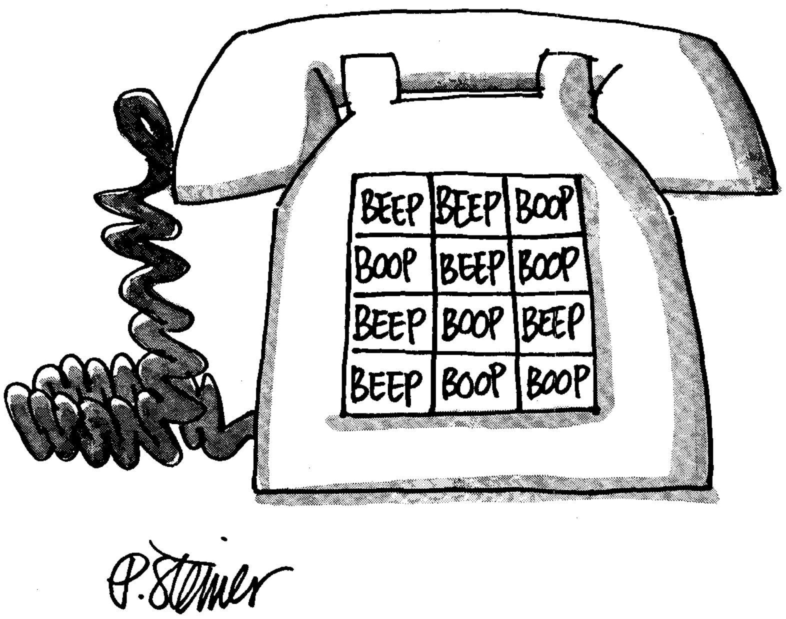
Pop culture is a relatively recent phenomenon. It's only in the last two decades that moviemakers have come along whose attitudes were shaped by the movies they grew up on, and whose subjects were often drawn from those old movies. And it's only in the past decade that a new generation of comics has been shaping its material as a satirical spinoff of the Catskill traditions they grew up on. The Steve Martin we see is a marionette, like the Devo punks; what holds the strings is the pop culture that he has processed. But he's not protesting the overload of his nervous system. His core is burned out, and he's a happy idiot, all spasms and twitches, and videotape for nerve endings.

When Martin comes onstage, he may do, say, just what Red Skelton used to do, but he gets us laughing at the fact that we're laughing at such dumb jokes. Martin simulates being a comedian, and so, in a way, we simulate being the comedian's audience. Martin makes old routines work by letting us know that they're old and then doing them immaculately. For him, comedy is *all* timing. He's almost a comedy robot. Onstage, he puts across the idea that he's going to do some cornball routine, and then when he does it it has quotation marks around it, and that's what makes it hilarious. He does the routine straight, yet he's totally facetious. He lets us know that we're seeing silliness in quotes. There he is, spruced up and dapper in a three-piece white suit; even his handsomeness is made facetious. Steve Martin is all persona. That's what's dizzying about him—and a little ghoulish. He and some of the other comics of his generation make the *idea* that they're doing comedy funny.

It's as if Steve Martin's showmanship had two stages—as if first he came on and said, "Imagine a clod like me dancing like Fred Astaire." An old-style comedian would then fall on his face, or if he were Jack Benny fancying himself as Heifetz he'd produce one sour note after another. But Martin's steadfast concentration allows him, in the second stage, to do just what he said he'd do—he dances like Fred Astaire. I admired Steve Martin for the acting and the dancing he did in "Pennies from Heaven;" what he did was more than a "stretch," it was a consummation, and he may have been so startlingly right in the movie because of the doubleness behind its whole conception. Possibly there was also an attempt to achieve some sort of duality in Martin's last picture, "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid"—a spoof of detective movies which spliced together footage of Martin and footage from films of the forties. Carl Reiner, who has directed all three of Martin's star vehicles (but didn't direct "Pennies"), worked with dedicated craftsmen and achieved a smooth composite; even the sound levels were carefully matched. Reiner and the others must have become so proud of their workmanship that they didn't register what a monotonous, droning feat they were engaged in. They smoothed out their one big chance for comic friction—the contrast between old and new.

Almost nothing of the new-generation approach is visible in the Steve Martin of slapstick package movies, such as the first burlesque he starred in, "The Jerk," and his new one, "The Man with Two Brains." In these, he's not very different from the more frenzied and gaga of the older-generation comedians, yet he gives the impression of being fully realized. The pictures don't have the sheer wacko splendor of "Young Frankenstein," but something as well thought out as "Young Frankenstein" might be a constraint on Martin. When he leers in "The Man with Two Brains," he leers triumphantly, like a baby grinning and dribbling milk out of its first few teeth. The performance is shameless, stupid fun. Despite the sadness in his face, the comic character we see up there has nothing in his head but a warped, infantile élan. Martin is as physical a comic as I've ever seen; the Jerk is the perfect name for him—he moves convulsively, at angles, his body shooting ahead of his thoughts.

Essentially a series of skits, "The Man with Two Brains" is indefensible by any known standard of comedy form—or formlessness. It's not much of anything, but it moves along enjoyably and it allows this Jerk to stay wired up for the whole picture. Sunny, grinning, lewd, he's Harpo Marx with a voice and without the harp—a Harpo whose id has chased out Art. As the world's greatest brain surgeon, he's an exuberantly dirty-minded kid. This surgeon, who's stuffed with pretensions, perceives himself as a man of the world, but he's a guileless innocent compared with the woman he swoons over—a flirty, dimply sadist who marries him for her convenience. Kathleen Turner, who was so



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NOBODY STAYS JUST ONCE

Boston Houston Montreal New York San Francisco laboriously steamy in "Body Heat," comes alive in comedy; she coos with pleasure as she frustrates this fool. She's a wicked-witch sex goddess who keeps him tense and frazzled. The story ideas in "Two Brains" aren't as inventive as the material in "The Jerk," but that was an ugly-looking picture, with stumblebum pacing. (Martin was funny in it despite its dead spots and the tedium of his falling over things.) "Two Brains" at least has a look. Michael Chapman was the cinematographer, and his work has a graphic vitality that's unusual for a comedy; it certainly helps the gags, because we're kept alert between them. And Carl Reiner seems to be developing a bit of grace: the actors surrounding Martin are pleasantly subdued. David Warner plays a mad doctor in an offhand, distracted manner; it's consistent with the pastel colors of the live human brains that he keeps in candy jars. Some of the gags don't seem quite pointed enough—Warner's coin-operated transformer (for his laboratory machines that implant human brains in gorillas) doesn't get anything more than a smile. And the last, fat-bride sequence is hopeless. But the picture has at least one inspired love scene (between Martin and a brain, in a rowboat). And Martin himself—whatever he does—has the fascination of a man moving in an energetic trance.

This movie has the kind of maniacal situations that are so dumb they make you laugh, and since much of what children find hilarious has this same giddiness, they'd probably like the film a lot. But it also has the kind of raunchiness that may worry their parents (though it will probably just make the kids giggle). It has an R rating, so the kids may need their folks to get them in. That's a pickle.

SILLINESS is also the chief charm of "Octopussy," the fourteenth (and least elegantly titled) of the James Bond movies. It's part parody and part travesty, and it's amiably fatigued. Those of us who keep going to the Bonds (even after the last two, the apathetic "Moonraker" and "For Your Eyes Only") have probably become resigned to Roger Moore. He doesn't move particularly well, and, at fifty-five, he doesn't move very fast, either. We know (and his sheepish, self-deprecating manner tells us that he knows we know) that he has been playing the role because the producer couldn't find anybody more exciting. He still goes through (some of) the motions of a modern swashbuckling hero, but he gets most of his effects now by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes. He may not be heroic, but he's game. And he rises to the occasion of his one first-class joke. It's part of a sequence that might be a spoof of "Raiders of the Lost Ark": running just a few steps ahead of a hunting party that's out to get him, he encounters a series of standard old-movie dangers, including an attack by a deadly animal. Moore lifts his index finger in the Barbara Woodhouse style of disapproval and subdues the beast with a single word.

The picture rattles along. It's not the latest-model Cadillac; it's a beat-out old Cadillac, kept running with junkyard parts. (I never thought a Bond movie would actually resort to a suffering man in clown's makeup.) The director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. Magda, a mysterious, tall, greasy-lipped blonde (Kristina Wayborn, who played Garbo on TV), has an amused manner; she seduces Bond, then disappears without any explanation, and when she turns up again he barely gives her a nod. The naughty, chic perversities that are promised by the title and some of the décor are left to our minds—as if the moviemakers had no idea they'd planted them there. As the title character, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal—she's rather mooshy. At one moment, Octopussy is a leader, and the next moment she's a dupe, who doesn't know what's going on around her. The role is a washout, and the performance is so smily-innocuous that when she leads Bond to her octopus-shaped bed it must be to lie back against the pillows and have a nice cup of tea and milk. But this is a joke book of a movie, set against a tourist-paradise India (it seems to be all palaces), and Glen keeps the small jokes humming. As an exiled Afghan prince, a dissolute schemer, Louis Jourdan doesn't have much to do but look annoyed, though he has one sly bit—he puckers up when he pronounces the amazon's name, giving it an ironic caress. Some of the other villains are more prominently displayed. There's a bright, blue-eyed English actor, Steven Berkoff, who plays the fanatic Russian general Orlov. When Orlov speaks English, he takes a gleeful pride in his own precision, and listening to him wrap his tongue around English syllables is one of the slaphappy pleasures of this movie—he's like the mad Russians who were popular on American radio in the thirties. Kabir Bedi, a handsome Anglo-Indian actor—a monument of a man, who towers over Roger Moore—has a fine villainous curve to his mouth; as the prince's major domo, he looks alarming even when he isn't doing a thing. Among the lesser villains, I rather liked the identical David and Tony Meyer, who have the perfect profession for twins: they work for a circus, throwing knives at each other. There's also an agreeable appearance by the famous Indian tennis star Vijay Amritraj, who plays an agent assisting Bond; you won't have any trouble spotting him—he's called Vijay, and he smacks a pursuer with a tennis racquet.

"Octopussy" is probably the most casual of the Bonds. It features a chase sequence in a crowded marketplace with a great camera angle on a camel looking up and doing a double take as an automobile flies over its head. In some ways, "Octopussy" is more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. (Among Bond's disguises here are a gorilla suit and an alligator outfit that doubles as a boat.) The pet octopus that the amazon keeps is a pretty little thing—blue, with markings so discreet that you might expect to find them on decorator sheets. What this woman is doing with a harem full of cuties (who are sometimes dressed as slave girls) isn't clear; at times they appear to be a feminist sisterhood, with Octopussy as their den mother. When they're forced to use their skills in the martial arts, they overpower their

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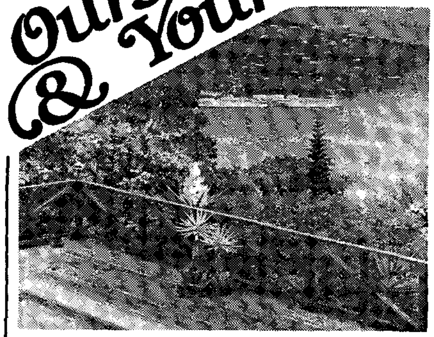

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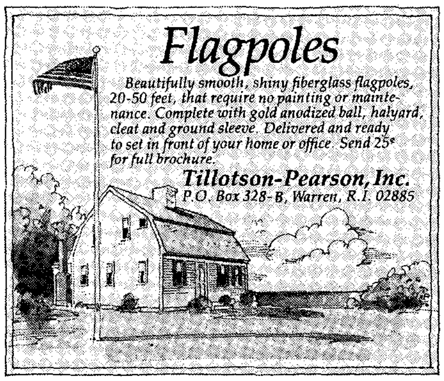

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male enemies very sweetly, while moving about in gracefully choreographed patterns.

The movie is a little schizzy. It gives us Bond as a gorilla and as a gator; it gives us Bond swinging on ropes in the forest while yodelling like Tarzan. This Bond slides down a bannister while firing a machine gun and travels in a balloon equipped with a bank of television screens so he can monitor the action below. But the moviemakers also have him deliver a virtuous speech expressing anger at the possibility that thousands of innocent people will be killed if the atom bomb that Orlov has planted goes off. It's as if a teacher had been entertaining us with crazy stories and then reprimanded us for laughing. You can feel a collective slump in the audience.

"FLASHDANCE" has Cuisinart movie technique: the perfection is in the slicing, not the food. The girl can't dance, but she's got a face. No problem: the moviemakers put her face on another girl's body—a dancer who moves so fast you can't see whether she's even got a face under her frizzy curls. And the strobe editing makes her even faster. This dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; this dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes.

The girl is eighteen, and working-class Catholic, like Rocky, and Tony Manero, and the girl in "An Officer and a Gentleman," and she's proud. She's all alone in Pittsburgh, but she's got a dream. She's a welder by day and a dancer at night, and though her dances look choreographed down to each flutter of the frizz, we're meant to understand that they're an explosion of her instincts. But she doesn't want to dance this "natural" way. In her dream, she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs (including some that were already on the charts); basically, the movie is a series of rock videos. When this girl dances in a neighborhood beer joint, the neon-framed stage looks like the latest design for a convention center. The picture has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping. Our wistful heroine has a darling smile, which is deployed very carefully during a long, provocative eating scene, with bits of lobster hovering on her perfect lips. Hot is in. And she isn't the only girl. For this picture, the producers have put together a prime collection of

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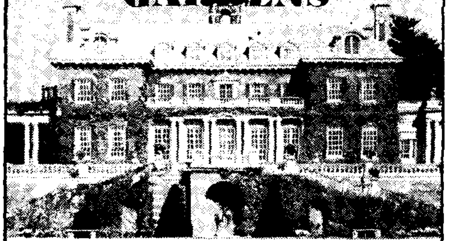

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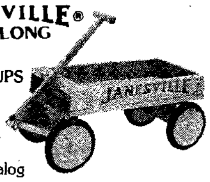

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rumps: girls' rumps, but small and muscular and round, like boys'. These androgynous buns are kept busy at an ice-skating rink, at a body-building workout in a gym, and on the streets, where everything pulses, and a group of boy dancers perform on the sidewalks, spinning on their backs like tops. (Richard Colon, one of this group of black "breakers," who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time.)

The picture is a lulling, narcotizing musical; the whole damn thing throbs. It's a motorized anatomy lesson, designed to turn the kids on and drive older men crazy. It's soft-core porn with an inspirational message, and it may be the most calculating, platinum-hearted movie I've ever seen. "Flashdance" is selling the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago, and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." Life is simple for the courageous. Our poor little girl wins her young, handsome boss—the owner of the steel mill. It's O.K. for him to be rich, because he worked his way up from poverty (with record-breaking speed), and she wins him because she sticks to her principles and is true to her vision—yes, she really is going to become a ballerina. (You may think it a little late for her to start taking her first ballet classes, but she's been dancing every night in her dreams, so who needs practice?) The public is buying this picture; millions of people probably don't see anything wrong with it. They may even think that the critics are panning it because it's too sexy for us, and—God help us—too gritty and honest for us cocktail-swilling urban sophisticates.

"Flashdance" is like a sleazo putting the make on you. It gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. How tender she is, how dewy-eyed and passionate. She confesses that she has been thinking of sex, and—oh, yes—she told a lie. This girl is all underdog, and she's got a real, scene-stealing dog besides. The dog's soulful expressions have more depth than anything else in the picture. —PAULINE KAEL

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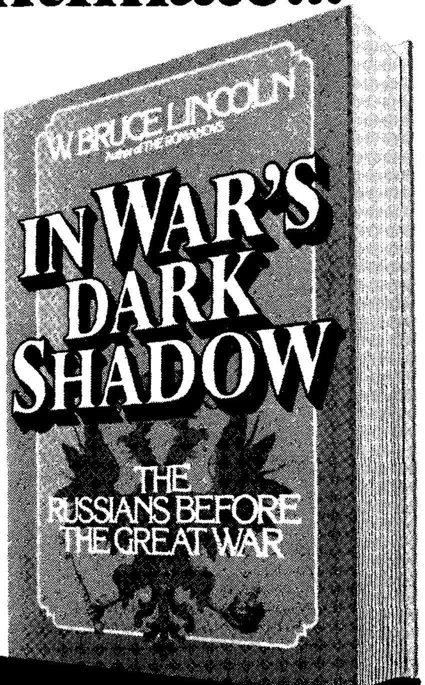
Governmentese has a lexicon of acronyms and jargon that seeks to rob words of their meaning as well as meaning from words.—*Adv. for United Technologies in the Times.*

For example?



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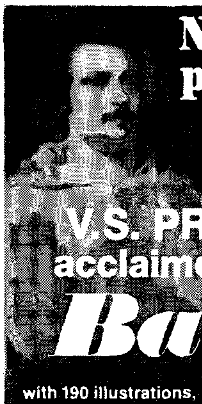

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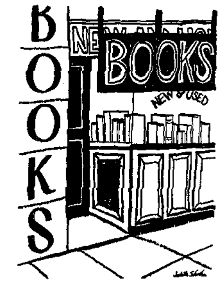
BOOKS

The Duke's Child

THAT Frank O'Connor belongs among the great short-story writers of the twentieth century few people, I think, would deny. Frank O'Connor was a pseudonym, which he adopted as a very young man so that he would not get in trouble over things he published and lose his job as a librarian in Wicklow. His real name was Michael O'Donovan, and he was called by both names. He was born in Cork, on September 17, 1903. The first twenty years of his life are covered in a volume of autobiography, "An Only Child," published in 1961. His father had been a drummer in an Irish regiment of the British Army, was mustered out with a pension of a guinea a month, and found work when he could as a laborer. He was given to periodic benders, during which he was a terror to his family. Only when everything of value had been pawned and the landlord was threatening eviction would he stop drinking and the family pull back from the brink of disaster. When O'Connor's paternal grandfather died, his grandmother, an irritating old woman who ate with her fingers and was overfond of porter, came to live with them. His grandmother on his mother's side was widowed and driven out of her mind by poverty and bereavement, and died in the workhouse. His mother was raised in a Catholic orphanage. As a child she walked in her sleep and was once found pacing a corridor in her nightdress, reciting Wolsey's speech from "Henry VIII" "Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness." When she was old enough, the nuns placed her in domestic service, and she was so starved and mistreated that she came close to drowning herself. She was thirty-six when she married. Because there was never enough money she went out to work as a charwoman.



"For kids like myself," O'Connor says in "An Only Child," "social life was represented by the shop-front and the gas-lamp. This was mainly because we could rarely bring other kids home in the evenings; the houses were too small, and after the fathers came home from work, children became a nuisance. Besides, most families had something to hide; if it wasn't an old grandmother like mine or a father who drank, it was how little they had to eat . . . The shop-fronts and gas-lamps were quite as exclusive as city clubs. The boys from our neighborhood usually gathered outside Miss Murphy's shop at the foot of the Square, while the respectable boys of the Ballyhooley Road—the children of policemen, minor officials, and small shopkeepers—gathered outside Miss Long's by the Quarry. I lived in a sort of social vacuum between the two, for though custom summoned me to Miss Murphy's with boys of my own class who sometimes went without boots and had no ambition to be educated, my instinct summoned me to Miss Long's and the boys who wore boots and got educated whether they liked it or not . . . I was always very sympathetic with children in the story-books I read who had been kidnapped by tramps and gipsies, and for a lot of the time I was inclined to think that something like that must have happened to myself. Apart from any natural liking I may have had for education, I knew it was the only way of escaping from the situation in which I found myself."

In his story "The Duke's Children" a boy very like what he must have been observes that in "those moments of blinding illumination when I was alone in the station yard on a spring morning with sunlight striking the cliffs above the tunnel, and, picking my way between the rails and the trucks, I realized that it was not for long, that I was a duke or earl, lost, stolen, or strayed from my proper home, and that I had only to be discovered for everything to fall into its place."

One day at school, when he was nine years old, an assistant teacher, a man with a lame leg and a vile temper, wrote on the blackboard in a mysterious script the words "*Muscail do mbisneail, a Banba*," which he then paid no attention to as he went on to give the class their first lesson in Gaelic. O'Connor lingered after class to ask what the words on the blackboard meant, and the teacher smiled and said, "Waken your courage, Ireland." The teacher was Daniel Corkery, who left his mark, in the form of plays, a novel, and stories, on Irish literature. The boy had at last found someone to direct his insatiable enthusiasm for learning. He discovered that Gaelic, not English, was his grandmother's native language, and she set out to teach it to him. He also used his mother's card to get into the adult section of the public library and memorized anything that appealed to him.

At fourteen he dropped out of school. With his head stuffed full of poetry, he failed to give satisfaction in a wholesale drapery shop, a chemist's, and a job printer's, in succession. He was working as a messenger for the Great Southern & Western Railway when his first published writing appeared, in a children's newspaper.

During the Troubles he became a political activist, and at the age of nineteen was picked up by Free State soldiers and put in prison, where for the most part he was not unhappy. The prison camp had been built as an American aerodrome during the First World War, and what with one thing and another, including the American plumbing, he led a healthier life than he could have at home. He taught German and Gaelic to the other prisoners, and immersed himself in an enthusiastic study of grammar. "An Only Child" ends with his release from prison after nearly a year.

A second volume, "My Father's Son," put together after his death in 1966 from unfinished drafts and separate pieces, deals with his work as a librarian in Cork and Dublin, his friendships with AE and Yeats, and the at this late date not very interesting feuds among the directors of the Abbey Theatre. It leaves his periods of living in England and his ten years in the United States, his two marriages, a liaison with an English girl that resulted in a child born out of wedlock, and his writing all undisposed of.

This an American, James Matthews, has attempted to rectify, in "Voices: A Life of Frank O'Connor" (Atheneum; $25). The dust-jacket copy reads, "James Matthews was born and raised near Seattle, Washington, graduated from Seattle Pacific College in 1964, and received a Ph.D. from Vanderbilt University in 1968. He taught for two years at the University of Tulsa, where his interest in Irish literature began, and then for eleven years at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Florida. Now a lapsed academic, he has returned to the Pacific Northwest, and lives on a farm outside Stanwood, Washington, with his wife and three children."

In fairness to Mr. Matthews and to the reader of this review I think I ought to explain that of the material O'Connor published in *The New Yorker*—fifty-one stories and autobiographical pieces in all—a considerable part passed over my desk, and as a result of the hours we spent going over manuscripts and galleys together we became friends.

THE absence of any genuine sympathy on Mr. Matthews' part becomes apparent very early in his book. In dealing with the events of O'Connor's seventeenth year he says, "So when in the spring of 1920 Corkery handed him the opportunity to go to Dublin for a special course in Irish, he jumped at the offer. It was a Gaelic League school 'formed to train teachers of Irish, who would later cycle about the country from village to village, teaching in schools and parish halls.' Actually, he spent more time around the bookstalls on the quays than he did in the study of Irish. Although at the end of the summer he was granted a certificate qualifying him to teach Irish, he was probably not qualified at all."

Mr. Matthews cites as his source for this Dublin experience pages 197-98 of "An Only Child": "Corkery's idea was that since I could never get into a university, I should become an art teacher, and he even arranged a scholarship in London for me. But I was in a frenzy to earn a little money, and, instead, like a fool, I applied for a scholarship to a Gaelic League Summer School in Dublin that had been formed to train teachers of Irish, who would later cycle about the country from village to village, teaching in schools and parish halls. It sounded exactly the sort of life for an aspiring young writer who wanted to know Ireland as Gorky had known Russia." In short, Corkery *didn't* hand him the opportunity to go to Dublin; he made it for himself. With the facts lying on the page in front of him, Mr. Matthews hasn't bothered to be accurate. Also he has invented feelings that O'Connor couldn't in the circumstances have had. (How could he have jumped at an opportunity that Corkery hadn't offered him?) It isn't the only instance in the book of a fact that is, in a significant way, untrustworthy.

O'Connor continues, "The Summer School was held in the Gaelic League headquarters in Parnell Square, and the head of it was a sly, fat rogue of a West Cork man called Hurley, who was later Quarter-Master-General of the Free State Army. I did not like Dublin, probably because most of the time I was light-headed with hunger. I lodged in a Georgian house on the Pembroke Road, and having rarely eaten in any house other than my own, I contented myself with a cup of tea and a slice of bread for breakfast. I decided that the chamber pot in my bedroom was for ornament rather than use. I was even more scared of restaurants than of strange houses. I had never eaten in one except when Mother took me to Thompson's café in Patrick Street for a cup of coffee—her notion of high life—so I lived entirely on coffee and buns in Bewley's. It was to be years before I worked up the courage to go into a real restaurant. Besides, the scholarship did not amount to more than the price of modest lodgings, and I needed every penny I could spare for the books I could pick up cheap at the stalls on the quays. I could not keep away from them. There were books there the like of which one never saw in a Cork bookstore. It was there that I picked up for a few pence the little *Selected Poems of Browning* published by Smith, Elder, which for me has always been one of the great books of the world, and when the hunger got too much for me I would recite to myself: 'Heap Cassia, sandal-buds and stripes of labdanum and aloeballs' as though it were a spell.

"Far from being recognized as a genius at the school, I was obviously regarded as a complete dud. The reason for this did not dawn on me till years had gone by. All the other students had had a good general education, some a university education. I talked Irish copiously, but nobody had explained to me the difference between a masculine and feminine noun, or a nominative and dative case. Nobody explained to me then, either, probably because the problem of a completely uneducated boy masquerading as a well-educated one was outside everyone's experience."

In compressing all this to four sentences, Mr. Matthews has passed over, as of no importance, material that is deeply revealing both of O'Connor's circumstances and of his character.

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WHEN the author of a literary biography is himself insensitive to language, the results are bound to be unsatisfactory. Mr. Matthews' misuse or misunderstanding of words and idioms is remarkable. Viz.: "Insecure to a fault he . . ." and "like any unpedigreed provincial, he drove himself to achieve excellence." O'Connor was a provincial in the same sense that Flaubert

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and Chekhov were, and in no other. As for being unpedigreed, a dog, yes, but a *writer*? Sometimes Mr. Matthews' syntax turns and bites him: "At the funeral [of his father] Michael mourned honestly, not so much in public display as in bitter confusion over the loss of someone both dear and dreadful." Sometimes it is hard to tell what is literary ineptitude and what is muddle. What, for example, is one to make of this: "Other stories may reveal what he thought about War, or Love, or Justice, but 'Michael's Wife' reveals what he felt. It is as autobiographical as anything O'Connor wrote—not because it is about his personal experience but because it is a personal experience"?

Mr. Matthews has a natural talent for casting aspersions, the way some people have a talent for pitching horseshoes or finding four-leaf clovers.

Item: "He held no competitive grudges against them"—that is to say, against AE's scholar friends—"as he so often showed toward other writers." (No evidence offered in support of the latter part of this statement.)

Item: ". . . the tired couple escaped to a guest house on the Tralee Road conveniently near the Aghadoe Church, 'the main interest of which,' O'Connor confidently claims in *Irish Miles*, 'is that its peculiar capitals enable you to trace the mason who did it from Holy Island in Lough Derg, through Clonkeen in Co. Limerick.' That sort of brash assumption probably made thoroughly trained specialists in Romanesque architecture quiver, but it gave an otherwise obvious travel book an entertaining petulance." (The specialists in this case are an invention of the biographer, like the petulance.)

Item, in a footnote: "Michael O'Donovan strove to be a good man; indeed he had to see himself and present himself as a good man. Frank O'Connor strove to be an artist, and in his art there is little posing." (The idea advanced in the first sentence is left hanging. Is Mr. Matthews saying that as a man O'Connor somewhat deceived himself about his own nature and was at some pains to deceive others? To suggest possibilities of this kind and not deal with them is dirty pool.)

Item: "Everything was grist to Yeats's mill, every remark, every poem, every incident. He may have been what O'Connor called a 'born plagiarist' "—the context of this remark is unfortunately not given—"but was no more or less so than O'Connor himself who spent a lifetime plundering stories from the casual anecdotes of friends." (To plunder means, of course, to take something from someone by force. The friends whose stories O'Connor made use of were not themselves writers, and it is extremely hard to believe that they weren't gratified when he turned their anecdotes into something beautiful and permanent.)

Item: In comparing O'Connor's "The Big Fellow," which is a life of the Irish patriot Michael Collins, with Seán O'Faoláin's biographies of de Valera and the Countess Markievicz, Mr. Matthews says, "O'Faoláin was a professional man of letters, capable of the most exacting scholarship and objectivity, but O'Connor was a fumbling, improvising amateur." (A professional man of letters, I would think, is someone who writes in a number of literary forms and has his writing published. This was equally true of both men. I have not read O'Faoláin's biographies, but I have read "The Big Fellow" and it did not strike me as fumbling or improvisation. And what amateur writer can you think of who has published ten collections of short stories, two novels, a biography, an autobiography, four volumes of poetry, six volumes of literary criticism, two travel books, and more than two hundred and fifty articles and reviews?)

Mr. Matthews is particularly given to the damaging sideswipe that alters the meaning of the sentence by insinuation rather than by direct statement: "In *Towards an Appreciation of Literature* O'Connor had written: 'Swift, Wilde, Yeats, and Joyce have certain characteristics like insolence, introspection, and a tendency to wear a mask which are not uncommon among writers brought up in Ireland.' Not only could O'Connor diagnose mental disorder with relative ease, but he was also quick to spot phoniness—*in other people*" (my italics).

Praise is either grudging ("In all fairness, Michael deserved the attention he was getting") or followed more often than not by some injurious statement that will, so to speak, take the curse off it. Even when pointing out that O'Connor's enemies among the directors of the Abbey Theatre were unfair, Mr. Matthews manages to find excuses for them. His judiciousness is that of the hanging judge.

HAD O'Connor lived he would now be seventy-nine. There are several of his contemporaries still living in Ireland whose close friendship with him goes all the way back to their youth. Mr. Matthews took the trouble to consult them, uses their testimony to make a point here and there, but withholds from the reader their understanding of O'Connor's character, which must surely be different from his.

I find very little resemblance between the Frank O'Connor Mr. Matthews has presented in this book and the person I knew. In the memorial volume "Michael/Frank," edited by Maurice Sheehy and often referred to by Mr. Matthews, there are eighteen essays by men and women who knew and worked with O'Connor—among them Wallace Stegner, Honor Tracy, and Richard Ellmann—and the composite portrait of him that emerges from this collection I *do* recognize.

O'Connor, being dead, cannot defend himself against Mr. Matthews' charges. Possibly he would have considered them too small and mean-spirited to deserve an answer. In a letter to a friend he wrote, ". . . there are occasions when we all feel guilt and remorse; we all want to turn back time. But even if we were able, things would go in precisely the same way, because the mistakes we make are not in our judgments but in our natures. It is only when we do violence to our natures that we are justified in our regrets . . . We are what we are, and within our limitations we have made our own efforts. They seem puny in the light of eternity, but they didn't at the time, and they weren't."

—William Maxwell

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Search, by Iain Crichton Smith (Gollancz/David & Charles; $14.95). Trevor, a Scottish scholar lecturing in Canberra, Australia, gets a telephone call. "I wonder if by any chance you have a brother in Australia," the voice at the other end says. Trevor does; his name is Norman, and he has not been heard from in more than fifteen years. Trevor agrees to meet the caller, who directs him to Sydney, where Norman may or may not have died in jail. Trevor's trip to Sydney is the first step in a painful mental journey not only back to his youth (when his parents favored him over his unbookish brother) and to his courtship of his brother's girlfriend (while his brother was in the Army) but into his current existence (not least his shaky marriage). In Sydney, he feels curiously homesick for Canberra, but when he returns (after a somewhat sinister mishap) he does not feel at home there, or even safe. A few days later, he gives a radio interview about art and exile, and he muses now and then about Cain and Abel, the Prodigal Son, and Jekyll and Hyde; for the most part, however, Mr. Smith does not belabor his analogies, and the ending, at the Glasgow airport, leaves the reader, like the traveller, free to hope and to fear.

The Coconut Kiss, by Dee Phillips (Norton; $14.50). A haunting story, set in the nineteen-twenties and told as a first-person memoir, about a seven-year-old worrier named Flora, one of seven children who live in North London with their gentle elderly parents. ("Our mother . . . was not very tall, and when fairy stories began, 'Once, there was a little old woman,' it was someone very like her I always visualised.") Flora's nervous habits (a series: sniffing, blinking, throat-clearing, and now head-shaking) are the physical expressions of her incessant superstitions and fears, about everything from bogeymen to earwigs. The story begins as the family moves into an old house in a seedy neighborhood, and it focusses on Flora's dread of a ferocious ragamuffin named Ruby, who extorts halfpennies from Flora twice a week and grabs sweets out of her hands. Ruby is an abused child (as today's child psychotherapists, who include Dee Phillips, might put it), and the combination of pity and disgust that she arouses (mostly among adults) at school and at home leaves Flora feeling guilty no matter what she does. Toward the end of the story, Flora is hospitalized with diphtheria, and when she emerges, four months later, she has become tall and thin, and—having faced the worst of all fears—she seems cured of more than the doctors diagnosed.

GENERAL

The Europeans, by Luigi Barzini (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). The author of "The Italians" and "O America" here takes on the Continent; this book of wide-ranging observations and dazzling aperçus is given its focus by the theme of European unification, which Mr. Barzini believes to be highly desirable

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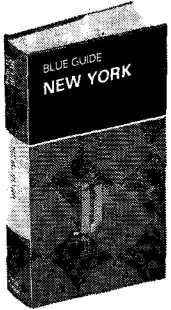

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and far from imminent. Drawing upon fifty years' experience as an Italian journalist and world traveller, he presents in successive chapters vivid historical and psychological portraits of the major members of NATO and the E.E.C.—Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and Benelux—with a fond and shrewd sketch of the United States added for good measure. He has little to say of Scandinavia, Iberia, or Eastern Europe, to the reader's loss, for he is a master geopolitical essayist. By his account, the immense British prestige of the nineteenth century changed the color of male dress to black, which percolated down from the Continental aristocracy through all classes in homage to England's supremacy in the age of coal and iron and empire; this success, Mr. Barzini suggests, derived from the convenient circumstance that all Englishmen had a mere "seven ideas" in their interchangeable heads. The resilience of the constantly teetering Italian state is linked to an underlying longing for *buongoverno;* in recent decades the economically disastrous creation, at American urging, of a center-left coalition was stopped short of collapse into Communism by prodigies of private enterprise: "Naples exported five million pairs of gloves a year, in spite of the fact that there was not one glove factory in the city." Smaller nations, like the Dutch, tend to favor a United States of Europe, but have grown unrealistically pacific under the American nuclear umbrella. The key to European unity, as Mr. Barzini sees it, is "the mutable Germans," who have shown their neighbors so bewilderingly many faces in the century since Bismarck; the central obstacle is the French insistence on living by the light of a vanished *gloire.* Whatever the author's conclusions, getting there, by a route mixed of personal reminiscence, historical learning, and debonair generalization, is a delight made all the more palatable by his elegant adopted English.

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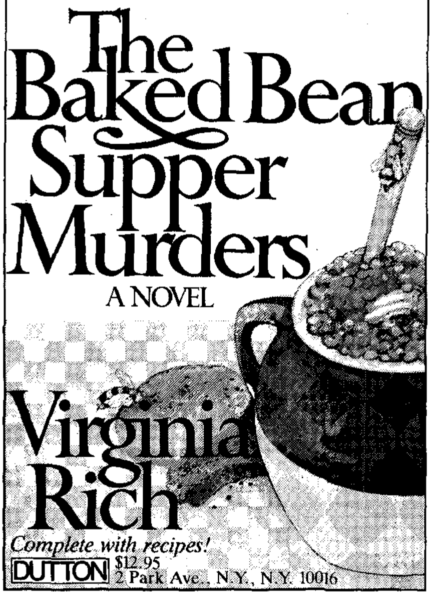

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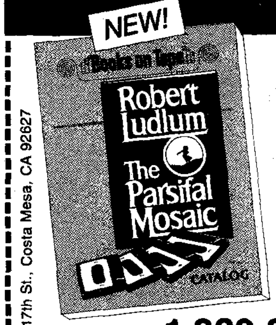

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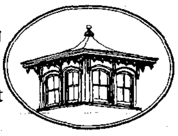

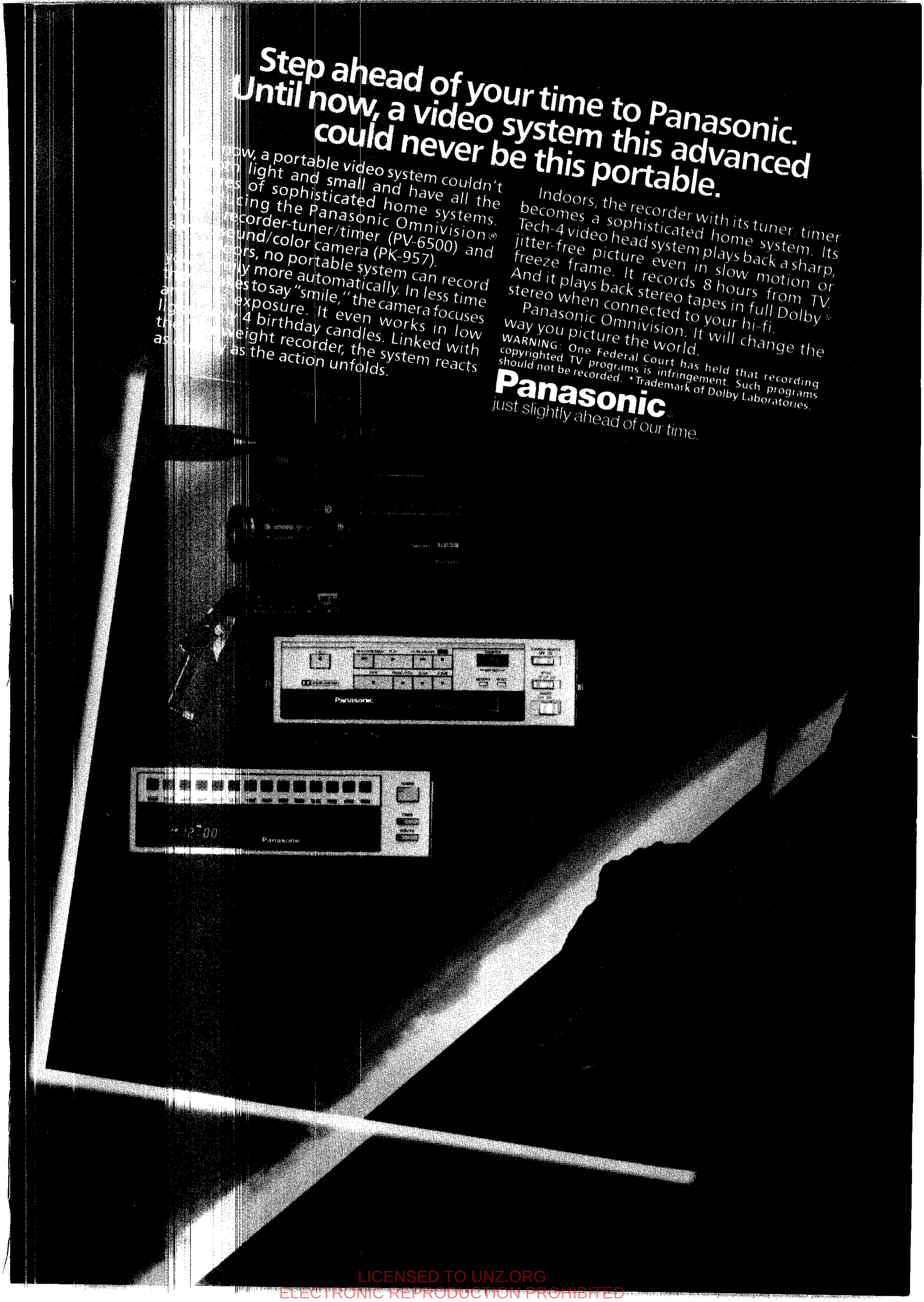

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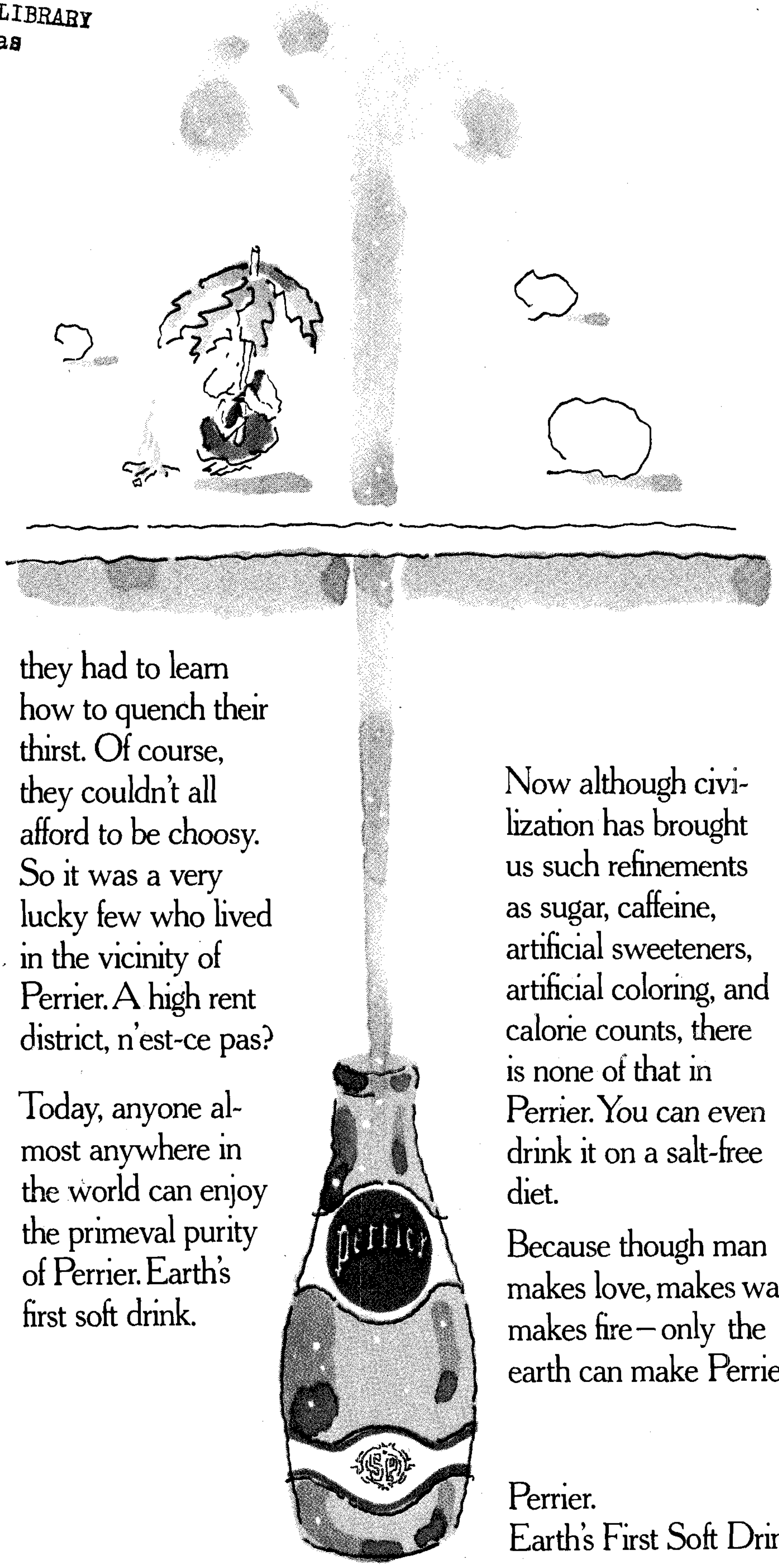

When the earth was still a fairly young planet, and getting itself into shape, there was born a marvelously clear and sparkling spring, a spring we now call Perrier.®

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Because before men learned how to flick their flints and make a warming bonfire, they had to learn how to quench their thirst. Of course, they couldn't all afford to be choosy. So it was a very lucky few who lived in the vicinity of Perrier. A high rent district, n'est-ce pas?

Today, anyone almost anywhere in the world can enjoy the primeval purity of Perrier. Earth's first soft drink.

Now although civilization has brought us such refinements as sugar, caffeine, artificial sweeteners, artificial coloring, and calorie counts, there is none of that in Perrier. You can even drink it on a salt-free diet.

Because though man makes love, makes war, makes fire—only the earth can make Perrier.

Perrier.
Earth's First Soft Drink.™

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